

October 1926

THE RED BOOK

M A G A Z I N E



The
**Moral
Revolt**
by Judge
Ben B. Lindsey

Mrs. Philip
Lydig's
Social Exposé
"Marriage
without Love"

"We Live
But Once"
the New Novel
By Rupert
Hughes



Style's Newest Idea

To Accent Her Costume—Magenta,
Mauve, Coral, Beige Gray, Naples Blue

Parker Pastel Sets

Only \$6.50 Complete

The Pens \$3.50 • The Pencils \$3 • Non-Breakable Barrels • 14k Gold Points

NO lovelier, no more telling effect has made its appearance in women's accessories in years!

Petite Pens and Pencils in black-tipped Mauve, Magenta, Naples Blue, Coral, or Beige Gray—designed and selected by fashion authorities.

Quite as smart and practical for the college girl and business woman if you please, as for the social leader.

And any of these Parkers is sold separately, if desired, or in Parker Duettas at \$6.50

the set, with Gift Box deluxe included.

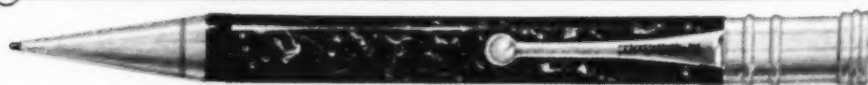
All the smart shops and better stores are showing these Parker Pastels—just help yourself to colors of your choice.

To be sure of Non-Breakable Barrels, highest Writing Excellence and absolute Ink-tight Protection ask dealers for "Parker Pastel Shades" by name, and look with critical care for the stamp "Parker" on the barrels.

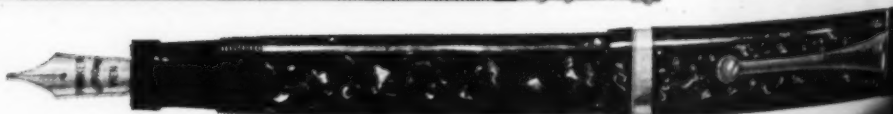
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker

Lucky Curve Pens and Pencils



Black-tipped Jade
in larger sizes. Oversize Pen,
\$7; Pencil, \$4; Juniorsize Pen,
\$5; Pencil, \$3.50; Lady size
Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3.



Parker Jade Pens and Pencils with Non-Breakable Barrels are like the famous Parker Duofold Pens in everything save color.



Look at the Menu— American cooking—soft and creamy—robs the gums of the exercise they need

WHEN next you sit down to a meal, notice carefully the dishes planned to whet your appetite and to appease your hunger. Luscious viands, succulent dainties, creamy desserts — all so very tempting to the palate.

And, as your dentist would add, all so very harmful to the gums. For our diet of soft, refined foods, the dentists have discovered, is the cause of most of the gum troubles so rampant today.

To prepare these dainty eatables that modern taste demands, our wives, our cooks and caterers have removed the coarse and fibrous elements. And that's what starts trouble for our gums!

Why soft food is an enemy to the health of our gums

For, through the act of mastication, these lumps, these peelings, all this roughage that we so complacently discard, were meant to stimulate and stir our gums to health—to keep a plentiful supply of rich, red blood in constant circulation within their walls.

But modern gums lead a stagnant life. From the food we eat they get no work, no exercise. Hence they soften, they weaken, and they slowly lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush" is a call for help from over-coddled and understimulated gums.

Hasty eating, too, contributes to the trouble, for it cheats our teeth and gums of what little work is left for them by this modern diet of ours.



Today, our cooks and chefs prepare a profusion of tasty dishes to delight our palates. But wherever we go, wherever we dine, our food is soft, creamy, over-refined—lacking in the roughage and fibre that was meant to provide the exercise and stimulation which keep our gums in health.

But we could hardly revert to a diet of raw roots and unpeeled fruits. Civilization has settled that almost beyond our control.

How to bring your gums back to normal health

So the dentists turn to massage—massage with the brush and massage with the fingers—as the most practical means to make up the lack. Both methods are good.

And both are improved when they are performed with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, with its content of ziralol, has a most beneficial effect upon soft and weakened gum tissue. A preparation with true hemostatic and antiseptic powers, ziralol is widely used by dentists. Its presence gives Ipana the power to hasten and to improve the good effects of any gum massage.

So brush your gums! Brush them lightly with Ipana as you brush your teeth! If at first your gums seem tender to the brush, give them a finger massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning of the teeth. Many dentists prescribe this to their patients as

a regular regime for keeping the gums in health as well as for restoring them to their normal tonicity.

Of course the ten-day tube will be gladly sent if you mail the coupon. Your very first brushing will convince you that Ipana will keep your teeth as clean and brilliant as you could wish. And, too, you will find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise.

Give Ipana at least a month's trial

But ten days can only start the good work on your gums. So the better plan is to get a full-size tube at once from your most convenient drug store, and give your gums the full thirty days of Ipana. Then you can decide if you wish to make Ipana your tooth paste for life.

Doctors and dentists today trace many bodily ailments to gum troubles. You should see your dentist regularly and do a light massage of the gums with Ipana, as this page tells you. Then you will see how quickly your gums respond to good care.



IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-106, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Ten times across America

*would not use up the mileage averaged
by these full sets of Silvertowns*



Far different from the record of a single tire is the story of these complete sets

Set No. 1	34,000 miles
Set No. 2	41,900 miles
Set No. 3	30,000 miles
Set No. 4	29,950 miles
Set No. 5	32,000 miles
Set No. 6	35,000 miles
Set No. 7	40,000 miles
					242,850 miles

Average mileage per set 34,693 miles

That is indeed proof of uniformity—a promise of high mileage, not from occasional tires, but as the rule.

These Silvertowns, built in other years, add tremendous force to our repeated statements that Silvertowns this year give the greatest mileage they have ever delivered.

Look at these records and bear in mind, Silvertowns bought in 1926 are going to surpass them.

By all means . . . make your new tires Silvertowns.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870

Akron, Ohio

In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.



Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

2400 Wm H. Hawkins Co

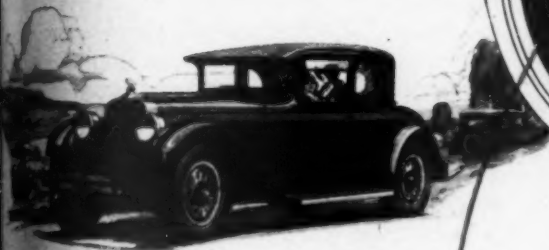
SHOULD
our is
find if
with safety
standfield.
is no other
without ext
association
line in the
for all ero
The New Se
the designe
and ide
ation to th
low the mai
aid to the r
performance
The low han
made possibl
semi-drive,
in the car,
public. At
if most" man
nality unde
use and res
the cannot b
The improve
lary State, d

SAFETY

*The final step
in safe motoring
is achieved*



You demand safety for them in your house; demand safety for them also in your automobile.



SHOULD the day ever come when your car is in a collision, you will be thankful if that car is a New Safety Stutz, with safety-glass in every window and windshield.

In no other automobile can you secure, without extra cost to you, this invaluable protection to your family. The New Safety Stutz is the first and only car to adopt safety-glass all around as regular equipment.

The New Safety Stutz is the one automobile designed with safety as the uppermost aim and ideal. And it will come as a revelation to the average motorist to learn how the making of a car scientifically safe adds to its roadability, ease of riding, and performance as well.

The low hanging of the New Safety Stutz, made possible by skillful utilization of the semi-drive, confers an unequalled stability on the car, making overturn almost impossible. At the same time, the low "center of mass" makes the car ride much more steadily under all conditions, and gives an ease and responsiveness to the steering that cannot be described.

The improved braking-system of the New Safety Stutz, developed and built by Timken

on a newly-utilized principle, gives a quick safety-stop when needed. It also retards the car so smoothly, with entire absence of swing, swerve, or side-sway, that even abrupt halting does not discomfort the passengers.

The extra-strong and extra-rigid frame, with integral steel running-boards, or "side-bumpers", makes the car both safer and steadier.

Narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts give safer driving and do away with the annoyance of peering from side to side for objects ahead.

The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

A new feature, again without cost to the car owner, is indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

See these New Safety Stutz models, which, in addition to their exclusive safety features, have custom-like smartness of body design and most luxurious interior appointments.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc. . . . Indianapolis



An exclusive feature is Loss-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft.

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

All closed bodies automatically ventilated by Hubbard Ventilating Eaves — another exclusive feature.



New SAFETY STUTZ

*The first and only automobile to provide safety-glass
all around without extra charge to the buyer*

CHRYSLER "70" Pioneer of a New Order

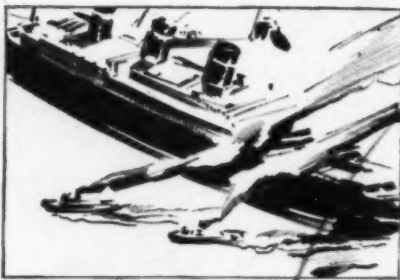
Before the advent of the Chrysler "70" two and a half years ago the better cars were on a fairly even footing with practically nothing but price to set one apart from the other.

At that time Walter P. Chrysler sensed the general public dissatisfaction with existing car performance.

He recognized that motoring needs had developed to a point where the public demanded superior, faster and safer transportation; a car with longer life; greater comfort, more easy to handle and quicker to accelerate in the maze of traffic.

Thus the Chrysler "70" became the pioneer of a new order of motoring and today more than ever emphasizes the leadership it then assumed.

For Chrysler was the first stock car to give a speed of 70 miles and more per hour, an acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in $7\frac{1}{4}$ seconds and gasoline economy of 20 miles to the gallon with such performance.



POWER

which provided comfort and roadability; a beauty that immediately won the approval of the most discriminating.

So great was the manifest superiority of the Chrysler "70" that it immediately exercised a marked influence on the entire industry—an influence that has grown with each passing month.

But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outward resemblance to Chrysler, or that has adopted some of the features that Chrysler introduced, which does the things that Chrysler does as Chrysler does them.

Other advanced features were a motor with a seven-bearing crank-shaft in that price class; oil-filter, air-cleaner, an exclusive spring mounting eliminating side sway even at highest speeds, and self-equalizing hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Coupled with these unheard of mechanical perfections was a newness of design

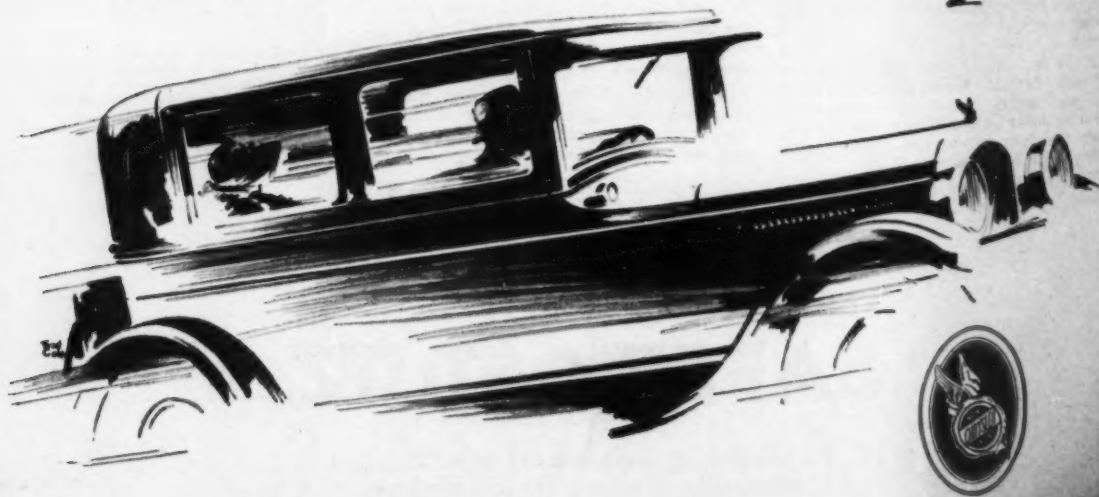
CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES

Coach, \$1395; Roadster, \$1525; Royal Coupe, \$1695; Brougham, \$1745; Sedan, \$1545; Royal Sedan, \$1795; Crown Sedan, \$1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER 70



The RED BOOK Magazine

SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

Vol. XLVII, No. 6

Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue.

OCTOBER, 1926

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:

Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury therein while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Table of Contents

ART SECTION—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Wyn Clare, Mary Eaton, Jane Opperman,
Claire Adams, Flora Le Breton, Dorothy Dahm

SERIAL NOVELS OF POWER AND PURPOSE

- ✓ **WE LIVE BUT ONCE**—The moving story of two who loved. (With résumé.) *600⁰⁰* **Rupert Hughes** 48
Illustrated by Will Foster
- ✓ **THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS**—The romance of a ranchman and a chorus girl. (With synopsis.) *450⁰⁰* **Struthers Burt** 80
Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr
- ✓ **THAT JOCELYN GIRL**—The daughter of a thief repudiates him. (With full summary.) *900⁰⁰* **Samuel Merwin** 37
Realized in Pictures by James M. Flagg

SHORT STORIES OF SPARKLE AND THRILL

- DREVE OF VIRGINIA**—A fascinating story of Americans in Algiers. *500⁰⁰* **James Francis Dwyer** 36
Illustrated by Dalton Stevens
- THE INVESTOR**—A dark, dark comedy that is funny indeed. *300⁰⁰* **Arthur K. Akers** 54
Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor
- THE ARDMORE ELOPEMENT**—The Professional Friend solves an unusual case. *500⁰⁰* **Leroy Scott** 57
Illustrated by Lester Ralph
- ALL THE WAY UP**—A curious love-story by the author of "Show Business." *300⁰⁰* **Thyra Samter Winslow** 63
Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman
- OF THE FITTEST**—A strange drama in the remote California mountains. *300⁰⁰* **Ruth Comfort Mitchell** 74
Illustrated by David Hendrickson
- THE CURSE OF THE AUGUST GIPSY**—Mr. Peters again rebels against his fate. *275⁰⁰* **Robert C. Benchley** 78
Illustrated by John Held, Jr.
- A RUM PROPOSAL**—A reckless nephew of the rich learns about himself. *100⁰⁰* **William H. Osborne** 94
Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor
- BACK TO APPLE HARBOR**—By the author of "Salome—Where She Danced." *500⁰⁰* **Michael J. Phillips** 97
Illustrated by Clark Agnew

THE REAL SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

- THE NEW DAY**—A gifted humanitarian offers some memorable thoughts. *200⁰⁰* **Angelo Patri** 29
Decoration by Franklin Booth
- THE HUMBLE**—America's most popular poet is in fine form here. *200⁰⁰* **Edgar A. Guest** 30
Decoration by Arthur E. Becher
- VELVET**—A common-sense editorial by a thoughtful writer. *200⁰⁰* **Bruce Barton** 33
- THE MORAL REVOLT**—A famous jurist presents a startling social situation. *100⁰⁰* **Judge Ben B. Lindsey** 41
Illustrated with Photographs
- MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE**—The smart set as it is, revealed by a social leader. *600⁰⁰* **Mrs. Philip Lydig** 67
With Illustrations
- COVER DESIGN**—Painted from life. *500⁰⁰* **C. Bosseron Chambers**

Read
the Important
Editorial
Announcement

"The
Drama
of
Fiction
—and
of Fact"

on
Page 35
in
this issue

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check, because of exchange charges.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notification regarding change of subscriber's address must reach us four weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 3rd of the second preceding month (December forms close October 3rd). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher. The Red Book Magazine, 36 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER
Vice-President

LOUIS ECKSTEIN
President

RALPH K. STRASHEAN
Vice-President

Office of the Advertising Director, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.
R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1926, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

Copyright, 1926, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Dominions. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England

*In a Watch
there can be
no substitute
for*
ACCURACY

THE "JEFFERSON"
The beautiful new pocket
Hamilton shown in the illus-
tration. Chased case of green
or white filled Gold, 17-
Jewel Adjusted Movement

\$50



**From engine cab to observation car
the same accurate watch**



THE list of railway engineers and conductors who carry Hamilton Watches would read like a "Who's Who" of men who operate famous trains. The crack trains of many famous railroads—such as the Broadway Limited, the 20th Century Limited, the Overland Limited, the Californian and others—are kept to schedule by the accurate Hamilton.

And in the observation car and pullmans of these famous trains you find passengers who value their time carrying this same accurate watch. Men who need an accurate watch and want a beautiful one, choose the Hamilton. The newest and smartest of cases and dials, exquisitely thin and beauti-

ful, encase the watch of railroad accuracy.

Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Hamiltons. He can show you a wide variety of Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, and charming wrist watches for women. Prices \$48.00 to \$685.00. All models have the same enduring Hamilton accuracy. Many splendid models at \$50.

We have prepared two very useful booklets, "The Care of Your Watch," and "The Timekeeper." We will gladly send both on request.

Address Hamilton Watch Company, 897 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Hamilton Watch
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

NEW

THIRTEENTH EDITION

1926

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

(DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
AND TO KING GEORGE V.)

All Here—the Complete Record of World Progress!

A Few of Contributors

More than 2500
world authorities, who
have contributed the
45,000 separate articles,
on the following:

ALBERT EINSTEIN
HENRY FORD
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
JANET MACDONALD
VISCOUNT ASTOR
GUSTAV STRESEMANN
MISS CURIE
MARSHAL FOCH
SIGMUND FREUD
HARRY HOUDINI
SZANNE LENGLEN
Major-General
LEONARD WOOD
ST. JOHN EVELINE
ANDREW W. MELLON
L. TROTSKY
Dr. S. M. C. LINDSAY
Gen. L. C. ANDREW'S
JOSEPH CAILLAUX
GEORGE EASTMAN
Dr. ADOLF LORENZ
DR. JOSEPH STAMP
ALONZO A. STAGG
President NICHOLAS
MURRAY BUTLER
INVENTOR MARCONI
R. L. MENCKEN
LEIGH VILLARI
OWEN D. YOUNG
DANIEL STARCH
FRANCIS WHITE
ELMER ROOT

These are but a partial list of
the contributors who have
made this great work
possible.

NOW—the new Britannica is ready! In this new Thirteenth Edition, just off the press, the greatest living Scholars and Scientists, Experts and Men of Affairs have brought the full record of man's progress right up to this very hour! New facts not hitherto revealed, or even rumored, are now presented for the first time by their original discoverers.

More than 2,500 authorities, from every civilized country in the world, have contributed the 45,000 separate articles which combine to make this New 13TH EDITION of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA the finished utterance of the human race.

A Brilliant Achievement

To bring this panorama of all nations and all peoples fully up to date has been a task demanding extraordinary enthusiasm, ability and resource. It has been most brilliantly accomplished under the splendid direction of the new Editor-in-Chief, James Louis Garvin, who, as editor of the London Observer, has amply demonstrated the power of his pen in world affairs.

For this momentous enterprise the archives of governments were freely opened.

Presidents and Prime Ministers, Scholars and Scientists in every civilized country, willingly aided in furnishing material. For knowledge knows no narrow partisan spirit, no border lines of race or creed or nationality.

What of Tomorrow?

In this age of speed and sweeping change, the leaders of world thought foresee a time of greater opportunity than has ever been before. In sixteen years the world has gained a century. New discoveries and new inventions are almost daily placing new appliances and new facts at man's disposal. Our old theories of time and space, matter and energy, have been dissolved or modified. And thinking men and women are examining anew the problems of human being and purpose.

Every branch, every territory, of human knowledge has opened out into new channels. For every ten opportunities our fathers had, we have a hundred, and the promise of a thousand for our children.

A 2500-Brain-Power Ally

To the man or woman intent on getting everything possible out of life, the NEW BRITANNICA is a 2,500-brain-power ally—an endless source of stimulation and interest. It gives you a wealth of facts, information ideas and suggestions—all so accurate, so timely, so closely observed and expertly written as to make the most trustworthy and secure foundation for any activity.

To the 28 volumes of the latest standard edition have been added three new volumes and a new enlarged index volume. These 32 volumes comprise the complete 13th edition, which carries you right up to the threshold of tomorrow.

A Vital Necessity

Your question is not how much will it cost, but how many times will repay its cost in actual, practical help.

Prove It to Yourself

Before you risk a dollar, you can prove to yourself that this great work is a vital necessity in your daily life. We have prepared a fascinating 80-page Booklet which we'll gladly send you FREE. It reproduces several specimen pages from the NEW BRITANNICA (many in color); describes the handsome Cambridge issue (32 vols.); also the New Forty (16 double vols.) selling at nearly half the price; and explains in detail the easy terms of payment which meet the limitations of the most modest family budget. Your copy of

This 80-page BOOKLET

is here awaiting your name and address. Write for it Now—Today—it's FREE. Just fill in the Coupon below, drop it in the mail box before the last collection tonight.



Use Coupon for FREE Booklet

The ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Avenue, New York RB-6A-1
Please send me, by return mail, without obligation on my part, your free 80-page Specimen Booklet of the new 1926 ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA (Thirteenth Edition). Also particulars of your easy terms of payment.

Name

Address

City

State

NOTE: If you have a copy of the 11th or 12th Editions, please check here: ☐ If you have never owned a copy of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA please check here: ☐

Fill Out and Mail this Coupon TODAY

Gardens of Genius

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

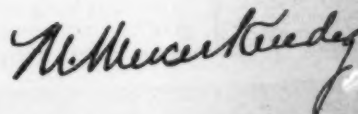
BUSINESS is everybody's business. None of us escapes a vocational duty and responsibility in life. It is either the business of living, the business of serving or the business of creating, that actuates all of us. Even the idle and the indolent, no less than the occupied and industrious, are impressed into the business service or disservice of the world. The business of the state, the church, the school and the home is, indeed, everybody's business who is anybody at all.

With business the business of everybody, it is vital to life that there should be schools training for the business of life. There should be institutions where vocational proficiency in a thousand and one lines of endeavor can be attained by all who have the will to work joyously. The aesthetic elements of culture are not lost in what we term vocational training. On the contrary, aesthetic reactions are concurrent with the most earnest vocational study. The old days, when the artisan and the craftsman loved his work, may even come back into our industrial life when once the merits of our vocational schools are made manifest to everybody who aims to be significant, creative and skillful.

It is one of those deplorable figments of supercilious minds that occupational training lacks the lustre of classical education. In reality it is often the motive force that brings such education into effectiveness.

Our boys and girls, of every social station and degree, need vocational training as much as they need purely mental culture. What boots it to have the head full and the hands helpless to do its inspirational bidding? The mental desire to do should be the signal to set trained hands to doing. Pregnant conceptions of great value to mankind can never be realized without a trained hand, a co-ordinating mind and a heart fired with the gleam that frequently keeps human life above the sordid and the commonplace.

Our vocational schools are the fertile gardens in which American genius has its opportunity to bloom and fructify. In the following pages, you will find schools giving training in many fascinating subjects. From our years of experience we shall be glad to help you if you need assistance in finding one giving the training you desire.



For School Information address, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine
33 West 42nd St., New York City



Which Man Shall I Promote?"

There is probably no one problem in business that gives the employer so much concern as this—"Which man shall I promote?"

He must not—he dare not take chances when a position of responsibility is open. The success of his department, his business, his very reputation, depends on his ability to pick

the right man in every office, in every factory, in every business, the problem always is the

selection of men. Old men, young men, men of middle age, more, a hundred ordinary workers.

How few whose vision of business, or whose aptitude for it, extends beyond the narrow limits of their particular job! How starved are the few who are actually trained to handle bigger

work when Opportunity calls!

What does your employer think of you when a good position is open? Does he pass you by as just an ordinary routine worker, or does he say—"There's a man I can depend on because he's training himself to handle bigger work?"

Do not try to delude yourself. Your employer knows more about you than you sometimes think. He's constantly checking up on your work, your ability, your ideals, your aspirations. Stored away in the back of his mind, or filed away in black and white, are his impressions of the kind of man you are and the kind of man you want to be!

There is no better way to get out of the rut and lift yourself above the crowd than to take up a home-study course with the International Correspondence

Schools. An hour a day—the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste—will qualify you for promotion.

Just mail the coupon and we will gladly send you Free Booklets describing any of the courses listed below.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 3432-D, Scranton, Penna.

Oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world. Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or list the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating | |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | |

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Cooking |

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NEW ENGLAND STATES

FOR GIRLS

**Mount
Ida
School**

and
Junior College

Send for Catalogue

Following classes are admitted:

1. Students preparing for college. (Certificate.) Final year students will be admitted.
 2. Students desiring to complete high school. (Diploma.)
 3. Students who have completed high school or secondary school work, and desire Junior College Courses. A diploma will be given any student taking any of our two year courses. With the exception of English and Literature, these courses are elective.
- Opportunities of Boston in Music, Art, historical associations; Voice, Piano, Violin, Harp, Organ with eminent Boston masters. Students attend Boston historical churches—any denomination. Christian Science students attend Mother Church every Sunday. Outdoor sports. Horseback riding (our own stables), Golf, Tennis, Field Sports, Winter Sports, Gymnasium, 45 by 90 ft., Swimming Pool, Fully equipped school—11 buildings. Domestic Science, Elocution, Art, Excellent Secretarial Courses; Business Management, Junior College Courses. Some rooms with hot and cold water. Students for 1926-1927 are being accepted in the order of application. Catalogue.

Special cars leave Chicago September 28

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life 1670 Summit St., NEWTON, MASS.

HOWARD SEMINARY

A famous old New England country school for girls, 14th year. Twenty-five miles from Boston. Accredited. Preparation for all colleges. A special unit for an intensive one-year course for college examinations. Exceptional faculty of college-bred women from the leading Eastern colleges. Secretarial training. Vocal and instrumental music. A distinct unit for household arts, covering budgeting, costume designing, home decoration and food values as well as domestic science. Gymnasium, sleighing porch. Extensive grounds. Horseback riding, canoeing, trips afield. All sports.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE W. EMERSON, Principals
30 Howard St., West Bridgewater, Mass.

LASELL SEMINARY

Ten miles from Boston. 30-acre property, 15 buildings, outdoor and indoor athletics.

Junior College

Two years of college work for High School graduates, including Literature, Science, Languages, Home Economics, Music, Art, Dramatic Expression and Secretarial Training Courses.

Senior High School

College Preparation for High School Students.

Junior High School

A separate school for younger girls. Catalog.

GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
140 Woodland Rd., Auburndale, Mass.

Stoneleigh by Sea

The new home of the Elmhurst School for Girls. Beautiful estate. Attractive mansion. 1/2 mile sandy beach. Large campus. Horseback riding, golf and all sports. Jr. College, College Preparatory, Cultural Courses. Isabel Crooks, Caroline Sumner, Principals. Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

THE GATEWAY

COLLEGE PREPARATORY
GENERAL COURSES
INTENSIVE TRAINING
SPECIAL COURSES

For Catalogue Write Box R
Miss Alice Reynolds, Principal
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

HOWE-MAROT

A Country Boarding School for Girls.
College Preparation, Married Outdoor Life.
Mary L. Marot, Head Mistress Thompson, Conn.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY

The ELY SCHOOL

For Girls. Greenwich, Conn. One hour from New York in the country. Intensive college preparation. General and cultural courses. Headmistress: Elizabeth L. Ely, Associate Headmistress: Edith Chapin Craven, A.B., Bryn Mawr.

HILLSIDE Norwalk, Conn.
15 miles from New York. Preparation for college entrance examinations. General courses. Organized athletics.
MARGARET E. GREENLEAF, A.B. (Yale), Principal.
HIDA HUNT FRANCIS, A.B. (Yale)

GRAY COURT Sound School for Girls
ACCREDITED. Suburban to N.Y.C. All usual studies. Also: Secretarial, Arts and Crafts. Horseback riding, Beach, Athletics. Catalog.
JESSIE CALLAN GRAY, Box 12, Stamford-on-Sound, Conn.

Glen Eden 50 Minutes from Fifth Avenue, New York City
For high-school girls or graduates. Magnificent granite buildings, 10 acres, in a city of the country. Home-like. Choice of studies. Social culture. Athletics. Science grammarian. Little theatre.
PRECEPTRESS, GLEN EDEN, STAMFORD, CONN.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY

Ossining School for Girls

58th year. In beautiful historic Westchester thirty miles from New York, Junior College Department, the college work, Upper and Lower Schools. Diploma awarded with Academic, College Preparatory, Art, Music, Dramatic, Secretarial, Home-Making and Social Science Courses. Athletics and Sports. Catalogue of all departments sent upon request.

Clara C. Fuller, Principal
Box 10-K, Ossining-on-Hudson, New York

HIGH SCHOOL

Outstanding among the private High Schools for girls in this country is the Schudder School, which is preparatory. Courses based on the syllabus of The New York State Department of Education. Regents examinations given at the school.

Also special courses combined with all the advantages of a finishing school. Small classes, day and boarding. Address Miss R. R. Schudder.

The Schudder School
244 West 72nd Street New York City

SCOVILLE SCHOOL

A Distinguished Fifth Avenue School
Facing Central Park and the Art Museum, Academy and Advanced Courses. Individualized Education. Unsurpassed Recreational Opportunities.
Address MISS ROSA E. CHISHAM, Principal
2006 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Castle
Miss Mason's School for Girls
Box 960 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

MARYMOUNT

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Courses: Four years College, Two years Freshman, Junior, Senior, Domestic Science, and English. Fifth Ave. N.Y.C. and Paris. Write for catalogue to The Marymount School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

DREW School for Girls
On Beautiful Lake Glenmont 10 miles from New York. 600 feet elevation. College Preparatory and General Courses—Small classes. Modernized—Afternoon Junior School. Herbert E. Wright, A.B., President, New York, Conn.

Highland Manor
Non-sectarian Country Boarding School for Girls
Junior College, Special College, Boarding School
Eugene H. Lehman, Director, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N.Y.

OAK KNOLL School
A school for girls conducted by the Holy Child Jesus. Elementary and college preparation courses. Resident and day pupils. Colleges and finishing schools at Rosemont, Pa., and other places. Fribourg. Catalogue on request.

Centenary Collegiate Institute
"A good school for girls" Full information on request
Box 54, Hackensack, N.J.

DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
College Preparation.
Athletics, Gymnasium, Tennis, Billiards, Football, New York City
MISS E. S. CREIGHTON, Principal.

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL
A COUNTRY SCHOOL Near New York
College Preparation: General College, Outdoor Sports
CHAMBERS, NEW JERSEY

BRADFORD ACADEMY
Bradford, Mass.

Junior College. Three years' College Preparatory and Special Courses. 12th year.

TENACRE

A Country School for Girls 10 to 14. Preparatory to Dana Hall. 14 miles from Boston. All sports and athletics supervised and adapted to the age of the pupil. Finest instruction, care and cuisine.
Miss Helen Temple Cooke, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

THE CHAMBERLAYNE SCHOOL
A limited number of older girls desiring special preparation for college or postgraduate work accepted as resident students.
NATHA K. FILKINS, Director, 178 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

Edith Coburn Noyes School
Oral English, Drama, Character Education
Analysis and Interpretation of Literature, Voice, Music, Psychology, French, Fully Equipped Music Room. 19th year.
Edith Coburn Noyes, Prin., Symphony Chambers, Boston, Mass.

ROGERS HALL School for Girls
College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two year Graduate Course. Gymnasium, Swimming-pool, Outdoor Sports, Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park. Twenty-six miles from Boston.
Miss Olive Sewall Parsons, Principal, Lowell, Mass.

A College for Women in Boston
Secretarial Science and Teacher-training programs based upon foundation of several academic studies. 2 years. Certificate, 4 years. Secretarial Dormitories. Dr. F. Lawrence Darr, Dean, 22 Gordon Street, Boston College of Practical Arts and Letters, Boston University.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

ANVER COLLEGE

For women. Continuing the work of Beechwood. General and Junior College courses. Diploma and degree courses in all departments. Music, Art, Kindergarten, Economics, Physical Education, School Music. States grant teaching on special diplomas. Swimming, gymnasium, large new pipe organ. In Philadelphia. Catalog. Address Beechwood Hall, Jenkintown, Pa.

BEECHWOOD HILL SCHOOL

Sub-freshman Grade
Affiliated with Beaver College
Library - very roomy with bath attached. Living-room and Sun Parlor for every eight students - a unique feature. All the advantages of a large institution with the personal care of a small school. Strong college preparatory; training for home or good business. Music, Art, Expression, Cooking, Sewing, Swimming, Physical Education. Address Beechwood Hall, Jenkintown, Pa.

PENN HALL

For girls in Chambersburg Valley. Junior college and college preparatory. Junior High School. Music, Art, Home Economics, Secretarial, and Art Course. Strongly modern building. 45-acre campus and 100 ft. swimming pool. Address Chambersburg, Pa.

MARY LYON SCHOOL

General and general courses. Wildcat, the mascot. Good campus. For girls 12-18. All in one building. Catalog. Address Chambersburg, Pa.

ARCREST A college with modern dormitories and equipment. Attractive campus. Degree and certificate courses. H. R. Secretary. Catalog. Address Chambersburg, Pa.

Birmingham School for Girls

Thorough college preparation and courses in all subjects. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Address Birmingham, Ala.

WIDEN HALL 120 Girls

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

ARLINGTON GIRLS

College preparatory and general courses. Address Arlington, Va.

Thorphe Manor

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

WIDEN HALL 120 Girls

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

WELL SAGE COLLEGE

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL FOR LITTLE GIRLS

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory. 120 girls. Address Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUTHERN STATES

SCUDDER SCHOOL OF CORAL GABLES

Miami Riviera, Florida

DAY AND BOARDING

A companion school of the famous Scudder School for Girls of New York City, same courses and supervision. Children of winter visitors accommodated. Kindergarten, Elementary and High Schools. College Preparatory and General courses. Postgraduate for Older Girls: (1) Secretarial, (2) Household Arts, (3) Social Welfare and Community Service, (4) Music-vocal and instrumental. Golf, tennis, horseback riding, fresh and salt water bathing the year round. Address, Miss Mary H. Holt, Registrar, Coral Gables, Florida.



MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Under northern management, northern faculty. Tourist pupils use home text-books. Outdoor classes, ocean bathing throughout winter. Boarding and day school departments. October to June. 1055 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida.

FASSIFERN A Select School Preparing Girls for Leading Colleges

In the land of the Sky. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Physical Training, Athletics, Riding, Golf. Catalog. JOSEPH R. STUBBS, D.D., President, Box C, Hendersonville, North Carolina.

GROVE PARK SCHOOL

For girls. A boarding and day school. "The Land of the Sky." Climate unsurpassed. Special courses in Music, Dramatics, Modern Languages, Elementary and College Preparatory. Write for catalog. JAMES BROOKS, Pres., Asheville, N. C.

ASHLEY HALL

A girl's school offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation, and normal courses in Kindergarten-Primary Training. Modern equipment. Swimming Pool. Mild climate. Address, Mary V. Moore, M.A., Principal, Box R, Charleston, S. C.

ANDERSON COLLEGE for Women

Situated in the old South. Outdoor sports all the year. Standard college curriculum leading to degrees. 2 year courses with certificates. For catalog address the Registrar, Box C, Anderson, South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chevy Chase School

For Girls. Last years of high school, two-year advanced course. Emphasis on music, art, drama. Twelve-acre campus. FREDERICK ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., Box R, Chevy Chase School, Washington, D. C.

National Park Seminary

For girls. Seminars of Washington, D. C. Senior Junior college course. Music, Art, Home Economics, Secretarial, College Preparatory, 30 acres. All sports. Riding. Catalog. J. E. Ament, Ph. D., LL.D., Pres., Box 199, Forest Glen, Md.

THE MARJORIE WEBSTER SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Two-year Normal Course. Accredited. Degrees for Physical Directors. Fall Term opens September 20. Dormitories. Catalog. 1499 R Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

FAIRMONT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

7th year. Two year SENIOR COLLEGE and COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES. ALSO COLLEGE COURSES in Secretarial Science, Domestic Science, Music, etc. Educational advantages of National Capital. Address Fairmont School, 2107 S St., Washington, D. C.

St. Margaret's GIRLS

Home School at the National Capital under the Personal Supervision of the Principal. College Preparatory, General and Secretarial Courses. Address, Mrs. Frank A. Selig, Ph.D., 512-5 California St., Washington, D. C.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

HOOD COLLEGE for Young Women

Standard courses: A-B, B-S, A Home Economics, and B.M. in Music. Practical courses in Education, English Speech, and Art. Ten buildings. 125 acres. Own farm and dairy. Address, Miss M. B. Roberts, Box 1, Apple, Md.

Roberts-Beach School for Girls

In lovely Baltimore suburb. A country school, where each girl receives individual attention. Experience them in small classes. College preparatory. General course; Music, all athletic equipments. For catalog address Miss ROBERTS or Miss HEACH, Box 550, Catonsville, Md.

MARYLAND COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN. 60 minutes from Washington. Library, Dom. Sci., Secretarial, Kindergarten, Physical Education, Music courses, leading to B.S. and B.A. degrees. Address, Miss M. B. Roberts, Box 550, Catonsville, Md.

GARRISON FOREST SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Modern, well equipped. In the beautiful Green Spring Valley near Baltimore. Intermediate, College Preparatory, General Courses including Music and Art. Secretarial, Home Economics, etc. Address, Miss M. B. Roberts, Box 550, Catonsville, Md.

Southern Seminary A School of Character

For girls. In the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the midst of almost Alpine scenery. Home life is that of a fine old southern family. College preparatory, 4 years; Seminary and Collegiate, 2 years. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Physical Education and Commercial courses. The school is noted for its mental and physical health. All sports, including horseback riding and mountain climbing. 320-ft. view of Mountain water. 59th year. Catalog. Address

ROBERT LEE DURHAM, President
Box 977 Buena Vista, Virginia

Manch COLLEGE

In the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Courses in all branches of liberal arts. Languages, Academic and Art. Swimming pool and gymnasium. Riding and golf. New \$150,000 buildings and dormitories. Special courses for girls over 14 years. Catalog. 14th session began Sept. 9th. Address Manch College of Music, College Park, Box R, Staunton, Virginia.

Fairfax Hall

For girls. In the Blue Ridge Mountains. College Preparatory, one year graduate work, special courses. Saddle horses, golf, gymnasium, Open air, and indoor pools. Catalog. Box R, Park Station, Winchester, Va.

Virginia Intermont College

For young women. 43rd year. 50 states. High School and Junior College, both accredited by Southern Association. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Courses, Expression, Art, Outdoor sports. Gymnasium, Private Bath, H. G. Neffinger, Pres., Box 145, Bristol, Virginia.

SOUTHERN COLLEGE

For Girls. "In the Heart of Virginia." Junior College, Finisher, or High School Course. Music, Art, Expression, Dom. Sci., Secretarial, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Gymnasium, Dramatics, 6th year. Club Privileges. Historic Tours. Riding Lessons. Fine Bldgs. Arthur Kyle Davis, 240 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

SULLINS COLLEGE Bristol, Virginia

For Girls. High School and Junior College Courses. Music, Expression, Domestic Science, etc. New buildings - every room connecting bath. Swimming Pool, Horse Club Privileges. Mountain climate. 100-acre campus. Address, W. E. Martin, Ph. D., President, Box E.

Virginia College

For young women. A leading school of the South. Valley of Virginia. Executive, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Library Methods, Secretarial, Journalism. Catalog. Box F, Shenandoah, Va.

Martha Washington College for Young Women

Delightful climate 1200 feet elevation. 7th year. Fully Accredited Junior College. Strong departments in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education, Secretarial Science. New swimming pool. All sports. Terms 1937. C. D. Curtis, President, Box R, Abingdon, Va.

GULF PARK

By-the-sea. For Girls. 4 years high school. 2 years college. Music, Art, Home Economics, Outdoor sports all year. Riding. Catalog. Box W, Gulfport, Miss.

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

Noted for select patronage 30 states; pianists special life. Location foothills Blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta. Standard high school; special advantages in music, oratory, art, domestic science, physical culture. 31 buildings, outdoor sports; swimming, tennis, horseback riding, etc. Catalog and illustrated brochure. Address BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

WRITE THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

For School Information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City

EL PASO SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College preparatory and general academic courses. Accredited by standard colleges. Fine music advantages. Mild, dry climate with daily sunshine. Outdoor games and exercises nearly all year. Moderate rates. Catalog. Miss Olga E. Tafel, Prin., Box N, El Paso, Tex.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE (Episcopal)

DALLAS, TEXAS

Junior College College Board Preparatory Fully Accredited School Lower School Institute of Musical Art (with Harold von Milneritz). Attractive New Dormitory opened 1935. Apply for catalogue.

Jeannette W. Ziegler, Principal (Dept. C.)

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN
SOUTHERN STATES

Columbia Institute

A Distinguished School for Girls and Young Women
Junior College, four-year high school, special courses. Individual work. Fully accredited. For 61 years, it has combined the charm and dignity of the South with the best scholarship. Horseback riding, golf, swimming. Delightful environment. Rates \$600. For Catalog address
MRS. ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, President,
Box M, Columbia, Tennessee

WARD-BELMONT

An accredited Junior College for girls and young women. Meets exacting demands of a most discriminating patronage. Complete appointments. For information address The Secretary, Belmont Heights, Box 4, Nashville, Tenn.

WESTERN STATES

Grafton Hall for Girls

A recognized Academy and Junior College
Music, Art, Dramatic Art, Home Economics, Secretarial Courses.
Athletics and other student activities. Modern buildings. Beautiful grounds. A large school in a Christian atmosphere. 43rd annual session begins Sept. 21, 1930. Limited registration. Illustrated Catalog and Views, free, upon request. Address
Registrar, Box R. B., Grafton Hall, Fond du Lac, Wis.
A Home School in Wisconsin

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

A standard college. A.B., B.S., B.V. degrees. Professional training in Music, Art, Public Speaking, Domestic Science, Secretarial and Physical Education. For catalog address
Illinois Woman's College, Box D, Jacksonville, Ill.

FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL

For Girls and Young Women, 3 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, 74th year. Campus 25 acres. Outdoor sports, 18 buildings. New \$40,000 library. Term opened September 8th, 1930. Catalog
Mrs. F. McKee, A. M., S. D., President, Box 633, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Starrett School for Girls, Chicago

43rd year. Fall term begins Sept. 2nd
Academic, College-Preparatory and Advanced courses for High School Graduates. Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges and universities. Write for catalog and book of views—Address Box 24, 4515 Drexel Blvd., Chicago.

HARDIN COLLEGE

A Junior College for Young Women. Affiliated with Chicago University, and fully accredited by University of Mo. and N. Central Ass'n of Colleges. Fine home atmosphere, buildings, campus. Experienced athletics. Catalogues. Address Samuel J. Van N, Pres., Box 124, Mexico, Mo.

Lindenwood College

Standard college for young women. Two and four year courses. Accredited. Conservatory advantages. 20 minutes from St. Louis. 100th anniversary year. Write for catalog.
J. L. Roemer, Pres., Box 1626, St. Charles, Mo.

GLENDALE

JUNIOR COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY
Founded 1862. Distinctive school for young women. Home atmosphere. Suburban to Cincinnati. Fully accredited. Rates \$1000 with music. Address
President T. Franklin Marshall, Box 10, Glendale, Ohio

PACIFIC COAST STATES

Amnack School FOR GIRLS

Academy, Junior and Senior High School. Accredited for college entrance. School of Expression—preparing for professional careers. Music. For catalog address Helen V. Brooks, A.M., Director, 5359 W. Third St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Girls' Collegiate School

New home in Orange grove above San Gabriel Valley near Los Angeles. Riding. All sports. 7th grade to college entrance. Accredited. Graduate courses. 35th year. Miss Parsons and Miss Densen, Principals, Glendora, California

Marlborough School for Girls

Estab. 1889. Boarding and Day School. Accredited. College Preparation. Special advantages in Music, French, Art, Home Economics, etc. Outdoor life. Riding.
Ada S. Blake, A.B. Principal, 5029-R West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL

Upon the Scripps Foundation, Box 28, La Jolla, Calif.
Boarding and day school for girls. Forty minutes from San Diego. Intermediate School. Preparation for Eastern colleges. Catalogue sent upon request. Headmistress, Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, President, Board of Trustees.

THE KATHARINE BRANSON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

A day and resident school in a charming California country setting, an hour from San Francisco. Boarding and day school with special emphasis on college preparation. Each graduate of four months' preparation. Headmistress, Mrs. Katharine Branson. For illustrated catalogue write to Miss Katharine Branson, Headmistress (A. B. Stray) 1144 College Ave., Address Box 308, ROSE, CALIFORNIA

WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Junior College and Accredited College Preparatory. Courses in Art, Music, Expression, Home Economics. Catalog of Junior Coll. or Coll. Prep. Course on request.
333 So. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles, California

For school information address the Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL

For Retarded Children

A school with an unusually complete equipment. Large staff of experienced teachers and governesses. Winter session at Haddonfield, N. J. Summer camp at Owls Head, Maine. Resident Physician and Trained Nurse. Established 1883. Catalogue on Request.

DIRECTORS

E. A. Farrington, M. D. and Jenzia Coulson Cooley
Box 125, Haddonfield, New Jersey

THE WOODS' SCHOOL

For Exceptional Children Three Separate Schools
GIRLS BOYS LITTLE FOLKS
Camp with tutoring, June 15 to Sept. 15
Box 141, Langhorne, Pa.
Booklet Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

DEVEREUX SCHOOLS

For Children whose Progress has been Retarded
Separate Schools for Boys, Girls and Young Children.
Academic and vocational courses. Special instruction.
Helena T. Devereux, Director, Box R, Berwyn, Pa.

IS your child improving?

Teaching alone does not correct. Investigate our methods and results.
Dr. Devlin's School - Langhorne, Pa.

HEDLEY GIRLS
THE "INDIVIDUAL" Summer Camp
Academic, Industrial, Cultural
MRS. R. B. HEDLEY, J. HEDLEY, M.D.
Principal
Glenside, Pa. (12 Miles from Philadelphia)

THE SANATORIUM SCHOOL

For treatment and instruction of physically defective and backward children. Expert care and training. Special admission given to Cerebra Hemiparesis, paralysis, speech disorders and birth injuries victims. Also backward deaf children.
Claudia Minor Redd, Langhorne, Pa.

Schermerhorn School

A Home and Training School for Exceptional Children who need Special Care and Training. Country Location makes possible moderate rate.
Box 1, Schermerhorn, Box-67 West End Station, Richmond, Va.

The Trowbridge Training School

A home school for nervous and backward children. The Best in the West.
E. Haydn Trowbridge, M.D.
2629 Forest Avenue KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Stewart Home Training School

A Private Home and School for Nervous and Backward Children. On a beautiful country estate in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For illustrated catalog address
Dr. John P. Stewart, P. Frankfort, Ky.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY
Educational. Established 1824. College Preparatory and Finishing. Strong secretarial course. Engaged Junior students taken. Adirondack location. Winter sports. For catalog address Charles E. Hamilton, A.M., D.D., Box R, Cazenovia, N. Y.

BURR AND BURTON

A GREEN MOUNTAIN SCHOOL
For Boys and Girls, 40-acre campus—wholesome traditions—College preparatory, general, and business courses. Moderate inclusive rate. Madison C. Bates, A.M., Principal, Manchester, Vermont (6 hours from New York on direct line).

TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY

Co-ed. 92nd Year
College Preparatory, Music, Domestic Science, Commercial Courses. Separate Junior School, Gymnasium, swimming, tennis, football and basketball. Champlain Park, 75 miles from Albany. Endowed. Rates \$500-\$600. Catalog.
Robert L. Thompson, D. D., Prin., Box R, Poultney, Vt.

URBANA JUNIOR COLLEGE

(Chartered 1850)
In Central Ohio—4 railroads. Full Junior College courses in Arts and Science. Also 2 year College Preparation. Under church influence but not denominational. Co-educational. All athletics. Catalogue. The President, Urbana, Ohio.

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE

96th year. An engaged co-educational preparatory school. Supervised athletics for boys and girls. Music and Expression Departments especially strong. Rate \$500.00.
Earl W. Hambley, Principal, Box N-3, Austintown, Ohio, near Ashabula.

FRENCH BOYS AND GIRLS SCHOOL

The **MACJANNET SCHOOLS**
Country Day and Boarding School for American Children Kindergarten to College. Separate schools for boys and girls. Separate campus for boys and girls.
Address DONALD E. MACJANNET, B.A., 7 Avenue Eugene, Saint-CLOUD, France

PERKINS SCHOOL

For children requiring special training and adjustment. Unsurpassed equipment on sixty-acre estate. Includes home life. Experienced staff. Medical Director.
Franklin H. Perkins, M.D., Box 57, Lancaster, Mass.

STANDISH MANOR SCHOOL

A special school for backward girls. Individual instruction. Experienced teachers. Happy home life. Beautiful location. Out-door and water sports. 30-acre estate. Alice M. Standish, Principal, Hazel G. Callahan, Asst. Principal, Hallowell, Mass.

Nervous, backward and mental defective

An ideal home school for children of all ages. Complete home manual training. Individual attention in studies, physical culture and social life.
THE BINGHAMTON TRAINING SCHOOL
Mr. & Mrs. A. A. Boldt, 116 Fairview Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

SOUND VIEW SCHOOL

FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN, in Westchester County
For boys and girls, 6 to 16, who require individual instruction. Daily training in studies, sports, and social life. School in Major, Mrs. Anna M. Sound View, N.Y. 10621. New York representative, 27 West 10th St., N.Y.

THE MARY E. POGUE SCHOOL

and **SANITARIUM** Wheaton, Ill.
The Mary E. Pogue School educates children and young people who need individual instruction and social life. Our aim is to prepare the lives of persons who are a special training. Established 1902. 20 miles from Chicago. From Chicago. Trained teachers and trained nurses.

PARKSIDE HOME SCHOOL

For the training of children of retarded and abnormal. Also nervous children. Individual instruction. Special attention to speech defects. Moderate rates.
MARION MARSH, M.D., Principal
Dept. R, Wheaton, Ill.

THE ORTHOGONIC SCHOOL

For boys and girls from 1 to 16 years of age who have special difficulties. Individual instruction. Special attention to group work, for play and for social and vocational training.
Director: Dr. T. H. Orthogon, 5644 South Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

MONTESSORI CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOLS

ESTAB. 1914 Philadelphia and Worcester, Massachusetts
Children Three To Twelve Years
Scientific discipline for development covers the entire curriculum and individual teaching is an experimental study. Curriculum includes French, English, all primary and secondary studies preparatory for college. Teachers are experienced. Environment pleasant and beautiful. Our method of teaching understands little child and helps him to develop the best personal characteristics.
Anna Paley Ryan, Director
Write First Montessori Boarding and Day School, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. ELIZABETH OF THE ROSE

A mother school for children 3 to 15. Episcopal. 1 hour from N. Y. C. Day studies; 10 days Summer Camp. Mrs. W. S. St. Elizabeth, Stamford, Conn. Phone 213-214

DEVITTE SCHOOL

\$50 per month
All-year boarding school and Summer Camp for 7 to 14. 60 acres. Situated in the Catskills.
L. De Vitte, Principal, Box 62, Westport, N. Y.

BURT'S SCHOOL

FOR TALKING TOYS
A Home School for Children from 12 Years
1150 Consistent Ave. Portland, Me.
Phone: 2-2-1-1

286 Schools!

This is the Greatest Number Ever Published in an October Issue of Any Magazine

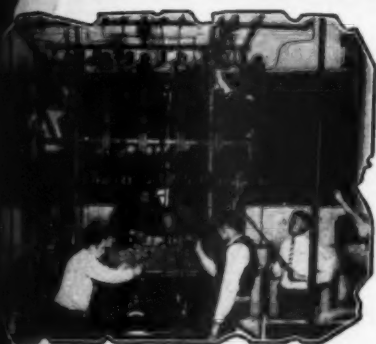
THIS great school directory is the result of six years of constructive service in guiding the children of our readers to the right schools. If you wish help in finding the right school, give full details and address your letter personally to

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

SOUTHERN STATES

W Graduate of business administration. The business of the nation. Character. Training. For CATALOG. Address: 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

We Will Make You An Electrical Expert In 12 Weeks At Coyne



Students Doing Actual Work On
Power Transmission Apparatus.



Students Working on Massive
A. C. Control Equipment.



Students Practicing House-wiring
In Skeleton Houses.

EARN BIG PAY

Many Make \$200 to \$800 a Month

Why work for a small pay. Why make \$25.00 or \$30.00 or even \$40.00 a week in a hard job doing dirty disagreeable work, and never sure of your job. As a Coyne **TRAINED ELECTRICAL EXPERT** you can make \$200 to \$800 a month. You will do pleasant work, with chance to travel, and advancement will be quick. Steady work the year around. **YOUR SERVICES WILL ALWAYS BE IN DEMAND ANY PLACE**, or you can own your own business and make up to \$15000 a year.

No Books—No Lessons— You Do Actual Work

I don't teach you a lot of useless theory. I give you a useable knowledge on the same kind of Electrical Machinery used in Power Houses, plants and big industrial businesses and give you this complete training in 12 weeks.

12 Weeks at Coyne You Don't Need Education

I don't require that you have a lot of book learning. You don't need advanced education or any previous education to master my course. Put your faith in me and I'll make you independent and happy.

Free Railroad Fare and Two Big Courses—When You Enroll

For a short time I will pay **YOUR RAILROAD FARE TO CHICAGO** from any part of the United States, and besides, I'll include my **RADIO and Automotive Electrical Course**. All given Free with my big **NEWLY ENLARGED ELECTRICAL COURSE** for a short time only.

Earn While You Learn!

My Employment Department will assist you in securing a part time job to earn living expenses while training, and will assist you to a big pay job on graduation and any time thereafter for life.

My Big FREE Book Tells Complete Story

I haven't space here to tell you all the advantages of my training but I'll send absolutely Free my big book with over 150 actual photographs and success stories of my graduates. It tells you facts that will amaze you. You owe it to yourself to get these facts. Fill in this coupon and mail it today.

Fill in-MAIL TODAY

H. C. Lewis, President

Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 76-80
1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear H. C.: I sure want one of those big handsome books absolutely free, so I can get all the facts and it is understood this places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

Send For Free Book

Send for the Big Free Book which shows the Great School of Coyne and a great part of our massive electrical equipment. You will be surprised that the only place to get a practical electrical training is in the Great School of Coyne. Get the details of our Free Railroad Fare Offer.

H. C. Lewis,
Pres.

COYNE
Electrical School

Founded
1899

Endorsed by Electrical Industry

1310 W. Harrison St., Dept. 76-80

Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC, ART, ORATORY
DRAMATIC ARTS AND DANCING

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART

PROCTOR M. FISKE — DIRECTOR



A thorough training
Illustration; Life; Fashion; Advertising Art; Costume Design; Interior Decorating; Painting; Cartooning; Air Brush; Commercial Design, etc. Positions for graduates. Direct correspondence for new Booklet to Secretary

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART
230 East Ohio Street, Chicago

**New Building of the
St. Louis School of Fine Arts
of Washington University**

Gift of Wm. K. Biery to open Sept. 30th. Courses in weaving, bookbinding, pottery and metal working in addition to regular courses. For catalog, write E. H. Wuerpel, director, Room 15, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART

Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wis.
Courses in Painting and Sculpture, Commercial Art, Text and Trade, Interior, Exterior, Costume, and Industrial Design. For Catalog, write E. H. Wuerpel, director, Room 15, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Dept. R. M., 435 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Detroit's Commercial Art School

Day and evening classes the year round.
Individual instruction in all branches.
Dept. 419 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

**The COMMERCIAL
ART SCHOOL**

Dept. R-C 115 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago

INTERIOR DECORATION

Four Months' Practical Training Course. Also Complete Professional and Design Courses. Day and Evening Sessions start October and February. Send for Catalog 17. All Home Study Course starts at once. Send for Catalog D 10.

The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration
441 Madison Avenue New York City

N.Y. School of Fine & Applied Art

New York-Paris. FRANK ALAN PARSONS, Pres. Registrar for January. Interior Architecture and Decoration; Stages and Costume Design; Illustrative and Industrial Design; Life, Landscape, Symmetry, etc. Address Sec. 2239 Broadway, New York 9. Place des Vosges, Paris. (Waiting Lists)

**NATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE
AND APPLIED ART**

Felix Mahony, Pres. Interior Decoration, Color, Costume, Commercial Poster, Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Life, Stages, Chats Catalog. Connecticut Ave. and M, Washington, D. C.

The Maryland Institute

1825-1926 Baltimore, Md. Courses in Fine Arts, Teacher Training, Occupational Therapy, Advertising and Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Mechanical Drawing, etc. Catalogs on request.

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART

Courses in Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Advertising Illustration and Costume Design under the instruction of successful modern artists. Catalogue on Request.
7012 Grand Central Terminal, New York City

COMMERCIAL ART

Inter. Decor., Archt-Mech. Drafting, Costume and Mill. Design. Intensive prof. course. Practicing specialists teachers. Graduates assigned to positions. Catalogs. Dormitories. LIVINGSTON ACADEMY, 43rd Year, 1517 Rhode Island Ave., West, Washington, D. C.

DESIGNING and MILLINERY

Dressmaking and Pattern Cutting taught. Individual instruction in Trade Methods for Wholesale and Retail. Also for Personal Use. Day and Evening Classes. Call or write for particulars. McDOWELL DRESSMAKING & MILLINERY SCHOOL. Est. 1896. 71 West 45th St., New York. No Branches.

Costume Design

millinery, fashion illustration, moving picture and stage design direction. Emily Arlyn Hartman, 25 53rd St., N.Y.C.
FASHION ACADEMY

**THE Scudder
SCHOOL**

The Scudder School is unique in providing intensive, practical courses combined with the advantages of a finishing school in New York City. Day and Boarding.

High School, College Preparatory and General Courses. Household Arts. Every phase of home making. Music, Voice and all instruments. Social Welfare and Community Service. Secretarial Training for High School and College Graduates. Physical training and athletics for all.

Address Miss R. B. Scudder, 244 West 72nd Street, New York City.

The Sargent School of Physical Education

Founded 1881 by Dr. W. A. Sargent. Booklet on request.

L. W. SARGENT, Director, Cambridge, Mass.

POSSE-NISSEN SCHOOL

of Physical Education for women. With year, 3 year regular course. One year special in Swedish gymnastics and Swedish massage. Playground work. Intensive summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Apply to Secretary, 779 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Two and three year accredited Normal Courses preparing young women for positions as Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dance Teachers, etc. Address CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION, Box 28, 5025 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

ACCREDITED TO-EDUCATION 2 yr. diploma, 3 and 4 yr. B. P. E. Degree courses. High school graduates admitted. Special students accepted. Free placement bureau. Dormitory. Fall semester starts Sept. 30. Chicago, Illinois—1819 Diversy Parkway, Dept. R. B.

NATIONAL Kindergarten and Elementary COLLEGE

Preparing women to become Kindergarten and Elementary teachers. Cultural courses, and 3 year diplomas. 4-year degree courses. New college and dormitory buildings. 40th year. Midyear term opens February 1, 1927. Box 92, 2770 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill.

Harriette Meliss Mills Kindergarten-Primary Training School

University Credit. Studies continue in September and February. Exceptional residence facilities. MISS HARRIETTE MELISS MILLS, Principal. Five R. 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Right Now!
We are in need of a high type of young women to be trained for positions as Supervisors of Beauty Shops, Demonstrators, Instructors, Representatives. Privilege of travelling in U.S. A. and Canada. Write for Catalog X.
Madams Hudson School of Beauty Culture
Toronto, Canada 12 Queen St., E. Auburn, New York 101 Geneva St.

Selecting the School

The training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of the school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped many hundreds of parents select the school for their boys and girls, also many young people who have appealed to us to find a school where they can procure just the right training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal.

We will gladly help you make a selection, if you do not find a school in these pages which seems to meet your needs. Our information is based on information obtained through personal visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school you wish—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc. location in which you wish school; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition in the case of a boarding school, tuition only for schools of special training; exact age of prospective pupil, religion, and previous education in detail. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address—

The Director, Department of Education

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL

Preparation for woman's noblest profession in one of the country's greatest hospitals. Close affiliation with Long Island College Hospital supplies our students with practical experience and instruction. Hospital maintenance, and general allowance for learning. Occasional one year high school required. Age 18. For further information, write Miss Mildred Constantine, Director, Nurses, 210th St. & Jerome Ave., New York City.

MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

STUDY NURSING
July February class. Accredited with Liberty of practice. The year of high school required.
CHRIST HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Children's Hospital School of Nursing

Widely Recognized Institution in Famous Rockefeller Center. For Preparatory General Graduate. Credit for College Graduates. Address: MISS M. L. WAKEFIELD, Rm. 100, 303 Longwood Ave.

The Staten Island Hospital, New York

Offers a complete course in nursing in medicine, maternity, and children's diseases. Practise at home; nine hours per day; compensation from Address Superintendent, Staten Island Hospital, New York.

Washington Boulevard Hospital

Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Study, eight hours daily, delightful living quarters. Receive High School Diploma or equivalent. Free tuition, room and board. Write for Bulletin. Send for Catalog. NURSES, Dept. R. B., 240 Washington Blvd., New York City.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Lake View Hospital offers in three years a course in nursing in medicine, maternity, and children's diseases. Practise at home; nine hours per day; compensation from Address Superintendent, Lake View Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

Henrotin Hospital

Chicago Polyclinic Training School for Nurses. Henrotin Hospital offers a 3 year course. Graduates eligible for State Registration in U. S. All costs paid with board, laundry provided. Nursing certificate. ILL., Chicago. (Supt. of Nurses for particulars)

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

for this
free
book

How McCarrie
became
successful making
bridges, plates,
for dentists.

to \$125 Weekly
Dental "Lab" Work

Opportunity for men in this uncrowded,
growing field. We train you in a few
practical instruction without
one of our 5 large schools and help
you secure a fine job, while learning.
No previous ability needed. A postpaid
complete information. Write to
JAMES KNOX OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY
114 Michigan Ave., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.

Electrical Jobs Pay Well

In the shortest possible time is the
New York Electrical School, original
method "Learn by Doing" methods.

Intelligent teachers you all phases of this great
practical profession. No preparation needed.
Send for FREE 32 page Catalog.

New York Electrical School
117 St. Estab. 1902 New York

Engineering
Architecture
Electricity
Drafting

Extensive time opportunities
for self-support while studying.
2-yr. diploma 3-yr. B. S. de-
gree and graduate courses. 2nd year
admission on 11 page "Info Book," mailed free.

Chicago Technical College

College of Engineering

Offers all mechanical, electrical or chemical
engineering. No entrance examinations. High
school diploma required. Complete courses of en-
gineering, B. S. Degree, Master of Science, or
for graduate studies. Best of all, no tuition. Write
for catalog address, Box 100, Chicago, Ind.

TELEGRAPHY

Based on RAILWAY ACCOUNTING, taught from
leading text books. Complete school
courses in telegraphy, radio, and telephone
work. Learn from the best. Catalog free.
Learn Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

Watchwork, Jewelrywork

Learning a fine trade commanding a good
salary and good services are all
included in our course. Dept. 12
114 N. W. 11th St., for our latest catalog.

Professional Schools

National reputation adver-
tised in The Red Book Maga-
zine. In these pages you
will find announcements of
the country's best. If you
need help in choosing a
school to train you for your
life's work we will gladly
share our intimate knowledge
of your disposal. Most of
these schools accept pupils at
several times during the year
and others you may enter
any day. Please tell us your
age, education and loca-
tion of school wished. En-
velope stamped return enve-
lope, and address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City



MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

The Field of Opportunity

Profitable Professional Trade consisting of making
gold and platinum plates, crowns, dentures and re-
movable bridge work, inlays, etc. for dentists. Great
demand now and always will be for this is a human
necessity.

There are rich rewards to those who select Mechanical Dentistry
as a vocation. Those charged it earn up to \$125 a week.
Steady work, no dull seasons. Still greater earnings should
you desire to start a business for your own.

UNRIVALED TRAINING

Bodies training is recognized by Dentists everywhere as the
best. Established 34 years. Complete day course in 12 weeks.
Evening courses also. Easy payments. Earn while you learn if
necessary—we have plenty of whole or part time jobs on file to
help you pay expenses. Free R. R. Fare to our nearest school.

Send AT ONCE for Bulletin 8 giving
all details and interesting information

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BUFFALO BROOKLYN
1750 Broadway 1805 N. Broad St. 601 Washington St. 85 Court St.

Learn
Electricity
In Los Angeles

Many High School and Jr. College students enrolling
now. More practical, intensive electrical training
than any University. Many California's hydro-elec-
trical departments with High Pay jobs open.
National has 16,000 graduates making good. Courses endorsed
by leading executives and educators in the electrical industry.

All branches electricity. Training averages 3 to 9 months.
No age limit. Scholarships good for lifetime. \$1,000.00 investment
in equipment. 22nd year. Free
employment service upon gradua-
tion. Start training anytime!
Special Tuition Rates Now. Send
NOW for Free 34-page
Illustrated Catalog.



NATIONAL ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
Dept. 641, 4006 S. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, California

BE AN EXPERT AUTO
Mechanic

Learn the best of all trades.
Earn \$15 to \$18 weekly repair-
ing American 2,000.00 autos
and trucks. Learn with real tools in real equipment.

8 WEEKS Training. All you need. I pay
myself. Save ONE-THIRD NOW your railroad fare
not satisfied. Write quick for Short Time
Reduced Price Training Offer and big FREE
page book.

McSWEENEY Auto, Tractor Dept. Cincinnati, O.
& Elec. School JH-38 Chicago, Ill.

A BETTER JOB NOW!

Learn a good trade
in a new week. 20
million autos, trucks
and tractor need services. Replenish quickly. Write today for
FREE Big Catalog giving full particulars. Factory Indented
school. No Negro students accepted. Michigan State Au-
tomobile School, 2330 Auto Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

COMMERCIAL
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
in 1 Year

At the request of U. S.
Gov't. 8 of 10 students
made the Acceptance
test of this new as-
sociating Unit for
Personnel Control.



CLIP NOW! 2 Practical 90 Day Courses
B. S. Degree 3-yr. \$3200 AND UP

Whatever your previous edu-
cation or experience, if you
desire to learn a new trade
in electricity. You are a
Graduate Electrical Engineer.
Engineer of Commercial Elec-
trical Engineering after a few months.

WE HAVE PLACE FOR YOU. Our
employment dept. helps you locate
the job. Low tuition. Dependable
rooms and board. Clean, well-
equipped. Praterstition. We help
and advise you.

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING OF MILWAUKEE
418-17 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. Dept. 117

Name.....
Address.....



1,000 Hotel
Positions Open

HOTELS, restaurants, clubs, apartments, every-
where need trained
men and women. Over 70,000 high-class positions paying up to
\$10,000 a year are open each year in the hotels of the United States.
In 1926 the Hotel business is America's largest industry in new con-
struction. Over a billion dollars' worth of NEW HOTELS and
RESTAURANTS being built this year will need over 200,000 trained
men and women. How can you at salaries up to \$10,000 a year
with living expenses included. At any time you have your choice of
over 1,000 hotel positions open.

You can have one of these high-class, big pay positions, fascinating
work, with luxurious apartment and meals, usually furnished FREE!
No previous experience necessary. The Lewis School guarantees to
give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most
successful hotel men years to obtain—men who are now making \$5,000
to \$10,000 a year. Age is no matter! A young and old alike have equal
chance for success. Fast experience absolutely unnecessary. A
common school education is all that you need. And remember! The
complete Lewis training is under our absolute guarantee of
satisfaction or money back.

We train you with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan and put you in
touch with big opportunities of your training under the personal
direction of Clifford Lewis, former U. S. Government Hotel and
Restaurant Expert, now Managing Consultant for over 225 Hotels of
50 to more than 500 rooms each, throughout the United States, total-
ing over 35,000 rooms. Our students employed, our methods en-
dorsed by leading hotel men everywhere.

Send today for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity," showing
how we can train you for one of these splendid positions, and
explaining our Money-back Guarantee.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

CLIFFORD LEWIS, Pres.
Hall C-175 Washington, D. C.

LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

In 3 months and qualify to earn
\$2,000 to \$5,000 a year.

FREE and complete service schools don't EARN
WHILE LEARNING this \$10 W money making
profession. Age is no matter and no previous
training required. 27 school in New York
where students learn doing actual work in
gold before graduates. Individual instruction.
Day or night sessions. Write NOW for
free catalog and SPECIAL BROCHURE OFFER.
Complete course of MECHANICAL DENTISTRY
Penn Arcade, 147 W. 33rd St. New York

Become a PROFESSIONAL
PHOTOGRAPHER

Earn up to \$250 a week

We qualify you quickly for splendid pay-
positions on a business of your own.
Motion Pictures, Comedy, Motion Pictures or
Professional Photo CAMERA FREE-
clipping profession. Send for it NOW.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 23 15 West 33rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

If you do not find the school you
wish listed in these pages, write:

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

MISCELLANEOUS

Educate Your Child
at Home

No matter where you live, you can
have every advantage of the famous
Calvert School instruction of chil-
dren from 4 to 12 years of age. Write
for helpful literature to President
CALVERT SCHOOL, 139 West 40th
St., Baltimore, Md.

For High School Credits

The Balfour Johnstone School
Room 1900-32 W. Randolph St.

Send for Circular.

Free Information on SCHOOLS
AND COLLEGES

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Dept. A. 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 258-page book on Stammering and
Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I
cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. E. N. Bogus,
10781 Bogus Bldg., 1142 N. 4th St., Indianapolis.

Now you can write SHORTHAND in the plain A-B-C's

No need to learn a whole "foreign language" of signs and symbols

WHY have you never learned shorthand, since a knowledge of abbreviated writing is of such undoubted benefit to anyone? Isn't it because you have felt that it would take months and months of study in a business college and involve considerable expense, as well?

Do you know that, according to government statistics, only twelve per cent. of all who study conventional shorthand are ever able to put their knowledge to practical use? Eighty-eight per cent. of failures! Think of the discouragements—the blighted business careers! Typists and clerks unable to advance to positions with larger salaries, because they simply never could master all those intricate signs and symbols!

Now, a remarkable new system makes it possible for *anyone* to learn to write shorthand in an astonishingly short time! This system employs only the familiar letters of the alphabet, that you have always known. It is so simple that you can master its basic principles in your own home in a single hour of study. So compact that in three to six weeks, at home, you can become a proficient Speedwriter. So efficient that you can attain, in that time or less, a far greater speed than writers of other systems ever attain, even after years and years of practice!



"I wanted to make a start in the business world, but the thought of the time I must spend on shorthand discouraged me. Then I heard of Speedwriting! Six weeks later I started to work in a lawyer's office, taking all his dictation."

Margaret E. Streeter,
225 Main Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.



"Knowing all the characters before you start, is like beginning halfway through your course! Just two months' study of Speedwriting netted me a better position, and a much larger salary!"

Anne Bohacz,
38 St. Mary's Street,
Yonkers, New York.

Brief English
Systems, Inc.,
Dept. 6710
200 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me your attractive, new illustrated booklet on Speedwriting, the Natural Shorthand.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Speedwriting

The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Everywhere this new shorthand has been greeted with enthusiastic approval. Presidents of great corporations, high salaried executives, sales managers, ministers, reporters, lawyers, engineers, teachers, men and women in all the professions and all lines of business, as well as those just preparing to enter the business world—all unite in their praises of Speedwriting.

Miss Emma B. Dearborn, eminent authority on shorthand, is the originator of this wonderful new system. Speedwriting is simply a scientific condensation of the English language, based upon natural habits of speech. No quicker or more legible shorthand method of recording thought has ever been devised. Speedwriting notes can be read years afterward by anyone familiar with the system. They can be written either with pencil or on the typewriter.

Mail Coupon for FREE Booklet

This booklet will tell you just how Speedwriting can save time, eliminate drudgery and increase efficiency in your particular line of work, whether you are an executive, a professional or business man or woman, an experienced stenographer or a beginner. Mail the coupon NOW.

BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc., Dept. 6710
200 Madison Ave.,
New York City



Send for
this interest-
ing booklet today



Miss Emma B. Dearborn, originator of Speedwriting, for eighteen years taught practically every known system of shorthand, in such distinguished educational institutions as Columbia University, New York City; the University of California, Rochester Business Institute and Simmons College, Boston. She saw how very unsatisfactory the old systems were—what a crying need there was for something easier, shorter, more practical.



Excellent for
Speedwriting valuable
for saving time and
increasing efficiency

76 out of 100 Government Executives agree on one Razor—Gillette

THE very nature of their occupation requires that those in charge of affairs of state be groomed perfectly. When a careful inquiry reveals that 76 out of 100 shave each morning with a Gillette, it is another real proof that, based on the perfection of its shaving service, Gillette pre-eminence is an accomplished fact!

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published in a new edition. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

*1 Page
1800 00
Frank Seaman
Inc*

\$5 to \$75

THE BOSTONIAN
In Gold Plate, \$6.
In Silver Plate, \$5.



The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY  RAZOR

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD



WYN CLARE
in "The Charlot Revue"

Photograph by Ray Huff-Richter, Chicago





MARY EATON
in "Kid Boots"

Photograph by Ray Huff-Richter, Chicago





JANE OPPERMAN
in 1925 Ziegfeld's Follies

Photograph by Ray Huß-Richter, Chicago





CLAIRE ADAMS
Film Star

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York City





FLORA LE BRETON
in "Betsy Nobody"

Photograph by Irving Chidloff, New York





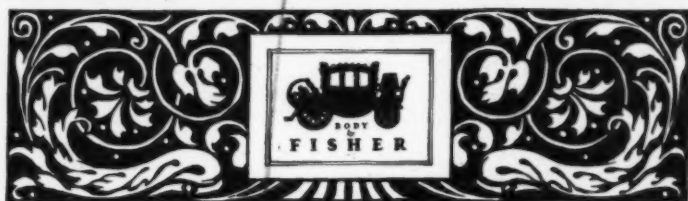
DOROTHY DAHM
in "Ziegfeld's American Revue of 1926"
Photograph by The Shelton Studio, New York





FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



THE VOLUME OF FISHER BODIES
THIS YEAR IS FAR EXCEEDING ANY
PREVIOUS YEAR IN FISHER HISTORY.
BUT VOLUME IS NOT GAINED AT
THE EXPENSE OF SUPERIOR CON-
STRUCTION OR VALUE. EACH
FISHER BODY, IN ANY CAR PRICE
DIVISION, IS SUPREME IN QUAL-
ITY, SAFETY AND LONG LIFE

952 X

The
Decoration by
Franklin Booth

New Day

By
Angelo
Patri



WITH fumbling, joyous fingers youth opens each new day until at length the high one appears. It surely comes—more than once, if you are canny. Youth snares many a gorgeous day, and childhood is fortune's favorite. It might be that if we who follow wisdom's way stopped to consider the ways of youth, we should fare better.

"Tomorrow," said Touselhead, "is going to be a great day." And he rolled over and went to sleep. Early in the morning he rose gayly to meet it, and splashed in the tub while he sang like a wood sprite, "I'm sitting on top of the world." Father, scowling at a broken shoelace, smiled and put in a new one. Mother, wrestling with the toaster, stopped to listen, smiling. Breakfast was easy to swallow that morning, and the autumn sunshine was more golden.

Touselhead's day moved on. He had the examples right first thing, and the teacher praised him. Mother had sponge cake and peaches for luncheon. That afternoon he made a touchdown. Gloriously weary, he bestrode the ridge-pole of the old shed to watch the sun go down on his high day, and as he watched, he lifted his voice and sang over and over the refrain of his morning song, "Just rolling along, just singing a song," until his mother, still smiling softly, called him to dinner—with ice-cream.

Fortune smiles on a lad who can sing like that. To him, careless of her frown, alive only to her favor, she gives the best she holds in store. To him she hands the high day and watches him tenderly as he unfolds it. Whatever he does then, will succeed. Whatever adventure he undertakes will end well. Who meets him will hail him as friend. This day he is fortune's godchild, and nothing can go amiss.

If we who carry our years heavy upon us could now and then forget them and catch again that care-free spirit of youth, its singing rapture, its nonsense and its faith, we might stand erect long enough to let the weight slip off. We cannot soar if we weigh down our souls with fear. We must go out to meet the high day in the spirit and abandon of youth, with hearts emptied of care, wide open to whatever good there is. The good we seek comes wrapped, sealed and secret—the gift of some new high day.

THE HUMBLE

By Edgar A. Guest - Decoration by Arthur E. Becher

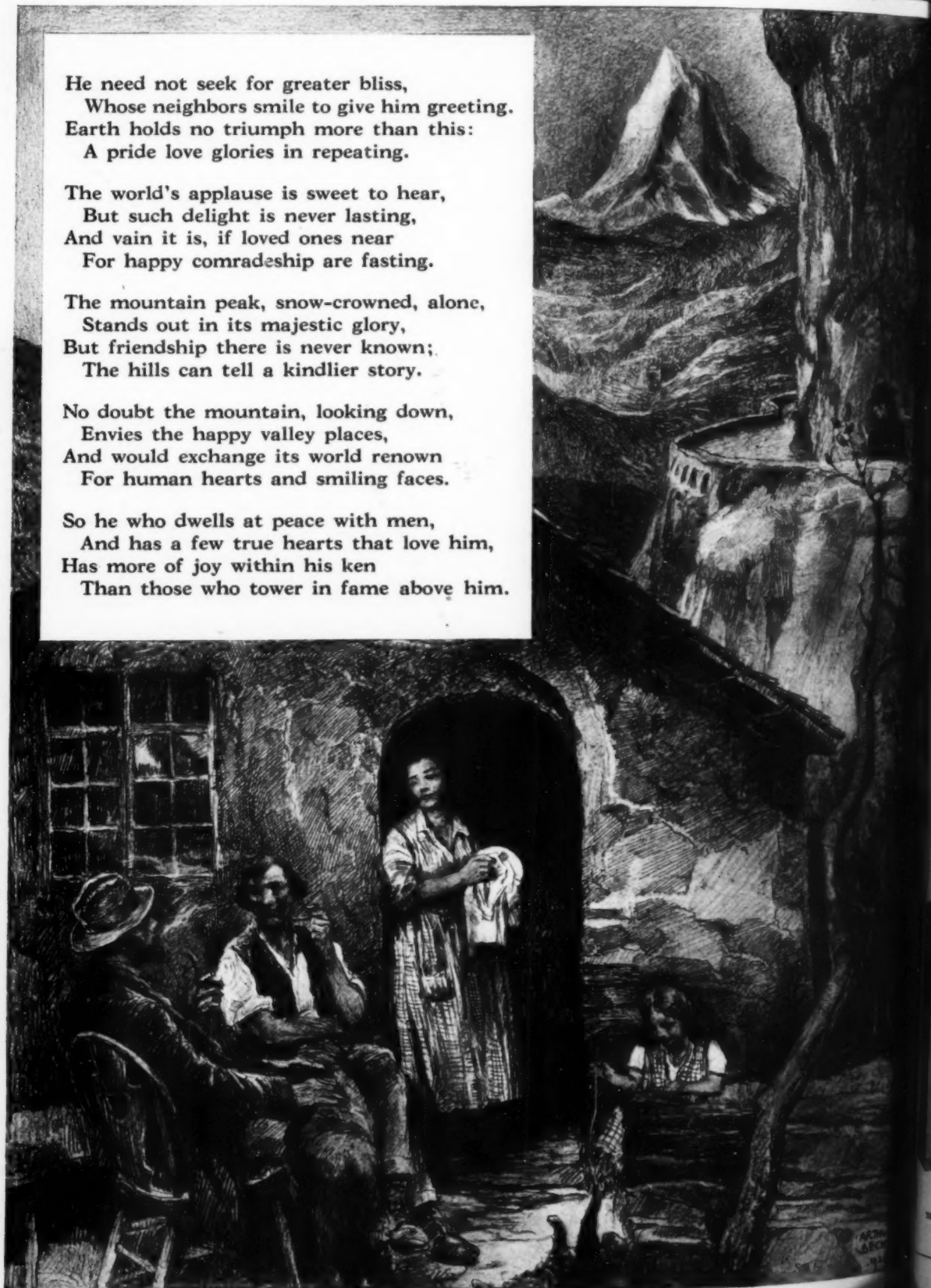
He need not seek for greater bliss,
Whose neighbors smile to give him greeting.
Earth holds no triumph more than this:
A pride love glories in repeating.

The world's applause is sweet to hear,
But such delight is never lasting,
And vain it is, if loved ones near
For happy comradeship are fasting.

The mountain peak, snow-crowned, alone,
Stands out in its majestic glory,
But friendship there is never known;
The hills can tell a kindlier story.

No doubt the mountain, looking down,
Envies the happy valley places,
And would exchange its world renown
For human hearts and smiling faces.

So he who dwells at peace with men,
And has a few true hearts that love him,
Has more of joy within his ken
Than those who tower in fame above him.





PARFUM "PARIS," COTY

*"The Glory
that is Paris"*

*1 Page
2400.00
Revised*

Parfum PARIS, — one of the truly great perfume creations of the world — it suggests a limitless fascination, the very essence of feminine allure, ensnaring hearts helplessly within its charmed fragrance. The Essence, the Face Powder, the Talcum and the other exquisite toilette essentials should be used in the same odeur to give the effect of a perfume wholly, inseparably, one's own.



"ROUGE"

*A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request*

COTY INC.

714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Address "Dept. R. B. 10"



ESSENCE

EAU DE TOILETTE

FACE POWDER

TALCUM

COMPACTE



Happy Faces

Men tell us this makes shaving a morning joy

Please accept a full 10-day tube of this olive-oil-containing shaving cream that corrects 5 mistakes of old-time shaving soaps

GENTLEMEN:—Here's a shaving cream made by experts in skin care that softens the toughest beard in one minute, that leaves the skin as soft and fine as if a lotion had been used. It ends the use of lotions, as unnecessary.

Men by the thousands are quitting old-type shaving soaps for it. One of its chief ingredients is a fine olive oil. 80% of its users were won from rival preparations. Consider what that means.

May we send you a tube to try? We worked some 18 months perfecting it. Made up and discarded 130 different formulas before we found the right one. It excels in many ways, we believe, any shaving soap you have ever tried.

5 mistakes corrected

- 1—*Lather too scanty.* Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.
- 2—*Slow action.* Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.
- 3—*Dries on face.* The lather of Palmolive Shaving

Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4—*Hairs lie down.* That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong . . . they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5—*Skin irritation.* The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters in soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is one of the leading toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a shaving cream. Will you do us the kindness to mail this coupon?—for your sake and for ours.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.)
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1238, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Velvet

By BRUCE BARTON

THERE were two brothers in the Kentucky college where I had my freshman year; we called them "Big Ernst" and "Little Ernst."

Big Ernst was full-back on the football team; he also ran the college store. You could hear his laughter clear across the campus.

He studied engineering, and after he was graduated, I lost track of him until I heard that he was superintendent of a coal mine in Kentucky. Yesterday somebody mailed me a newspaper with a black pencil-mark around his picture.

The paper said that an explosion had entombed a dozen of his miners. Big Ernst, at the head of volunteers, had rushed gayly into the shaft just as he used to charge down the football field. His volunteers came sputtering back, but next day when the gas had disappeared they found him—still facing forward; and they carried him out.

His death was quick and painless and grand, and so I do not sorrow for Big Ernst. But it gave me a solemn minute to think that I, who certainly deserve no more of Fate than he, should be allowed to travel on, while his traveling is done.

In Shakespeare's day a man was old at thirty-five.

Montaigne, at thirty-eight, considered his active life over and retired into his tower.

Senator Copeland once told me that there is a little moss-grown graveyard in one corner of his ancient New England farm where the first settlers of that valley are buried. The grave of the oldest man is there—the old man whose years were proverbial. He died at fifty-three.

I think of myself as a young man still; yet I have had already as many years as used to constitute a lifetime. The years that I shall have from now on are those that very modern science has added to human life—gift-years—velvet.

I have no right to expect that they will be a hundred per cent free from discomfort or pain or worry. And I ought to make a special effort to do something useful with them.

For a majority of the people who have lived in the past were not given any of these velvet years. Big Ernst did not get any. And he deserved them a lot more than I.

Delicate complexions instantly welcome this charming new form of genuine IVORY

Because slim fingers close over it so easily—because soft hands and fair faces are so safe in its soothing care, Guest Ivory has won instant favor among women who choose their toilet soap with the utmost discrimination.

Guest Ivory is simply pure Ivory Soap—carefully, delicately moulded to fit dainty hands, charmingly wrapped in blue to harmonize with gleaming white washstands.

Of course, Guest Ivory contains no strong perfume, no artificial coloring matter, nothing to offend the most fastidious. It is white. It is faintly, delicately fragrant. It is *pure!* It is, most certainly, a soap for your very own.

Guest Ivory may be had almost anywhere—its modest price is five cents. Money cannot buy a finer soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



For the face and hands



As fine as soap can be

5¢

Important Editorial Announcement

The Drama of Fiction—and of Fact

FOR twenty-four years The Red Book Magazine has been editorially devoted to the consideration of the Drama of Fiction. With the present issue its policy is expanded to include the Drama of Fact. ❖

❖ Never before in the world's history has civilized society been less repressed than now. Men and women are today living in the open as never before. The stories of life, once locked in the hearts of the characters, are today told in the market place, that all may hear and heed. Honesty of intent and action are apparent on every hand, and looking about him, the social philosopher sees the world of this hour a more enlightened world than ever before. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ This magazine, therefore, to maintain its original plan to reflect the changing interest of intelligent men and women—possible of execution heretofore through the single medium of fiction—has resolved to add to its fiction program certain features of broad and vital human interest that while *real* possess all those qualities of human appeal in their inherent *drama* that have thus far been afforded the readers of the magazine by its fiction alone. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ Such articles as the magazine will offer from month to month will be vibrant with

life and will be written by the greatest authorities on the subjects treated. ❖ ❖

❖ In the present issue, wherein the new editorial plan is inaugurated, a man and a woman of the highest distinction in their walks of life and fields of work write of human life as they see it today going on about them—Judge Ben Lindsey from the almost confessional privacy of his judge's chambers, Mrs. Philip Lydig from the high pinnacle of fashionable society. Each writes with the broadest knowledge of the subject treated, with the deepest sympathy for those whom each selects as types in the social stratum under consideration, and always with a zeal to make the confusing problems of our lives today easier of solution. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ For two decades The Red Book Magazine has served a definite and recognized purpose in the cultural life of this country by the publication through those years of the best of contemporary fiction. The expansion of its original editorial plan now to encompass the Drama of Fact, in addition to the Drama of Fiction, is an indication of its zeal to function even more worthily than ever before in our American life. A reading of the articles by Judge Lindsey (beginning on Page 41 of this issue) and by Mrs. Lydig (beginning on Page 67) will define this zeal and purpose better than any editorial word. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

2 7194 X

HERE the famous author of "The White Panther" and "A Bust of Lincoln" tells a splendid story of the picturesque White City of the Beys, otherwise Algiers, French North Africa, a spot with which he is as familiar as most people are with the street in front of their homes. For he spends all his winters there, or thereabouts, ranging from Touggourt and Biskra down in the Sahara, back to the Algiers of which he writes so vividly.

By
James Francis Dwyer

Dreve of Virginia

Illustrated by Dallan Stevens

SUNSHINE, overpowering, demoralizing. Hot, thirst-breeding winds—air stallions invisible, galloping up from the Big Sands of the Sahara. Flame-breathing stallions, desert-born, carrying the scorched banners of summer northward. Shimmering sidewalks, splashed at intervals by palm-shadows resembling overturned bottles of ink.

Whitewashed houses banked one behind the other. White houses of Algiers, "glistening like newly made dice, their dead-black windows the pips." Rising tier on tier like seats of a mighty amphitheater. Up, up, from the Quai Nord to the peak of the Kasba Hill. Standing tippy-toe to look at the Port. Their Port. The Port from which the sleek, lateen-rigged craft of Kheireddan Barbarossa and his descendants were wont to dash out and harry the ships of the world.

The old white houses watched those battles. Battles with the high-rumped galleons of haughty Spain. Bloody affairs with the lumbering Britishers flying the coachwhip pennants of the Honorable Boards of Trade. (Demned impudence of the pirates!) Fierce encounters with the snaky corvettes of France and the broad-beamed frigates of the Netherlands. Flash of steel in the African sunlight. Yells and curses. Civilized Europe standing toe to toe with the cutthroats of the Barbary Coast. Fierce attacks by the pirates. Brave counter-charges over decks slippery with congealing blood. Africa spawning reinforcements. Europe, battered and beaten, but dying game. A last stand for the honor of the white race. Butchery and fire, then the triumphal chants of the pirates making shoreward.

Splendid booty! Pearls and perfumes. Fine cloths and damasks of Ind. Silks, crocus-colored, vermilion, stammel-tinted.

Topazes and rubies. Aromatic balms and incense. Raw gold and silver. Chinese enamel, stained ivory, and jade.

Fine fat days were those for the pirate craft of Algiers. Splendid profitable days, till Stephen Decatur came along. Stephen Decatur, Commodore in the United States Navy, if you please! Stephen took the Bey by the back of his neck and shook him. Shook him till his clicking teeth could be heard from towering Gib to Cape Bougoroun.

"See that flag?" growled Stephen. A very gruff voice had Commodore Decatur. "Get it in your eye, will you? Some bars and a lot of stars! Know it again? Yes? Well, leave it alone, sonny! Leave—it—alone!"

"I get you, Steve!" gurgled the Bey. "Let up! Let up!"

God rest you, Stephen Decatur! A brave gentleman were you. Your splendid ghost walks Northern Africa today, as witness this story.

Upon the Place du Gouvernement of Algiers, John Dexter Dreve, one time of Dreveton, Virginia, sat in a jagged shadow-patch. Across the open square slopped the native life of the town. From beneath the turned-down brim of his Panama, Dreve noted the bare legs of the shuffling Arabs. Unattractive legs, umber-tinted, grotesque, scabrous. Anklet-burdened legs of native women—legs so fleshless that a single anklet jingling against the bone made audible sounds as its owner padded along.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the lazy rhythm of the flat feet quickened—quickened perceptibly. Some unseen happening had pressed sharply on the collective human accelerator of the Place. The adagio sound produced by the slithering heel-less *babooshes* became staccato. Dragging feet responded briskly

The Virginian thought that a joyful light evicted the fear that had crouched in the brown eyes.

of unknowable sex, seated on the bare shoulders of a husky Kabyle, screamed for gangway. Dreadfully puffed lips howled "*Balek! Balek!*" Drumstick arms struck viciously at the obstructing runners.

A French gendarme sauntered by the seat that Dreve occupied. "*Qu'est ce qu'il y a, monsieur?*" demanded the Virginian.

"*C'est un bateau américain qui arrive, monsieur,*" answered the officer. "*Cinq cents touristes américains, énormément riches.*"

Presto! The riddle was solved. The beggars, hucksters and thieves of Algiers were rushing to browbeat, bully and cajole the five hundred passengers of the gigantic American liner on a tour de luxe of the

Mediterranean. The blood of the Barbary pirates was asserting itself. Like their ancestors whom Steve Decatur thrashed, they pictured a harvest from the sea. Wild dreams flowed through heat-crazed brains. Who were the richest people in the world? The Americans! Who the most generous? The Americans! Who so splendidly reckless that they didn't count their change? The Americans! Allah was kind to bring the rich infidels in such hordes to their door. Blessed be Allah!

John Dexter Dreve of Virginia rose and followed the charging mob.

On the boulevard high above the Port, the chattering throng gathered—gathered to watch the wealthy visitors climb the ramp from the water's edge. A fine observation spot, useful in the old wild days when all visitors were robbers, useful now when all visitors are robbed.

The fever of greed boiled and bubbled in the waiting crowd. Five hundred Americans! Rich! Every one of them! Richer than the

Gouverneur Général! Richer than the Greek moneylender in the Rue du Divan! Richer than all the French! The Americans made gold out of dirt! *Oui, oui!* Out of dirt! They had a secret!

Filthy, fly-covered cripples whined softly, like dogs on the leash. The blind strained their ears to catch the sounds made by the climbing carriages. A legless wretch, propelling himself on a board resting on four wheels, became hysterical with joy. He shrieked his thanks to Allah. In the excitement produced by splendid expectancy, he rolled from his chariot into the gutter. Vainly he screamed for assistance. The Americans were coming up the Ramps Chasseloup-Laubat, and his beggar friends ignored him.

The excitement stirred the Virginian strangely. The five hundred invading the town were compatriots. Five hundred coun-

to an urge that drove their owners westward—westward to the Boulevard de la République overlooking the Port, westward where they could glimpse the sea.

John Dexter Dreve straightened himself. Puzzled, he studied the charging horde. The pests of the Place—sellers of postcards (mailable and nonmailable), vendors of imitation silk shawls, spurious Oriental carpets, worthless trinkets and curios—caught up their burnouses and gandouras and fled seaward. More members of their noisome brotherhood came speeding out of Bab Assoum and Bab el-Oued. Yelps, like the battle-cries of lost souls, came from them as they ran.

Beggars appeared—blind, maimed and disease-ridden: the wailing sightless hauled at breakneck speed by relatives and impresarios, strange, twisted things unable to walk carried by profit-sharing partners—all moving toward the sea. A leprous horror

trymen drawn from every State of the Union. From Maine and California; from Illinois and Louisiana! From Virginia, perhaps! Surely some one of them would be from Virginia!

The thought thrilled him. Good Lord! Folk from his own State! From his own district, maybe! Some one from Richmond! Some one who knew Capitol Square! Who knew Megan's on Broad Street! Some one who might possibly know the old Dreve house; the old house to which dashing, hot-tempered Harry Dreve, bosom friend of Lee, was brought to die after leading a gallant charge against McClellan's men—McClellan's quiet fighting men who battled at savage Seven Pines!

The dreadful nostalgia of exile clutched John Dexter Dreve. The Port was blotted out by the home longing. The whines of the beggars were throttled. The little sweet threads of love—love of home, of kindred and country—twisted themselves into a carpet of magic and carried him away. Away to America! To Virginia! Home!

He saw Richmond in the mental mirage that came to him. He saw Dreveton. He saw a white-haired wonderwoman standing in a bower of Cherokee roses. She was smiling at him with eyes of heavenly blue. And from somewhere—somewhere in the blue-grass fields of dreamland, there came to the homesick exile Dreve the echo of an old song:

Massa Jack Dreve, he drives a hoss
Dat de debil dassen't drive caus' it is so cross!
It hab shoes of gold an' a big white eye
Dat looks at de niggahs as it gallops by.
An' its tail is so long dat when it gets back
From de Richmond races dat tail is on de track!

Up against the dream, like a pin-point against a balloon, came a cry for help. John Dexter Dreve swooped back to Algiers. He looked down the stone stairs that made a short-cut to an elbow in the ramp; looked, then took the stairs with great flying leaps.



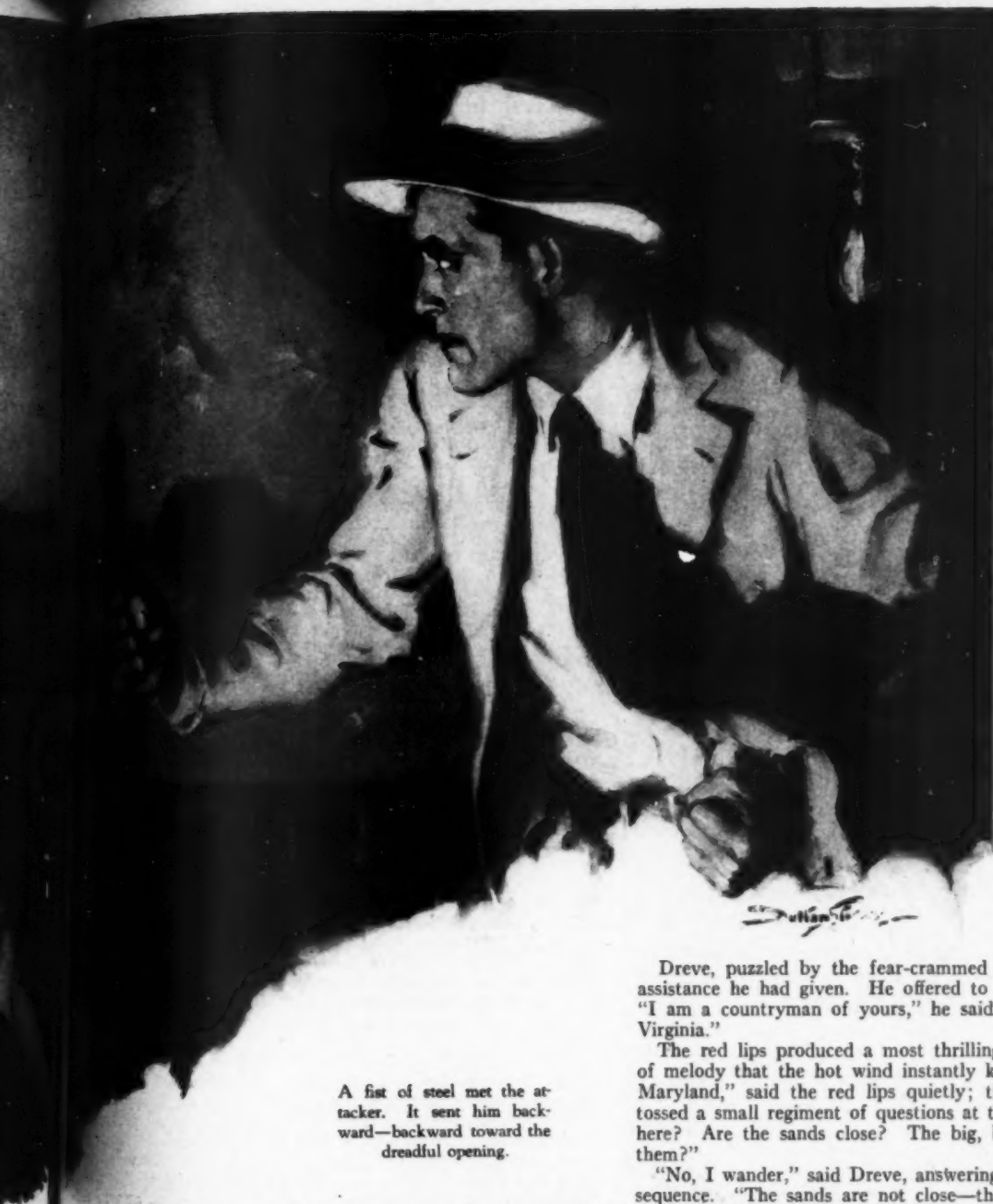
An American girl had essayed alone the walk up from the water's edge to the boulevard, and her progress had been halted by the husky Kabyle who acted as a human charger for the leprous thing with the drumstick arms and the dreadfully puffed lips!

Like some medieval horror, the fellow charged the girl—galloped at her as she tried to dodge. The terrible drumstick arms of the rider snatched hungrily at her. A nightmare thing was the leper. Dreve, dashing down the stairs, thought of the baboon-riden witch who harried the sleeping hours of John of Burgundy.

The steel fingers of the Virginian clutched the shoulder of the Kabyle and hurled him backward. In fluent Arabic, Dreve damned his impudence. The leper howled.

The Kabyle, maddened by the sou-hunger, resented the inter-

ference
his lep
droppin
Dreve
find the
along the
Broad
attempt
green
pulled
upon the
backbo
Dreve
Like
—Dreve
strength
clutche
Wond
whitene
whitene
eyes—
For
and his



A fist of steel met the attacker. It sent him backward—backward toward the dreadful opening.

ference of the tall and graceful American. The fellow dumped his leprous rider on the steps and charged, Kabyle fashion—dropping suddenly and reaching for his foe's ankles.

Dreve's ankles were not in the place the Kabyle expected to find them. The Virginian had side-stepped. The attacker plowed along the ground till the stone step collided with his head.

Broadcasting the Arabic dictionary of curse-words, the Kabyle attempted to rise, but a hand, marvelously strong, gripped the green sash that was wound around his waist—gripped it and pulled upward, while another hand, equally strong, pressed down upon the fellow's spinal column. The Kabyle realized that his backbone was in danger. He clawed the ground and whined.

Dreve released him. "*Va-t'en!*" cried the Virginian. "*Vite!*"

Like a puzzled bull the Kabyle stared for a moment at Dreve—Dreve, cool, slim and supple, yet possessed of a dreadful strength. For a moment only. Then, stooping swiftly, the Kabyle clutched the unholy bundle that was his jockey and fled.

Wonderful was the girl who thanked John Dexter Dreve. The whiteness of Easter lilies was upon her face, a sweet, creamy whiteness that hemmed in the tinted lips and big brown startled eyes—eyes in which crouched fear, an active fear!

For a moment Dreve thought the fear was born of the Kabyle and his leprous rider; then he knew that it was something ante-

dating that affair—something deep-rooted, an entrenched fear, a dread in residence, so to speak. He thought that the eyes of Marie Antoinette might have carried such a fear on that sulky October day when she faced the steel thing that had been polished to kiss a queen's neck.

She was dressed in Araby tan, the skirt short, graciously short. There was a hat that wasn't a hat but a modiste's dream. There were little beige shoes, proud little American shoes, eager to patter along strange pavements.

The tinted lips offered apologies. Breathlessly explained. She had come from the liner in the tender with her father and a friend. They, the father and friend, had taken a carriage from the landing stage, but she had begged her father's permission to walk up the ramp to the boulevard. "I wanted land beneath my feet!" she cried. "Something—something solid! The ship—the ship wabbles!"

Dreve, puzzled by the fear-crammed eyes, made little of the assistance he had given. He offered to escort her up the stairs. "I am a countryman of yours," he said bashfully. "I am from Virginia."

The red lips produced a most thrilling "Oh!"—a little bubble of melody that the hot wind instantly kidnaped. "We are from Maryland," said the red lips quietly; then, after a pause, they tossed a small regiment of questions at the escort. "Do you live here? Are the sands close? The big, big sands? Could I see them?"

"No, I wander," said Dreve, answering the questions in proper sequence. "The sands are not close—that is, the big, big sands. You would have to ride some distance to see them."

"I'd like—I'd like to run away into the desert," said the red lips in a burst of confidence. "The ship—the ship is a prison! I have dreamed of the desert! Dreamed of it and freedom! Dreamed of it again and—oh, there is Father now!"

There were two men in the waiting carriage. Dreve glanced at them as he thrust aside the milling beggars that surrounded the vehicle. One of the occupants was old—silver-haired, mild-eyed, with the thin nose of the dreamer. A nice old fellow who had looked for the daisy-sprinkled path, and through the courtesy of stronger persons had probably found it. His companion was middle-aged, square-shouldered, stocky. Dreve thought him fifty, then took off five years as he noted the satanic quality of the face. Singly the features told little; collectively they wove a facial pattern of depravity. The eyes were hard, but not vicious. The nose strong, yet hardly suggestive of moral obliquity. The mouth good, the full lips the outstanding fault. Yet to John Dexter Dreve the features, in combination, made that "Keep Away" sign that men of keen intuition and all women can readily read. To the Virginian the fellow brought the same feelings that a snake brings to a secretary-bird.

The girl in Araby tan explained Dreve's presence—simply, quietly. Dreve was sure that no fear of the Kabyle and his rider

was in her voice; yet the residential dread still sat in the big brown eyes.

The white-haired man put out a long thin hand to John Dexter Drewe. "I am most grateful to you, sir," he said gently. "Dorothy is reckless. We wished her to ride up in the carriage, but she wouldn't. My name is Carmichael, sir."

The stocky man moved, and the elder timidly attempted an introduction. "This is Mr. Carlos Gonz," he began, "Mr. —"

"Drewe, sir," said the Virginian.

"Mr. Drewe," repeated the father of Dorothy. "Mr. Drewe."

His rather weak eyes twinkled as he looked at the young man; then, after a slight pause, he spoke. "Now, I wonder if I know some one that you know," he said. "Years and years ago I knew a young lady who afterward, so I have heard, married a gentleman named Drewe who lived at Dreveton near Richmond. Her name was Miss Sally Farrington."

"My mother, sir," murmured Drewe, and a little lump rose in his throat as he spoke.

"Well, well!" cried the old man. "When you see her, will you please say that Tommy Carmichael sends his regards. Tommy Carmichael," he repeated; and he laughed softly as if the repetition of the "Tommy" tickled him. On his papery face was a faint flush of pleasure. He was the old beau flicking the pages of memory for small thrills.

"I will tell Mother when I write," said Drewe. "I have not been in America for three years."

THE girl looked surprised; the old gentleman made a grimace that suggested astonishment; Gonz looked bored.

A little silence followed, a fat little silence. With an effort Drewe shattered it. "I am holding up your excursion," he cried. "You have only a day to see the sights of Algiers, and I am wasting your precious time."

He regretted the speech as he stood back and bared his head. The carriage moved. The girl and her father again murmured their thanks; Gonz nodded coldly.

John Dexter Drewe watched the carriage drive off into the white haze, the driver heading for the Jâma el-Kebîr, the Great Mosque. The Virginian's mind had become a mobilization-chamber for upsetting thoughts. Thoughts of Dorothy Carmichael fought for preference. He thought of the dress of Araby tan, the graciously short dress, the little chesty shoes, the hat that was one with the sunlight and the winds, a hat that a sorceress might have conjured up by snapping her fingers.

"She wishes to run off into the desert," said a teasing imp within the Virginian's brain. "Into the desert! With whom, do you think? With the Gonz person? No. Then with whom? A girl cannot go into the desert by herself!"

"Oh, rot!" cried Drewe. "She'd never run away with Gonz! But what is she afraid of?" He addressed the question to the street; and a shambling Arab, who was approaching with the view of asking alms, hurried away, thinking the infidel was possessed of wicked spirits.

Thoughts of his mother came to John Dexter Drewe as he strode across the Place du Gouvernement on his way to his own quarters high on the Kasba Hill. Queer quarters. Drewe had rented for a short period the bijou apartment of a Legion officer, who in a whimsical manner had fitted out a little nest for himself in the shadow of the fortress that Horuk Barbarossa had built in the days when piracy was the leading industry of the town. The house in which Drewe lived was as old as the Kasba itself. From his windows he looked out over the White City, while up from the narrow streets came the never-ceasing babble of his strange neighbors. Around him lived Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Turks and Kouloughlis; dark Jews and Soudanese, Spaniards, Maltese and Italians.

Tommy Carmichael wished to send his regards to Sally Drewe! Good Lord! Again came soul-searing visions of Richmond. Of Dreveton! His brain constructed sentences that he would say on arriving home. "Mother, whom do you think I met one day in Algiers? You'd never guess. A silly old gentleman with white hair who said: 'Tell your mother that Tommy Carmichael sends regards.'"

He spoke the words aloud, cannoned into a dapper Frenchman as the result of the distraction, and to the surprise of the same Frenchman, apologized lengthily in faultless French—Parisian French, chromatic, concentual.

He climbed the face of the Hill, up the steep, narrow streets through which the pirates hauled the booty in the pre-Decatur days. Up the tortuous Rue de la Kasba blood-flecked ruffians had dragged the spoils. Scarlet cloths of Samarkand! Tawny

silks of Kawangtung! Odorous gums of the Orient! "Gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks!"

Drewe entered the old blistered house, climbed six flights of rickety stairs and unlocked the door of his apartment.

A small wiry negro, hearing the key in the lock, rushed from an inner room and took his master's hat and cane.

"Peter," said Drewe, "there are five hundred Americans in town! Five hundred! Think of that!"

"Is they goin' to stay?" asked Peter.

"No, no," said Drewe, as he seated himself at a little luncheon table. "They are on a tour, Peter. Going from here to Naples, then to Cairo, then back to America."

Peter sighed. "I wish we wuz goin' with 'em, Mr. Jack," he said softly. "I mean back to America. If de Lawd gave me one wish, seein' as you don't want to go back to Virginny jest yet, I'd make every place in de world look like Virginny." He considered the task in connection with Algiers. "Dis place would be hard to make ober," he growled. "It's as much like Virginny as a possum is like a nelefunt."

Drewe smiled as he sipped the cold consommé which the servant set before him. "Peter," he said, "the boys had a song about Black Angel, the horse that was afraid of something. Do you remember the second verse?"

"Sholy," replied Peter. "It goes:

"Dat hoss hab a fear, so de niggahs say,
A great big fear in de night an' de day;
It chases him always up an' down,
Right from de farm to Richmond Town.
Some niggah frightened him, an' dat is why
He watches de niggahs as he gallops by."

"Thank you, Peter," said Drewe. "This soup is excellent."

"I has baked shrimps after dat," explained Peter. "An' den I has fried chicken an' cream sauce."

"Splendid!" cried Drewe. "It's almost like home."

"A mighty big almost," growled Peter.

While eating his lunch, John Dexter Drewe pondered over the strange terror in the eyes of Dorothy Carmichael. Something more than curiosity prompted him to find the origin of the fear. He determined to search for her in the narrow streets of the town.

In and out of curio-shops went John Dexter Drewe. There were American girls aplenty, but no Dorothy. American girls who brought life and color to the city, charming girls out to make the most of their short stay—laughing, talking, kindly considerate of the begging youngsters that followed them around. Girls in crêpe de chine, chiffons of all colors, damask silk, crêpe marocain, taffeta, tussore, kasha; but none in Araby tan.

Their voices thrilled Drewe, but he knew that Dorothy Carmichael's voice would be even more thrilling. Their soft-drawn limited French was delightful to his ears. Every drawn-out "Com-bee-en?" tickled him; every "Trop cher" was music. The sweet voices of home were all around him. The town was awake. Careless words came to him as he passed groups of happy girls who were not altogether oblivious to his passing, stray phrases that made him smile. "Here now, how many of these old francs have I got to give this fellow for his old brass can?" "Why don't they have nice clean dollar money like we have at home?" "What'll we do with the francs we can't spend? Give them away, I suppose." "No, no. I'm going to carry this wooden elephant with the red toes right around town with me! He's a darling!"

Solemn Arabs staring at sweet uncovered faces, wondering at the foolishness of the *roumis* who allow their women to go unveiled—not understanding that where all are beautiful, it is not necessary to cover the face of one.

AND then Drewe found her. Found her in the Mosquée de la Pêcherie, with her father and Gonz, a guide telling the century-old lie of how the constructor, a Christian slave, was impaled by an indignant pasha who found to his horror that the slave had built the mosquée in the form of a crucifix.

Of the group she was the first to notice the approach of Drewe. And the Virginian thought that a sudden joyful light evicted for a moment the fear that crouched in the big brown eyes—thought it, and mentally kicked himself for his presumption. As if she cared!

Hurriedly he put forward an excuse for seeking them. He knew of a place in Algiers where food was better than at any of the big hotels of Mustapha-Supérieur. Colorfully he told of it. It was the *Restaurant des Exilés*. It was quaint, unique. Its reputation ran from Rabat to Gabès, from the Kasba Hill to Colomb-Bechar. Frenchmen came from far places to eat a meal there, from places deep in the *bled*: from lonely oases beyond El Oued, "the City of Scorpions," from Sidi Bel Abbès, where (Continued on page 102)



The human heart laid bare

IN

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY'S COURT-ROOM

IN THE MINDS of intelligent men and women throughout America the name of Judge Ben B. Lindsey connotes two things—confidence and help. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

❀ As judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado, he has been for years the guide, counselor, confidant and confessor of hundreds of the adults, no less than the youth of that typical American city. Between him and those who seek his court—and vastly more come to him than are brought to him—there exists a confidence unequalled elsewhere in the social life of America. The stories that are told him, involving the most intimate social relations of the tellers, have made of him the greatest authority in America on the actual status and tendencies of morals in our society and have, further, provided him with the human data upon which he has based his social conclusions. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

❀ All day long, day after day, men and women, young and old, meet him in his chambers seeking counsel and guidance in their relations, and assistance in solving the problems that life has presented to them. And Judge Lindsey has never failed those who thus turn to him. Out of these true stories that have been told him he has built up a conception and a philosophy of social conduct that found expression, in some degree, in his recent book "The Revolt of Modern Youth." In that book his fearless candor and conclusions have attracted to it the attention of teachers, of clergymen of every denomination, of lawmakers and of outstand-

ing judges. The praise of these for what Judge Lindsey has written has been exalted and unanimous. And now it is his purpose, in a series of articles written for this magazine, to carry on, beyond the age of youth but never losing sight of it, the work so ably begun in that epoch-making book. ❀ ❀ ❀

❀ In order that the great body of readers of The Red Book Magazine may know the "why" of the conclusions Judge Lindsey has reached relative to the morals of society today, he will employ what is scientifically known as the "case method;" that is to say, he will tell the true stories that have been told him in the intimacy and privacy of his chambers by those of both sexes who have turned to him with their problems. Thus the individual reader will come into possession of the same data that Judge Lindsey possesses and may thus be able to appraise the essential "rightness" of his conclusions. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

❀ The end most earnestly desired is that these articles, as they appear month after month, beginning in the present issue, might be placed in the hands of every young man and woman, every husband and wife, and every father and mother, in the land; for unquestionably were this possible, there would arise a new understanding of moral problems on the part of adults and a new sense of social responsibility on the part of the nation's youth. It is in this spirit that Judge Lindsey will write and it is in this spirit that his articles in this magazine, the first of which begins on the following page, will be presented. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

The MORAL REVOLT

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

DURING a recent trip to New York I saw a notorious play which the "play jury" a few weeks later threatened to discipline. It was a crude melodrama composed of a raw title, raw sex situations and mediocre acting. Professing to reveal and illuminate the human heart, it sold a gold brick, so to speak, to people so badly educated in the values of life that they couldn't see the falseness. Nevertheless the play quite obviously thrilled the audience. This was particularly true in the second act, when there came a scene in which it really looked as if the palpitating man and woman behind the footlights would forget that the footlights were lighted and the shades not drawn.

None of this—none of the "frankness" of the scene particularly interested me; not because I am unresponsive to stage thrills, but because the attempts to thrill were all so flat, stale and unprofitable as compared to the situations of real life that I encounter daily in the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver over which I have presided for so many years.

What *did* interest me was the audience. I had gone there to watch that audience; and what I observed richly repaid the price I had had to pay for my ticket.

The people around me were of various ages. The Thirties and Forties—particularly the Forties—predominated. Sometimes they edged into the Fifties. Collectively they represented what I here call Middle Age: Forty, more or less.

They were obviously conventional folk—for the most part—prosperous, moral, correct. A large number of them were doubtless married, and had adolescent sons and daughters of the well known Younger Generation concerning whose morals they were probably greatly worried. Some of these youngsters were present, without their parents.

In short, it was outwardly a typical, respectable and conventional audience, the older part of it reared in the Eighties and the Nineties and still suffering from the ideas of that era without quite knowing what to do about it.

Now note what happened. The play, dramatically untrue and spurious as it was, had in it just enough truth to hit them with the force of a battering ram.

This was not so evident in the case of the men. After the manner of men, they sat silent and absorbed. It was the women who gave visible and audible expression to what they felt, in the most astounding exhibition of sex emotion that I have ever witnessed in a public gathering.

The atmosphere was electric—more like that of an old-fashioned revival meeting than anything else I can think of. Women sitting so near that I could have reached out and touched them nearly had hysterics. Choking sounds came from them which might have been sobs or nervous laughter. Others seemed to be in a kind of ecstasy, and others broke suddenly into shrieks of laughter.

It was a curious and intriguing thing to watch. But it doubled the interest for me when I suddenly realized that the phenomenon I was observing was confined to the Older Generation, so called. There they sat, clad in the intellectual bombazine mantle of the Golden Nineties; yet they found that the blending of this play with the ancient taboos of their own youth involved consequences of a bio-chemical-psychological sort that, for anyone wrapped in that chaste and protecting mantle, were very disturbing indeed.

Among those present, as I have said, were typical members of the Younger Generation, wearing no mantle—perky, unchaperoned little flappers with their "boy friends," some of them candidly making love, others behaving with perfect "propriety," and none of them manifesting any interest in the play other than the interest which people normally manifest in any play. They were quite calm, entirely relaxed, and evidently free from whatever internal turmoil had rendered numerous of their elders almost beside themselves.

The contrast was startling. Where, I asked myself, were the riotous and hectic passions of Youth? Where that heat within the blood for which solicitous censors would provide an ice pack?

Here, at this play, was evidence that if censorship measures are necessary it is up to the Younger Generation to come to the rescue and save its sinning and wayward elders from their own riotous passions!

Now, of course I realize that in my picture of that evening at the theater I have painted in the high-lights without qualification, trusting to the reader's common sense to do the qualifying. But substantially I have stated the situation as it really was, to wit, an almost complete reversal of what, off-hand, one would expect to see happening to a theater audience watching the progress of what may only be called a raw play.

It was Youth exhibiting something of the sophistication, poise, maturity and restraint which are supposed to go with years; and it was Middle Age exhibiting the classic symptoms



DAVID STARR JORDAN

Distinguished Educator and Publicist

says of Judge Lindsey's epoch-making book, which this and the succeeding articles are designed to complete: "I very strongly commend it for the reading of all parents and teachers of youth. This includes all clergymen, for unless these reach the youth, their talk is mainly into the air."

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Famous Editor and Novelist

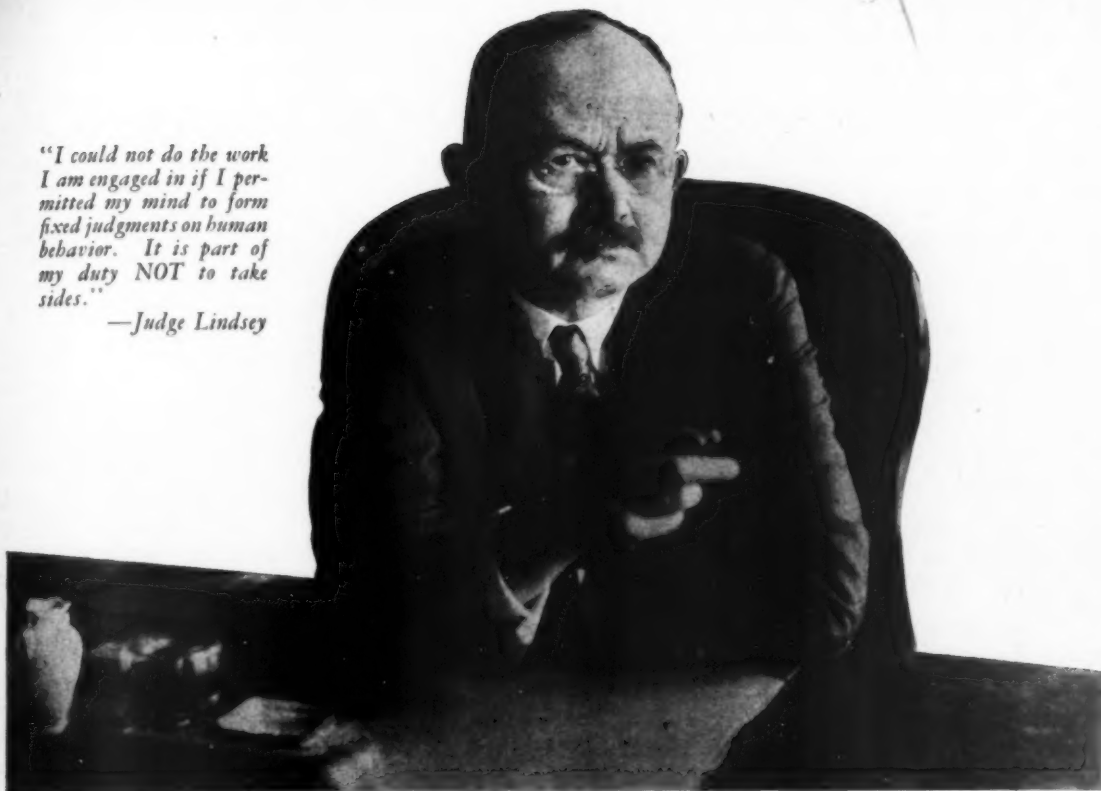
and associate director of the Rockefeller Foundation, says of Judge Lindsey's book, of which these articles are to all intents a continuation: "It is the most liberal, intelligent and generally sane book that ever yet appeared on this important and delicate subject . . . an achievement in candor."



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"I could not do the work I am engaged in if I permitted my mind to form fixed judgments on human behavior. It is part of my duty NOT to take sides."

—Judge Lindsey



of Adolescence. It was Middle Age more adolescent than Adolescence itself; an exhibition of adult infantilism, and of deferred maturity that was surely a sight for men and angels to take a lesson from.

How grotesque, how fraught with pathos and with bathos—and yet how fraught with hope! For Middle Age is unmistakably growing up. The fact that it conducted itself as it did before my eyes I consider symptomatic. It is passing through its adult infantilism, and these that I sensed were growing pains.

THERE are thus two major dramas going forward in American life today. Concerning one of them I have, with my collaborator Wainwright Evans, already written a book, "The Revolt of Modern Youth." Concerning the other I purpose saying something here. It is the more dramatic of the two, and yet few persons clearly realize—ever realize, I sometimes think—that it is going on.

It is all like a play within a play, or two plays proceeding at the same time, the one, as it were, behind the other. On the open stage we have the drama of Youth in Revolt, popping its rockets and red fire, where everybody can see it. But behind, in a half light, behold another drama—the drama of Adult restiveness, of the Adult struggle with inclinations, with forbidden choices, with taboo ideas, and with lifetime habits of thought and action—some of them stupid and some not so stupid—that were bred in their bones as children.

The way of that drama is secret; and it is the more dramatic for that reason. The actors in it keep sedulously out of your range of perfect vision; but you can perceive them, if you have insight and sympathy, and an inquiring mind, in every nook and cranny of our American life today. The confidences imparted in the Domestic Relations Department of my court bring many to my view; and for the hundreds of cases I review there, I know there are thousands of which neither I nor anybody else, save those immediately concerned, ever hears.

But what makes all this dramatic is not solely its secrecy. What makes it dramatic is that it is a travail; that its fruits, whether good or bad, are brought forth in pain, and with wrenching of the spirit.

In this respect it is very different from what is most characteristic in the revolt of Youth. Youth is pliant. It was born to the new order, the Twentieth Century order of things, in the first place; and such adaptations as it has had to make in order to live simultaneously with the new order and the old, it has made easily, as easily and inevitably as it has learned to dance the Charleston, which Middle Age finds difficult.

Moreover, Youth has support in its innovations. It has formed a world of its own, a segmented, cohesive thing which speaks its own peculiar tongue, has its own well-recognized customs and moral sanctions—and even, if you will, its emerging culture. Some of that culture is destined, in my judgment, to be permanent; and part of it will serve as a

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Celebrated Author and Psychologist

wrote to Judge Lindsey of the book which these articles are carrying on: "I have been reading 'The Revolt of Modern Youth' with great interest and satisfaction. On all the main lines I am in general sympathy with your attitude. I am warmly recommending the book to people who write me for advice on these subjects."



PROFESSOR EDWARD A. ROSS

Distinguished Educator and Sociologist

shares the opinion of his colleagues when, of Judge Lindsey's work, he says: "It is a book I shall have to read and re-read to get out of it what it holds for me. It is so charged with cases from real life that for a sociologist it is a package of original material." The present articles follow the lines of the book referred to.



stepping stone to changes in social custom that promise to be radical beyond anything even the most visionary prophets among us dare project.

Children, as they grow up, step into this new order of things naturally. There is little or no wrenching, warping or displacement of the delicate internal machinery of the personal life. That is why, with a minimum of damage to itself, Youth has been able, not merely to talk about freedom but to take it, in defiance of customs and traditions which it regards as irrational, unsuitable and wanting in genuine authority. Thus Youth, at small cost, has freedom in large measure; for it is true in fact as well as proverb that possession is nine points of law.

Not so with existent Middle Age. From the beginning today's adults are under a kind of psychic coercion that reaches out for them, like a long arm of the Past. It is the most powerful coercion known; it has an all but hypnotic power; it is based on suggestions received, believed and habitually obeyed—as of divine origin—from the days of yesterday's childhood.

It is the coercion of life habit, life fears, life customs and unquestioning beliefs. It springs from our folk-ways, and regardless of whether it be rational or irrational, its grip is one of steel.

THIS grip of the Past is broken, in most cases, only at the cost of subjective anxieties and fears which may manifest themselves physically as well as mentally—fears which, if they prove too strong and persistent, may wreck the health and happiness of the person who has miscalculated their strength and his own weakness.

Obviously intelligence and courage are difficult and genuine virtues. On the other hand instinctive, uncritical obedience to racial and social suggestions, *regardless of their worth*, is a very easy "virtue," and not genuine at all. It produces a passing comfort, like any other opiate, and I am firmly of the belief that most of the miseries of life spring from it.

It hardly needs to be explained in this day when psychoanalysis is a household word, that when the average mature person, grown to conform to a given social mold, attempts revolt, his whole subjective background constitutes a massive obstacle, capable of resisting new convictions and beliefs, however clear-cut these may be. This is true even among persons of very high culture, whose minds are well disciplined; and doubly true among those who lack these difficult qualities.

I recall a case that illustrates not only how powerful is the grip of custom on the subjective mind, but also how irrational and unintelligent it often is.

A fine-looking, blue-eyed Scandinavian girl called at the court one day and asked to see me. Suppose I call her Helga, because that wasn't her name. Helga was "in trouble." At first she accused a young man who worked in a garage—a young man who was married and the father of two children, with a third imminent. She wanted him to provide five hundred dollars to pay for her confinement, and desired me to have the baby adopted into a good home. But young married men who work in garages are not likely to have that much money by them; and I was therefore anxious to arrange things, if possible, so that there would be a minimum of inconvenience for all concerned.

I had the young man up to see me. He admitted Helga's charges, and was nearly frantic with the fear that his wife would learn of it—the reason for this fear being that he was in love with his wife.

With tears brimming his eyes, he wailed: "I went to a show with her. No harm in that. And she just naturally got me. I'd give a million dollars if I'd never seen her. But I'll do all I can to square it, Judge—only I don't know where the money's coming from. Judge," he added, leaning forward, "I think she's been just the same with the bird that employs her; he's just as likely to be the right one as I am. And he's rich. Let him put up the money."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"James Burton," he answered. (The name he really gave me was that of a leading business man, who belonged to most of the important organizations and clubs in town, and was, besides, extremely active in church work, holding an important lay position in a large Denver church.)

"Leave that to me," I said.

I immediately sent for Helga and she substantiated the mechanic's suspicions. Her reason for not mentioning Burton before was, she declared, that she liked him and was afraid of getting him, in his social position, into trouble. It was the young garage worker that she had last been with, so she had attributed her plight to him, though it was quite evident that either of the two men might have been to blame.

It developed that she was a maid in the Burton household. Mrs. Burton, some months before, had gone on a trip and had taken with her the other of their two maids, leaving Helga in charge of the house.

I knew Burton well, and considered him a very fine fellow; and I thought it quite probable that he would do the generous thing if approached generously. I therefore instructed Helga to go to him, confess her relations with the young mechanic, make it clear that either of them might be responsible and ask him to do the magnanimous thing, since the other man was poor. I told her to make it clear to him that she had no intention of betraying him, whether he should provide the money or not, and not to let him know that I knew of the situation. I explained what blackmail was, and warned her that she must avoid anything even savoring of it.

The girl followed my instructions to the letter and Burton responded as I was sure he would. Helga had her baby under arrangements I made in her behalf, at the home of her married sister, whom I had once helped through a sex scrape—though Helga knew nothing of that.

IT was a fine boy, and was later adopted by a man who is an intimate friend and neighbor of James Burton. The two men belong to the same club and the same church and the same business organizations. The day may come when the boy, growing up, will enter the Sunday-school class in which his father takes such an interest. But none of the parties concerned know where the boy came from.

So much for Helga. Now for the psychology behind the tale, which is my justification for telling it. Helga confided to me further that she was not the only woman who had received attentions from Mr. Burton. She had accidentally discovered that he had had an intrigue during an earlier absence of his wife, with a woman who was the wife of a friend of his.



LUTHER BURBANK

The World-famous Scientist

said of all Judge Lindsey's "cases" of the sort he will present in these articles: "These wonderful first-hand observations of life will make this work a standard guide for those who wish to help to a truer understanding of the precious heritage which life should bestow."

International Newsreel Photo

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Noted Author of "The Mind in the Making"

thus records his reaction to "The Revolt of Modern Youth," the book which this and succeeding articles will complete: "It would be hard to explain to you how thoroughly I relished it and how eagerly I read it. . . . I am doing all I can to make your book known."



Photo by

Helga's
his wife
he was

nt to a
naturally
r. But
know
leaning
rd that
I am.

y gave
ged to
n, and
ing an

ed the
g Bur-
d was
le. It
with,
quite
blame.
ehold.
p and
eaving

ellow;
e gen-
ructed
young
respon-
e the
him
should
that I
s, and
of it.
Burton
baby
me of
a sex

who is
The
a and
when
ss in
f the

d the
fided
had
ntally
r ab-
of a



This illustrative photograph specially posed by court attaches and friends of Judge Lindsey.

The majority of the cases that Judge Lindsey's court is concerned with are not brought to him; the parties come of their own volition and they represent every stratum of society and degree of culture.

Helga had discussed the matter with him, and was surprised and amused to find that he was conscience-stricken over that affair and confessed to her that he felt like a dog.

"I said to him," she told me, and I shall endeavor to quote her as exactly as memory permits, "that I couldn't see why he was so stirred up over his affair with that woman and didn't seem to worry at all about *me*. He told me that it was because she was married and I wasn't, and her husband was a friend of his to boot. He said his conscience hurt him something fierce. All on account of that woman—see, Judge, not a thought about me, and I'd been a good girl till then! And that married woman knew just what she was doing and how to take care of herself and everything. I can't make it out, Judge. It looked like he thought he was headed straight for hell on account of *her*—I didn't seem to count."

I explained to her as best I could that his distress was due to his consciousness of having violated his code—not his code about women but his code about friendship. I then asked Helga what her feelings were about her relations with the husband of the woman who had employed her and of whom she had spoken with very real affection.

"Don't you feel any qualms on that score?" I asked the girl.

She shook her head and showed her white teeth in a smile. "No, Judge, I don't. I think it's foolishness. He sure loves her. Seems like he cares all the more for her. He only likes me. I'm satisfied and he's satisfied. So what about it?"

"But what of the wife of the garage man?" I pursued. "I don't even know her," she replied. "But I know he's awfully fond of her, and he talks about her all the time.

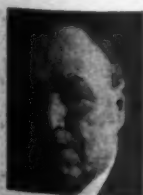
Pooh," she finished, "Mr. Burton didn't have any cause to act the way he did. I guess it's just because he's a church member."

I can see her yet, leaving my office with a step as light as air—no fears, no conviction of sin, no tweakings of conscience, none of the stresses and struggles that had apparently gone so hard with my friend Burton.

This seems to me admirably to illustrate the very vital and fundamental point I have been trying to make—that Middle Age not only finds it hard to break with custom, but that it finds it hard to be rational or discriminating as to different customs. Burton distinguished sharply between his affair with Helga and his affair with his friend's wife simply because custom distinguishes between them, and not through any genuine moral discrimination on his own part. As a matter of fact it was socially far more reprehensible for him to betray that girl, left alone with him in his own home, than it was to have an affair with a married woman who presumably knew just what she was about. But in the one case he had no misgivings, and in the other less reprehensible one, he felt like a dog.

Whatever else can be said of all this, it seems to me that the ability to think clearly in matters of conduct was no part of Mr. Burton's education. He wasn't—in point of fact—thinking of the women involved at all, *but of a man whose property he conceived he had stolen.*

It must not be forgotten that our strict guardianship of the chastity of women, together with the relatively slight value which we attach to chastity in men, is based on the notion that women are property and that men are not, and that men want to be sure that their children, being also



CLARENCE DARROW

Eminent Advocate and Humanitarian
writes of the book by Judge Lindsey which was the forerunner of these articles: "The Revolt of Modern Youth" deals with the vital things of life honestly and courageously. Everyone who cares for youth and realizes the dangers that beset the young should read and consider Judge Lindsey's book."

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

DR. CHARLES PLATT

Director National Probation Association
writing of Judge Lindsey's book "The Revolt of Modern Youth," of which he presents work is a continuation, says: "Here is a book full of interest and thrill. It tells a tale of fact, and lets theory find a foothold where it may. This book should be read by all whose minds are not yet atrophied."





Photograph by Ralph Baird, Denver

JUDGE LINDSEY

One has only to look into Judge Lindsey's eyes to perceive the generosity, the understanding and the tolerance of the man whose court in Denver is known round the world—a court to which people come far more often than they are brought—veritably a court of confession, of compassion and of guidance.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

MRS. LINDSEY

Without the understanding assistance of his wife Judge Lindsey's astonishing work in the Domestic Relations department of his court would be less successful, he declares, than it is. For Mrs. Lindsey is with her husband there every day, really an officer of this court.



But when the day's often dark work of the court is done, both Judge and Mrs. Lindsey revel in the sunshine that radiates from their little daughter, Benetta, and take new heart to carry on.

Photograph by Hopkins, Denver

property, are theirs by blood. This has nothing to do, of course, with rational ethics. It is simply custom that has come down to us from sources so remote that we can't trace its beginnings. James Burton's misgivings had nothing to do with chastity; they concerned what he had been taught was thievery—theft from another man.

Am I wrong in suggesting that our dependence on this background of received tradition, and on these irrational compulsions of the subjective mind, may be one of the worst forms of immorality that we practice—a veritable Vice of Virtue? Am I wrong in assuming that there is hope in the fact that Youth is discarding all that for some degree of conscious rationalism, and that there is further hope in the signs that Middle Age now feels the same impulse first thoroughly to examine "goodness" of every sort to see if it really be goodness? But of course all this is adventure, and is fraught with peril. Nor have I any wish to minimize that peril. Social innovation may easily lead to social ruin for individuals who undertake it without due consideration. It is certainly not an adventure that I would recommend indiscriminately.

For the truth is that some persons have a gift for social innovations while others lack it. Some are impervious to the shafts of criticism and seem genuinely to thrive on opposition; others—most of us, in fact—weakens and collapse under social reprimand. This is especially true in the mid-years. Fear holds most of us in line—till the line itself moves; then we proceed safely forward with the mass.

But of course that is a slow, slow business. It was of small profit to the unhappily married woman of the Golden Nineties that if she waited till 1926 or thereabouts she could divorce her husband because she loved another man and then marry the other man without her neighbors regarding her as little better than a wanton. For in those days the mere fact of divorce, even on grounds of her husband's infidelity, was enough to cloud a woman's reputation. In the Golden Nineties the woman who achieved divorce, for whatever cause, made the break with custom at terrific personal cost—or she submitted and hoped perhaps for better luck for her grandchildren.

I know a very respectable, very aristocratic, very firm-minded maiden lady of about fifty who lives in an Eastern university town, where her blue-blooded ancestors have always lived. About the year 1900—she was young and pretty then—she decided that skirts were too long for comfortable walking; and she shortened her petticoats to a point well in excess of the then prevailing mode. She told me about it years later—how she dared the disrespectful stares of loungers before the village stores and on the campus, and how she set her square little jaw, and stuck to her convictions till everyone grew accustomed to her and her peculiarities, till fashion caught up with her. But the ordeal nearly upset her health—trivial as the matter was. Nervousness, indigestion and other disorders of unquestionably psychic origin beset her while the struggle with custom and the idiocies of society lasted.

Our apparently free and independent Younger Generation are no more free from this coercion of custom than their elders. It is merely that the youngsters have a different set of customs. Youth defies the shibboleths of its elders, but it has shibboleths of its own which are as tyrannous as anything it has escaped from. Most young people wear the same sort of clothes; they do the same things in the same way, and are lacking in individual initiative and originality in their relations to each other. I count this one of the clearest evidences of the painful crudity and want of culture that are an outstanding characteristic of their present stage of development. I believe, however, that this is a phase which will pass. Just now they have to hang together, knowing that if they don't they will, as Franklin put it, hang separately.

Generally speaking, I am not afraid of Revolt. I believe

in it on general principles, as against unthinking conformity. It seems to get somewhere, even at the cost of occasional disaster to individuals; whereas I think conformity, except when it is well and rationally grounded, tends to get nowhere. We must have conformity, of course. It is quite as necessary as revolt. The one, indeed, is inconceivable without the other. But just now we are suffering from an overdose of it. Conformity has been a national vice with us—again the Vice of Virtue—and I think our lack of moral backbone when the restraints of law and custom are removed demonstrates how too much law and supervision and coercion has weakened our ability as individuals to travel on our own power.

Excesses of all sorts are usually a rebound from an excess of forced conformity. The only sort of conformity that does not work this mischief is the willing, voluntary, chosen conformity which is grounded in culture and springs from it. That is the only kind of conformity for which we should have any use in America; but it is, I sometimes think, the kind of which we have the least.

This is natural, for to have free conformity to any sort of culture you must first catch your culture, and that is most difficult. It is much easier to send a lobby down to Washington and legislate a spurious culture, like censorship, or an obscenity law, into fake existence. By the same token it is easier to have anti-divorce laws or legislation for the restriction of divorce than it is to produce a social order and a system of real education and real religion—a culture, in short, wherein real marriage would be natural, easy and possible because divorce would also be natural, easy and possible whenever divorce was desirable and desired. But rather than take this chance with human beings and rather than register our faith in the dignity of human nature to that extent, we prefer our present system of marriage, based *wholly* on bell, book, candle and the law.

It is easier to force married persons to go on living together when they don't love each other than it is to weld love and marriage into an identical thing, two sides of a shield that would be capable of really protecting the "Home" that we talk so much about, and do so much to destroy by our barbarous stupidities of tradition and our ignoble fears of overthrowing "custom."

THE reason I like the signs of restiveness that I behold on the part of Middle Age is that by them Middle Age shows a glimmering realization of these facts; a slow waking up to the notion that after all, the control and intelligent direction of custom is a function of the living, and that it does not lie with the ancestral ghosts.

Youth has been on the warpath for some little time. If now there shall come an awakening of Middle Age, it will bring into the field an even mightier army than the forces of Youth, and the change will then have in it the seeds of permanence. For this would impart to Youth not only fresh courage, but also a philosophical conception of the significance and fruitfulness of its present course, so that it might avoid the trap of conformity when it itself reaches the middle years.

At present the opposition Youth meets from the Older Generation constitutes a malign suggestion that what Youth is doing is wholly futile and wrong. This suggestion, however little Youth may now seem to heed it, tends to sprout and grow subjectively. And later, as present-day Youth edges into Middle Age, these old notions, long suppressed, will spring up like toadstools. Youth will thus succumb to a spell of malignant virtue, and in an access of fear, it will teach it to a generation yet unborn. That has been the way of it from time immemorial. It is thus that independent and hopeful Youth, instead of growing into a rational Middle Age, degenerates into a conforming Middle Age. It is my hope and belief, however, that the Youth of this generation will resist this subjective influence (*Continued on page 106*)

We Live But Once

by
Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by
Will Foster

The Story So Far:

VALERIE Dangerfield had tried to rid herself of this shopgirl interest in a handsome stranger that had obsessed her ever since she had glimpsed his face, with its strange shadow of sadness, as she was dining with her friend Lucy Livingston at the Samarkand. But he had somehow struck an unsuspected chord of interest—a suspended chord that cried for resolution.

In her excitement she forgot discretion and whispered:

"Lucy, did you notice the man who sat just back of me?"

"The one you were piking off in the mirror so cleverly?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, no, not particularly. Nice eyes, nice nose, pathetic mouth; shows taste in ties, has a good tailor, broad shoulders, graceful table-manners—but I didn't notice him especially. Why?"

"I want to meet him. Go get somebody to present him to you—then you introduce him to me."

"Well, I like that! Pick up your own, my dear, pick up your own!"

So that was that, till a little later she met him at a musicale, and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly little overdressed wife, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent, they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. (*The story continues in detail:*)

IN such a ghastly plight as theirs, one word was no more inadequate than another. So he broke the dark with a silly laugh that was none of his best: "Well, we're right where Moses was."

"And if these brakes let go, we'll soon be where the Lord spent three days."

The brakes held, but a giant pine just ahead was smitten and split and stripped by a wrath of lightning that whizzed across the black like a huge white-hot war-ax. In its searing radiance they saw a river of mud and water come swirling round the curve and roll down upon them. It slid beneath the wheels and swept the car backward.

Valerie released the two brakes and gave the wheel a spin. The car sliddered back with a twist that sent its rear wheels deep into the shelving bank. Then she swung the fore-wheels against the ledge with the deftness of parking in a small space.

Here the water could not dislodge them, though they could hear it piling up about the wheels and slushing along the running-board. The flaming zigzag of lightning revealed a deepening torrent making a spillway of the road. The car rocked with its onset. It gouged out mouthful of earth and rubble from the hillside.

And the lightning chopping at the doomed trees seemed to be aimed at them.

Somehow this amused Blair Fleming, and he laughed with that abandonment that had first won Valerie's interest. She could detect no false bravado in his voice, but only a profound surprise at the ludicrousness of their situation. It was sublimely tragic or ridiculously foolish, according to the angle of view; and from where he sat, it was funny.

Valerie had no fear of the storm, either. She had never been afraid of the lightning or of death, dear as life was to her. She could see nothing occult or intentional in the forces of nature, and she felt neither malice nor divine anger in the bombardment. Like most of her generation, she had no religion at all in her outlook or inlook on the world.

If the lightning struck her, she would die just as she would die if she got in the way of a locomotive; but she would no more have blamed the engineer or thanked him for missing her, than she would have acknowledged the hand of a deity guiding the crackling sparks that spun from the vast dynamo into whose field she had wandered.

Their feet were suddenly wet, and they lifted them to the dashboard. Blair lighted a match, and they looked down between their knees at a flurry of eddies on the floor of the car.

Being very near to death and in dire peril, they tried to laugh it off: "I forgot to bring along the life-preservers," she said.

"Don't worry. I can swim."

"You might hand me another cigarette."

He dug one from the handbag and took a fresh cigar for himself. The lighter in the dash was out of commission.

"Where do good batteries go when they die?" he pondered.

"We'll soon know," she answered. "Doctor Somebody-or-other says our bodies are electric batteries."

He lighted a match. They studied the water beneath them. It was higher. He could not help noticing the elegant trimness of her lines, the fine configuration of her shapely feet. It was not the sort of thing one ought to think as a last thought, but he felt it a great pity that such graceful architecture might be shattered and blasted by a stupid blundering convulsion of nature.

She felt that she ought to rise superior to the pettiness of her mood:

"There are such enormously important things to say at such a time." She let a skein of smoke unravel from her lips. "But I can only think how I hate wet feet. Are you liable to colds?"

"A lot of difference it would make. A light touch of double-pneumonia would be a godsend compared to what we're in for."

There was one thing more certain, more troublesome than death. It suddenly occurred to her that she had made a bit of

She broke away from him. "It might be better if we could honestly say there had been none of that in our little picnic."

The vividness of the California scenes in this latest of Mr. Hughes' novels may, in part at least, be attributed to the author's long familiarity with them. Some years ago he gave up his beautiful home in the hills north of New York City, and now dwells in a lovelier one in Hollywood, dividing his literary interests with the films. His novels, of course, will continue to be written exclusively for this magazine.



a fool of herself, or at least this storm had made a fool of her. She had autocratically decided to rescue Blair Fleming from his wife, and assumed that all she had to do was to rise superior to small scruples and she would have Amy Fleming in her power. As a result of her too great cleverness and audacity, she had put herself in Amy Fleming's power.

Countless women of religious mind had done what Valerie tried to do, but they disguised their motives in pious subterfuges, and if thwarted, they felt that a special providence had intervened for their punishment.

Valerie did not even do her motives justice, and in their frustration she lacked the awful comfort of a sense of guilt. She felt simply disgusted with her defeat, and angrily amused at her loss of the game. She was what is known as a good sport. She played her best, and when she lost, she gave the winner the credit without stint.

She was even inclined to feel that Amy Fleming deserved a bit of glory for the advantage she had won thus far. Amy had been

wise enough to gain the strong position of wifedom; now she had only to sit tight.

But this again awakened new fire in Valerie's heart. Amy had won the first set—a love-set. The rest of the match would depend on Blair Fleming's coöperation. And he did not even know that he was in the game. He did not know that there was a game.

With no suspicion of Valerie's black designs on his household, he also was thinking of Amy, and thinking of her with dismay and dread. Her very prettiness and frailty gave her an immense power. He was startled when Valerie suddenly spoke his exact thought:

"What will your wife say of this—your being out so late with another woman?"

"What wout she say?" He laughed, but most dismally.

"Will she mourn for you if you—if you die?"

"I'll tell you later. We'll talk it over—upstairs—or in the cellar when we meet; for if one of us goes, we both go."

"All right! Whither thou goest, I goest. It would be funny if you and I should perish together—when we're such strangers."

"Not so blamed funny—and—are we such strangers?"

"Well, this is only the third time we've seen each other."

"Yes—but—"

There ought to be something majestic to say. A gallantry or a flirtatious chivalry at such a time was inconceivable. Besides, he had a wife up there on the mountain somewhere. Perhaps she was in danger too.

Undoubtedly she was in terror; for lightning storms threw her into an abject insanity of fear. At such times she had clung to him with a passionate devotion that had melted his many just resentments against her.

He had moved to Los Angeles largely because she had heard that lightning storms were all but unknown there. He was one of those strong husbands who conform their careers to their wives' whims or necessities. He softened toward Amy now. He felt derelict in his duty. He should be with the poor child this moment to ward off the thunderbolts.

Just as his pity was overwhelming him, a devilish thought was thrust into his brain, that she was assuredly clinging to somebody, and it was probably not a woman. Perhaps it would be that Englishman who was hanging about her so much. The lightning could never strike him! He was a non-conductor, if ever there was one.

It was a rotten thing to be thinking, and the rottenest part about it was that he found it funny. Instead of blazing with honest wrath and husbandly jealousy, he was laughing helplessly. If Valerie could have known his thoughts, she would have been convinced anew that he was out of love with Amy.

He was not proud of himself in any respect, but he began to despise all women for Amy's sake. A certain primeval instinct told him that he owed this lone woman at his side at least the compliment of a proffered caress. She undoubtedly wanted it. She had asked for it. Conspiring to carry him off alone like this! What else could she expect?

"Wout you take my overcoat?" he said. "You must be cold."

"No, thanks. I'm warm as toast."

It was a lie, but an inviting one.

It was contemptible of him not to take her in his arms and give her a little petting after all the trouble she had taken. But his arms refused. He did not like women any more. They were all cats.

It was well for him, or ill for him, that he made no play at Valerie, for she would have struck him or leaped out into the flood if need be to escape him.

She did not love him, or if she did, she was not yet aware of it. And she was very woman in her reverence for Love. In her eyes, Love purified, justified everything it wanted, hallowed the breaking of all the rules. Without Love, anything beyond a flirtation to pass the time away was odious.

She could pretend to love, and take or give a kiss as she took or gave a handclasp; she mimicked amorous affection in the embrace of the dance. But there were kisses and kisses, as there were loves and Love. She had never yet given a man the supreme expression of her Love. She wondered if she ever would.

The word itself was sacred, no less sacred for being the most commonplace. She "loved" horses. She "loved" swimming. She "loved" music. She "loved" artichokes and anchovies. She "loved" a good singer, a good polo-player, a wit or a good sport. Yet she had never Loved anybody. And she wanted to Love. She yearned mightily to Love with all her might.

This man Blair Fleming had appealed to her as a child caught



in the quicksands might have appealed to her. His laughter and his sorrow had seemed to her particularly precious, but that meant no more than if a child she was determined to save from death should have golden curls or big, sad eyes.

It was well for Blair Fleming, or ill for him, that he did not visibly misinterpret Valerie's being out here alone with him. It meant no more to her than his being at the Samarkand with a man for dinner had meant to either of them.

The time had passed when a woman must pay particular attention to appearances. Evil to him who evil thinks. If a gossip did not like the look of a man and woman together, it was the gossip's sin, not theirs. The chaperon was as dead as the dodo.

He again implored her to take his overcoat. She refused it with indignation, unwilling either to rob her ward of his comfort, or admit her own inferiority in vigor.

as she
in the
is there
upreme

e most
g. She
"loved"
sport.
Love.

caught



Chalkley mumbled:
"I ain't so sure of
your wife's winning
out as I was."

All the while the storm had ramped and roared, clawed and spat. The rain pounded the roof of the car with the force of sledges. The water in the road was a river. It had crept up and up, till the top ripples were lapping the rain that beat away from the hood of the motor.

Only the luck of having slipped back into a rocky pocket blasted out of the hillside kept the car from going swirling down the stream and shooting over the edge of the precipice. Inside, the stream had seeped through the doors and through the windshield crevices till it was almost at the level of the seat, and Valerie and Blair sat grotesquely upended like early Americans with their feet nearly as high as their heads.

And they smoked and smoked. They said nothing but flippancies:

"It won't be long now."

"It never rains in California at this season."

Blair chanced to remember a snatch of an old college song:

"I'm very much afraid that my breeches will be wet
By the water in the bottom of the sea."

Valerie knew it, and together they shook the car with their bellowing:

"So we poor sailors go skipping to the tops
While the landlubbers lie down below
below, below,
While the landlubbers lie down below."

They sang other songs, ornamenting them with barber-shop chords, "swipes," doleful negroid skids, while the thunder made the world tremble as it trampled the pedals of the vast organ-pipes of the air.



The lightning disclosed their faces distorted with hilarity or with the idiot grimaces of Ethiopian choristers as they perverted old harmonies with "sour" notes and perked their heads and cocked their eyes, groping for some outlandish tone.

When the rip of a sky-rending thunder was so instant upon a sizzle of lightning that they were amazed to find themselves still alive, Valerie would shout:

"A good line-shot, old man, but a little too high!" or "You sliced it a bit, my boy!" or "Good shooting, son; you nicked the bull's-eye then!"

Fleming, from early training, was appalled at the blasphemy, but he wondered if it were really less disrespectful than the wild prayers of Amy for the special attention of the Deity, for His individual insulation of her from the purposes of His ire. Blair was afraid of Valerie, and for her, but he could not look down on her intrepid superiority to fear.

They smoked and smoked till the close air drugged them into a sleepiness that both of them fought from politeness and from curiosity as to what the storm was going to do with them. Valerie yawned:

"I'm dying for sleep, but I want to be in at the death. Open the window a little, will you?"

He gave the crank one turn, and it was as if a fire-hose played on them. He closed it at once. It was smother or drown. They began a duel of yawns. They bet on which could keep it up longer. They were like two babbling children locked in an attic on a rainy afternoon, playing with nonsense for lack of toys. . . .

By and by the rain seemed to be a little less emphatic. The lightning struck not quite so close. The water was not so high about the hood.

"Wont you please take my overcoat?" he pleaded.

"If you offer it again, I'll scream," she answered, and to prove how little she needed it, gasped: "I've got to have air!"

She tore off her tight hat, and lowering the window at her elbow, thrust her head out and took the rain in her face and in her short hair. She closed the window and shook her head as a dog shakes himself.

The spray spattered Blair's face and made him laugh. She shook her head again with the mischief of a wet dog. Mischief was once more possible in the world. He laughed boyishly and felt that the world was good—that is, the earth was good, and the sky. Both could lose their tempers and tear things up a bit, and afterward be just as pleasant and friendly as if nothing had



Amy assumed the indignation of a wax doll. "Who told you you were to get any good-morning kiss? Somebody will see us!"

happened. But the people of the world were not so good. They had memories that rankled and reminded. This night together was one of those events that the world would not willingly let die. How could trust Amy to recall it to her last hour.

Still, what did it matter? Valerie and Fleming were in for it, but it was unimportant compared to their hunger, their thirst, the ache of cramped muscles, and the fatigue of staring for hours into the eyes of death. They were stuck here as in a boat aground. They must stay for hours longer, and then escape—how?

But that was for later.

A brief silence fell. Fleming put up a fierce effort to keep awake, which made him all the sleepier. Then, in a pallid glimmer of far-off lightning, he saw the misery of drowsiness befogging Valerie's eyes. In the next flare he saw her head nod and nod. Finally, with a moan of blissful surrender, she spread her arms across the wheel, laid her brow on her hands, and sighed: "Good night! V. D. is signing off."

His heart went out to her as if a child had called to him sleepily. He had feared her and been fascinated by her as a woman of wealth and its insolences, of sophistication and its smugness, of courage and intelligence, flippancy and recklessness, a

certain beauty, a constant challenge to his prejudices or his interest.

But after all, she was only a young girl, tired out, worn out with a long battle against the fear of death. Bravery is exhausting, and her bravery had been more than indifference, hardness of heart or blindness to danger. Her valor was a wrestling with fear, an overcoming.

For the first time his hands wanted to touch her and embrace her as he would pat and reassure a child. His hands went toward her of themselves, but all they did when they found her in the dark was to draw the collar of her coat closer about her neck. It was pitifully cold and damp from her wet hair.

She did not know that he touched her. He wriggled out of his own overcoat and wrapped it stealthily about her.

It warmed him to have made some sacrifice for her. He had taken the first step in love, by depriving himself of something in her behalf.

And it was a deprivation. California nights are cold, and on the mountain-side after the tempest and the cloudburst,

the chill was arctic. He huddled himself within himself as best he could and shivered till he feared to wake her. His teeth were castanets.

It did not warm him any to fall asleep and have a foot slip off the dashboard into the water still pooled on the floor of the car. He wondered how he could make sure that her feet would not be drenched again.

An inspiration came to his leaden brain. He opened the door on his side a little and the water ran out. The river in the road had become a shallow brook.

He fell asleep at last.

IN the far-away the storm retreated like an army carrying its devastation to other regions, its drums and trumpets, the clash of its weapons and the uproar of its trampling cavalry drowning away in distance to silence.

The night was still except for the drip of water from the eaves of everything, and the murmur of belated waters hurrying as if they were left behind and afraid. Blackness was everywhere till the shrouds of mist were drawn after the wind, revealing the stars at their posts and a moon setting in wan glamour. Then all was blacker than ever. The world was old chaos again before the command for light was uttered. But the west was rolling into the sun, and soon the red banners of the vanguard of the day were invading the sky, and the glory of the coming was piping the edges of the mountain with crimson fire. The light pried open the eyelids of Fleming, whose head was flung far back on the cushion in a torment of sleep. He fought it peevishly in vain until it woke him with a start.

He sat forward, amazed to find Valerie still asleep, her head sheltered from the dawn in her arms. But now one cheek was laid upon one hand, and the other cheek was tenderly rosy with repose and the daybreak.

He stared at her in wonder as Adam might have stared, waking to find Eve created and mysterious at the side whence she had been derived.

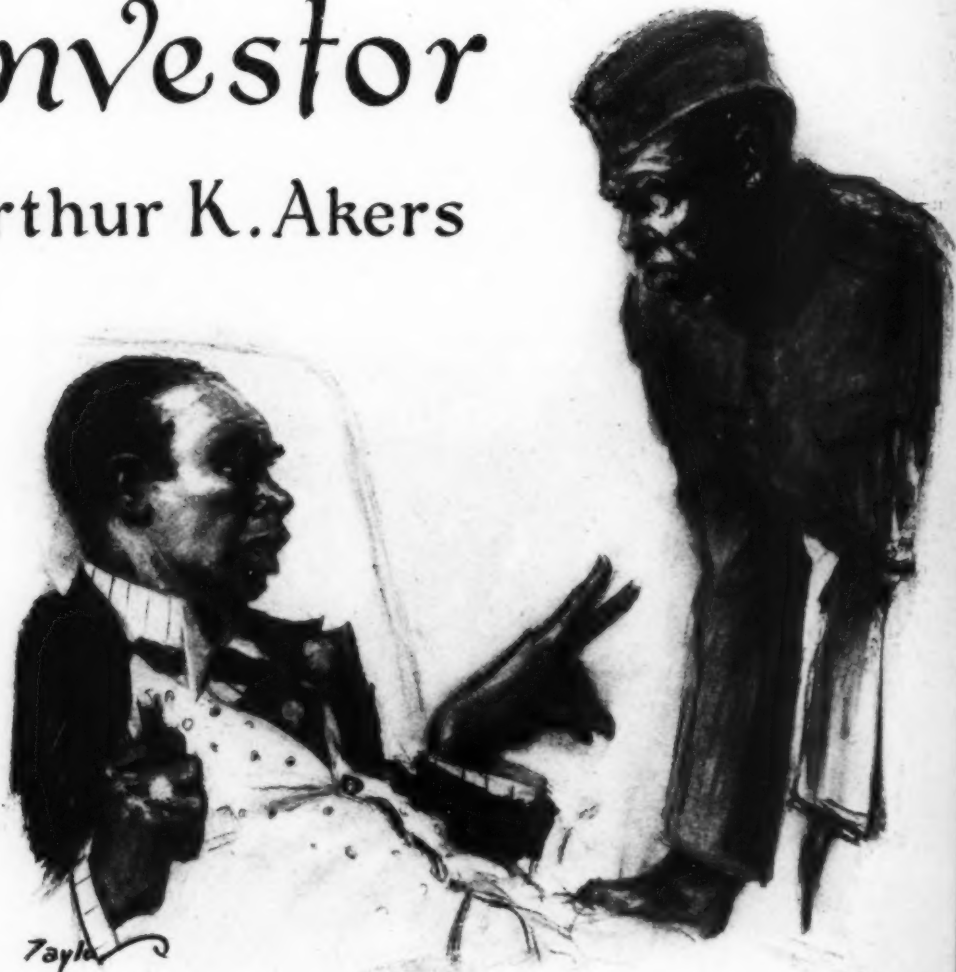
Coming out of the null and void of (Continued on page 151)

The Investor

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated
by
H. Weston
Taylor

"I knows what you
is—you's my 'sistant.
I does de thinkin';
you does de work."



UNTOWARD noises disturbed the peace of Demopolis streets. Latham Hooper, colored, was *en route* to the morning train for Birmingham. He was in a cab with the cut-out wide open and the leading colored band playing vigorously ahead. Beside him rode his dull-witted seven-foot cousin Gladstone, practically numb with reflected glory. A business success at last, as the result of a certain bootlegging exploit—Latham was publicly admitting it. Demopolis had been wrong about him for twenty-six years, and this was no time for halfway measures in correcting false views. Therefore the cab, the open cut-out, the band, the bright blue coat, the fried-egg hat of Weber-and-Fields persuasion; therefore Gladstone northbound with him in the capacities of valet, hired man and personal janitor.

Although the expedition was business rather than military, Gladstone was attired in the full and ragged uniform of a private in the late A. E. F. While it had taken the entire county draft board and two deputy sheriffs to get Gladstone into the army, getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas had proved mere child's play compared with separating Gladstone from his uniform when the war ended. In fact, in 1925 the Government had ceased trying and Gladstone had become the only living man who had defeated the United States in military operations. From which may be gathered some estimate of his abiding attachment for a uniform, some hint of the later difficulties that were to arise for Latham in the matter of another and far different uniform.

As the arrival of the train was awaited Latham lit a sequence of cigars, casting them from him half-smoked as befitted one who had spent a single day in Birmingham the previous week

managing a bootlegging business, and had returned to his native heath at nightfall with nearly three hundred dollars in his pockets. Now Latham was going back for more.

"Gwine 'vest whut I got and hire a freight-car to bring all back dis time," he confided aloud to a platform full of admiring relatives and fellow-lodge-members as the train clanged to a halt at the station. "Bumin'ham, I's comin'! Gladstone, work fast wid de suitcases. I learns you town ways now."

Before they were well out of the station, Gladstone had further evidence that his social position had been revised downward, without his knowledge or consent.

"Fotch me some ice-water," Latham commanded. "Dust of dis seat and lower de blind a speck. Git gwine, country nigger—make hit snappy!"

"Whut, you think you is—ol' Gin'ral Pershin?" inquired his relative.

"Naw, but I knows whut *you* is—you's my 'sistant. I does de thinkin'; you does de work. Does gent'man say, 'Have a seegar?' I says 'Yes suh.' You says, 'Thank ye; I don't smoke none.' Same way 'bout gin. Same way 'bout vittles. Git me!"

Gladstone deflated. Assistant to a great man had its drawbacks, it seemed. Gloom settled upon him—until he saw the train news-agent approaching. If he had no social standing, he had at least a drawing account. Eating was something that Latham was approachable about. The news-butcher soon saw that in the pair he had a gold mine. He proceeded to work it. Clearly, Gladstone would eat to Latham's last cent.

"Bessemer!" yelled the train porter as dusk crept through the Jim Crow cars.

"Git yo' shoes on. Us gwine be in Bummin'ham in half-hour," instructed Latham. "Spruce up now, and act like I done told you. You walks behind and carries de suitcases—and keeps yo' mouf shet. Git gwine now, country nigger!" Streets, more streets, lights, crowds, excitement over baggage, excitement over babies, excitement over nothing: above all, the porter yelling again: "Twentieth Street!"

Gladstone undertook to participate in the general uprising. "Se' down!" commanded Latham. "Us rides to de Term'nal Deerp'. All de big bus'ness men gits off up dar; gits to ride further in de taxies."

"Purder you rides, further I has to walk," muttered the assistant prophetically.

They were backing into the station now. Gladstone blocked the aisle with his feet and baggage. Latham stood elegantly aloof.

"Sho' is a heap of folks down heah to meet us," hazarded Gladstone admiringly.

"Shet up!"

Then they were off the train, into the subway beneath the tracks, through the crowded colored waiting-room toward the news-stand.

"Taxi! Taxi!" arose the deafening chorus without. Latham signaled the largest and loudest.

"Royal Presidential Hotel," he instructed the driver. "Soon's

MR. AKERS, when he writes of Birmingham, and representatives of the colored population thereof, knows well whereof he writes, for he resides in that delightful Alabama town. Moreover his association with one of its greatest industries involves the employment of hundreds of the sort of types about which he writes so amusingly.

my hired boy fotch my suitcases. Gladstone!"

But the assistant was mysteriously missing in the shuffle. Again the cry went forth: "Gladstone!"

"Shet up! I's comin'," panted Gladstone, arriving at a galkop, the bags flopping at the ends of his long arms. "I gits me in de wrong do'."

"Do like I tells you and you aint have so much trouble," instructed his employer coldly. "I

comes heah to 'vest my money, not to nuss no boy in unifawm. Git gwine, country nigger; I learns you town ways."

"Aint learn me nothin'!" grumbled Gladstone. "You aint gwine have nothin' to 'vest, either, does you keep on talkin' 'bout hit. Dey aint never let no nigger keep no th'ee hund'ed dollars in D'mop'lis; I aint see whar Bummin'ham so diff'rent, 'cept maybe dey takes hit 'way from you faster up heah. Sho' is gittin' sick of you and yo' money."

"Yes, an' you gwine git sick right if you don't quit eatin' all dat truck whut my money buy you," Latham reminded him. "Load dem suitcases, nigger."

"Now whut does I do?" questioned the helper when the baggage had been suitably bestowed.

"Walk. I rides. You goes straight down dis heah street fo' eight blocks, den turns. Kin you count to eight?"

"Count to mos' a hund'ed."

"Dat's plenty. Don't walk all your kin count, den. I'll be at de Royal Pres'dential expectin' you. Don't stop to pick no

flowers on de way. Driver, us rides: Gladstone, git gwine! Forwa'd, march!"

Thereafter for Latham a brief and pleasing whirl through the lighted streets. Lolling magnificently upon the leather cushions, cheered further by the thought of the great social gulf now fixed between him and Gladstone the pedestrian, he reflected upon his recent rise in life. Pityingly he recalled his first and late visit to the city. How green he was, how poverty-stricken, how frightened and set upon! And now! He stripped a dollar bill from one of his rolls, struck a match and ignited the currency, lit his cigar from the blazing bill, and threw the charred greenback out the window. His chauffeur, glancing backward that instant in a traffic pause, grew pop-eyed at beholding such affluence. Taxi-rates went up. Schemes were born.

Latham admired himself some more. If he had done so nobly the first time, in one day—just watch his financial smoke after a week! Probably he would drive back through the country to Demopolis—in one of his limousines, with



"I und'stands you perfec'ly," cooed Mr. Toomb. "You is conserv'tive but avaricious."

Gladstone at the wheel. Gladstone should have a uniform indeed then, a red one. . . .

The taxi rolled up before the Royal Presidential. "How much I owe you, cullud man?" Latham inquired grandly of the chauffeur.

"Fo' dollars!"—without batting an eyelash.

"Dat all? Heah, nigger, I aint used to riding in no cheap cabs—take dis heah five dollars and go spend hit on yo'se'f. Come back tomorrer; I craves to see de town."

"I li'ble to park heah all night," was the reply. "I knows when bus'ness gwine be good."

In the hotel lobby on the second floor Latham waited impatiently for his hiring. Nothing came but the hours. No Gladstone and no news. Latham grew angry. By nine o'clock he was worried, by ten remorseful. He should have remembered Gladstone's weaknesses and limitations, his feebleness above the ears. No doubt he had encountered a band *en route* to the hotel. And in that case he would follow it until it stopped playing, regardless of distance, direction or duration. Put a band ahead of Gladstone, and he was good for more guaranteed mileage than a balloon tire.

At ten-thirty Latham set forth in search of the missing one. With nothing to guide him, he started in to comb the town. Before he was well under way, however, his attention was distracted by a new theater around the corner from his hotel. Plainly prosperity was being rapidly shifted from the pockets of its colored patrons to the coffers of the theater owner. It looked like a million dollars. Lights blinked all over it. Untold candlepower poured forth a blaze of glory that scintillated from the roof sign "Gamboling Green" to the lower lights that shone upon a Figure at the curb before it. Capital F and a fresh sentence are both necessary and inadequate for describing that Figure. Well over six feet he stood, regal in manner, chocolate in color, haughty in expression. Upon him glowed and glittered the red and gold uniform of at least a rear admiral in some Central American republic, complicated with the showier features of the combined dress uniforms of a negro lodge official and a hotel carriage-starter. Latham breathed hard. If the city was going to expose him to sights such as this, his attempts to act citified were put to a cruel test.

Then immediately something else took his breath—painfully. Backed against an adjoining wall, with open mouth and glistening eyes, stood an object—a tall, skinny, dark, spellbound object in the uniform of the A. E. F. Evidently it had been there for some time. What little movement took place now was solely for the purpose of a clearer view.

With recognition of the lost Gladstone, the spell broke for Latham. Until subtler means should occur to him, he seized his employee by the collar and set in to propel him hotelward. At intervals he kicked him. Gladstone submitted as

one in a trance. What one is not aware of, one does not object to.

"You see dat nigger?" he murmured ecstatically. "You see him? If'n I jes' had he job an' dat unifawm to weah! Hit better'n bein' off'cer in de Buryin' S'ciety. Lemme war clo'es like dat, and you kin cut down my rations, dock my pay, make me sleep in de woods—but jes' lemme git me a unifawm like dat!"

"I gwine do all dem things widout no unifawm!" promised Latham fiercely. "And you gwine git 'nother unifawm, all right, 'fo' I gits th'ough wid you! But you gwine be so busy out in de streets makin' li'l rocks out of big ones dat you aint got no time to look at yo'se'f! Look whut I does fo' you: hires you, feeds you, lets you carry my suitcases! I finds you so ragged you has to carry yo' money in yo' mouf, only you aint got no money."

I brings you to big town whar you kin 'sociate wid big niggers. Whut does you do? Gits yo'se'f lost like li'l dawg at de fair! Git gwine, country nigger! Git gwine! I learns you town ways or kills you!"

Latham paused for breath and to size up the progress he might be making in humbling Gladstone. There was none. His employee was yet oblivious to sight, sound and language. His rapt expression was that of one who sees visions and dreams dreams. . . .

When a colored boy from the country comes to the city with money in both pockets, seeking investment, he certainly secures service. Latham found it so. By nine o'clock next morning the line formed on the left, and those in the rear were being adjured not to push. Arguments arose *sotto voce* as to who saw him first, anyway. By ten Latham had bought the North American rights to an airplane that flew without motors, a half-interest in an old established counterfeiting business, and was considering the purchase of a yellow cab for his personal use. First payments of ten dollars on each transaction left him still financially attractive when Mr. Horace Toomb's turn came.

"My bigges' boy, Bismark, tell me 'bout you las' night. Mist' Hooper," explained Mr. Toomb. "He drive taxi, and he come home wid he eyes stickin' out of he haid. Pop-pa," he say, "I sho' drives rich young man to de hotel tonight. He say he got money and he sho' look like hit. He seekin' to 'vest hit in somethin' whar he git good income and no worries." So I hurries over heah to offer my services and see dat you don't fall in de hands of no bunch of crooks like dem whut's waitin' fo' you next. Young man whut jes' came to de city sho' needs honest friends."

Mr. Toomb leaned back to beam magnificently. He radiated reliability. Trustworthiness emanated from him. His very appearance bespoke solidity, six per cent and safety. His (Continued on page 58)



Well over six feet he stood, regal in manner, chocolate in color, haughty in expression.

does not

"You see
Hit bet-
clo'es like
make me
like dat!"

promised
all right,
out in de
no time
ou, feeds
egged you
o money.
own whar
big nig-
do? Gits
wag at de
ntry nig-
arms you
u!"

r breath
ogress he
umbling
as none.
et obli-
and lan-
pression
sees vi-
ms.

oy from
the city
pockets,
he cer-
Latham
o'clock
formed
e in the
d not to
se sotto
im first,
am had
merican
hat flew
-interest
counter-
was con-
of a yel-
nal use.
dollars
left him
ve when
's turn

ismark,
night.
ed Mr.
xi, and
the eyes
Pop-
res rich
tonight.
and he
seekin'
' whar
and no
s over
es and
in de
crooks
to' you
at jes'
needs

ack to
e radi-
worthi-
n. His
solid-
safety.
ire 98)

Ardmore turned to his wife. "We
can excuse you, Eileen. You've
told all you know."

No other fictional cre-
ation of recent years
has aroused the in-
terest that readers of
this magazine have
manifested in Mr.
Scott's "The Profes-
sional Friend," since
that story appeared
a few months since.
Well, here's another,
equally ingenious;
more are to follow.



The Ardmore Elopement

By
Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

"It was developing that there was really nothing young Mrs. Ardmore could tell about the theft of her emeralds from her bedroom that the police had not given to the newspapers immediately after the burglary some two weeks before.

"You say you were awakened and saw the burglar leaving," continued Clifford. "Where was the man, and what did he look like?"

"He was in the window," replied Mrs. Ardmore. "Of course the room was dark, and the next moment he was gone, so all I saw was a dim silhouette of a man who was slender and below medium height."

"A small, slender man—that's the whole of your description," Clifford summed up. "The police reported no fingerprints. Did you find any possible clue to the man's identity that you did not give the police?"

"I found nothing," returned Mrs. Ardmore.

"Nor did I," supplied Mr. Ardmore.

Clifford turned to the young husband and his aunt, twisted with rheumatism, beside whom he sat. "If what you have all told me is correct," Clifford concluded, "then you are up against what the police declare to be the most daring, cunning and successful jewel-thief New York has known in over twenty years. The man who stole the emeralds was undoubtedly the Shadow, as the police have maintained from the beginning. Mr. Ardmore, you will recall that when you telephoned me asking me to come here to your house, I then stated that I doubted if I could do anything to help you. I now wish to make that statement more positive: I feel convinced that it would be a waste of your money

and my time for me to take up the case of Mrs. Ardmore's stolen emeralds."

"Nevertheless I want you to take the case," said Mr. Ardmore.

"Despite the fact that the Police Department is already doing more in the matter than I could probably do at my very best?" insisted Clifford.

"The Police Department has thus far failed to get results. I do not propose to let any thief, even this mysterious man the police call the Shadow, break into my house and not use every means to run him down. So I'm hoping you will not refuse your help."

Clifford hesitated, wondering. In the tense insistence of Ardmore he felt some hidden element that seemed entirely out of keeping with the superficial unimportance of the theft, although the stolen emeralds had been valued at thirty thousand dollars. The aunt flashed Clifford an appealing look; that look decided him.

"I shall be glad to do what I can, Mr. Ardmore."

"Thank you." Young Ardmore turned to his wife. "I think we can excuse you, Eileen. You've told all you know and helped all you can, and I now wish to discuss business terms with Mr. Clifford."

He opened the library door for her. She went slowly and silently out, a beautiful picture, her dark eyes fixed on Clifford in a wide stare that gave him a sense of fear. The young husband closed the door behind her, and for a moment stood listening to

her departing footsteps. Then he wheeled abruptly on Clifford, his eyes now glaring, his slight figure trembling with hostility. The swift change in his manner was almost stupefying.

"And now, Henry," quickly put in his aunt, as if to avert or divert the explosion she saw coming, "tell Mr. Clifford really why you've sent for him."

But the explosion was not to be diverted. "I want you to understand from the very start, Mr. Clifford," Ardmore snapped out with fierce hauteur, "that you are here against my own wishes and my own better judgment! I am perfectly able to handle my own troubles, and I prefer to handle them myself!"

"Henry—Henry!" expostulated his aunt. She caught the sleeve of Clifford, who had started to rise. "Mr. Clifford, please bear with him a moment longer! Please!"

"You are here, Mr. Clifford," Ardmore blazed on, "because I was compelled to send for you. My aunt, here, seems to have heard much of you. She said yesterday that if I did not put my troubles in your hands, she herself would do so. I am not going to have a woman acting for me, or interfering in my affairs. So I told her I would see you myself."

"Please bear with him," urged the aunt, continuing to hold to Clifford's sleeve. And then in a pleading whisper: "Try to understand him—you must surely know something of what his life has been!"

CLIFFORD did know. All of Ardmore's life had been lived in the glare of publicity. He was the product of a marriage that had been rent violently asunder by divorce—a famous, bitterly fought case that was still remembered as a sensation; of unlimited money, of tutors whom he had ruled, of the lack of any of the disciplining and humanizing influences of home life. He was proud, spoiled, with a violent temper that had never been taught control. But Clifford felt that this glaring Ardmore was, despite his obvious faults, fundamentally a fine, sincere, sensitive spirit.

"Mr. Ardmore," Clifford remarked quietly, "I can't do much to help a man who seeks my aid against his will. He's not likely to cooperate, or tell the full truth."

"Oh, I'll tell you the full truth, or I wouldn't have sent for you." He tried to hold himself in; for a moment his burning eyes tried to read the manner of man Clifford was; then he said almost explosively: "My aunt told me that though you are a detective, you handle cases more upon the basis of acting as a very close, personal friend. A professional friend, she called you. Is that correct?"

Clifford nodded, and sought for words with which to appease this violent spirit. "That's how I prefer to be regarded, as an experienced, resourceful, trustworthy family friend who tries to help people out of troubles for which they see no solution. My aim is always to bring about the adjustment or solution that will mean the highest happiness of those who have employed my friendship."

"God, if you could only do that for me!" burst from Ardmore, and with his anguished cry, all the hostility vanished from his manner.

"I can try," Clifford assured him. "To begin with, Mr. Ardmore, permit me to say that for a very rich man you are taking the loss of Mrs. Ardmore's emeralds with an agony out of proportion to the emeralds' value. You can easily afford to replace the emeralds stolen by the Shadow."

"I don't give a snap of my fingers for those emeralds and the Shadow!" cried Ardmore.

"What?" exclaimed Clifford, staring. "Isn't it to find the emeralds and to capture the thief that you sent for me?"

"Most certainly not! I'd be glad to have the Shadow steal everything I own, and remain free, if that would clear away my troubles. That theft is merely the explanation for calling you in. My real reason—my real trouble—"

He choked and gulped; then his voice came out a strained, hoarse whisper: "It's—it's my wife!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed Clifford. He recalled that Mrs. Ardmore, who was only twenty-two, was also the child of divorced parents, and had had a convent for a home. "That statement sounds very strange, Mr. Ardmore. You two are supposed to be the happiest and most envied young married couple in all New York. How can Mrs. Ardmore be your trouble?"

"That's just what I can't understand!" burst groaningly from the young husband. "Something's happened—I don't know what it is. I've asked my wife again and again. She—shrinks from me; she won't tell me a thing; she says there's nothing to tell. She's hiding the thing—the thing that's happened! And something

more is going to happen, and I know just what that something is going to be. She's planning—she's planning to elope with another man!"

This last came as an explosion of anguish.

"If you say that much, then you must surely know a great deal more," Clifford said quietly. "Get hold of yourself and tell everything as clearly as you can."

"Aunt, if you don't mind, I'd rather say the rest of it to Mr. Clifford alone. I promise you I'll behave properly toward him."

The crippled aunt rose willingly enough, for the sum of her service in the affair had been rendered. Her eyes spoke her wish, and Clifford accompanied her to the door.

"I don't understand the affair either," she whispered. "I love them both—with all their faults both are dears—but there's a terrible mystery here, perhaps terrible tragedy. Please, please try to save them!" And without waiting for Clifford's reply, she limped away on her cane.

Ardmore tried for composure and gave the impression that in his effort he was gritting his every nerve. This other man's name was Manning, said Ardmore. Manning was a handsome, imposing man—far more striking than himself. He was a very popular figure in society, well liked by men, and particularly well liked by women. Some three years before, when Mrs. Ardmore was nineteen and still Eileen Wainwright, Manning and she had been secretly engaged. The engagement had never been announced, and since it was presently broken, it still remained a secret to the public, although Ardmore had been told of it when he proposed. There had followed two years of happily married life, marred only by the knowledge that another man had possessed his wife's first affection, and by the fear that that first love had been the stronger and might some day surge up and re-possess her.

Some six months before, mining interests had taken Ardmore to South America. On his return he discovered that, as he had feared, the old passion had revived. During his absence the pair had been together as much as in the days of their engagement. Dozens of times they had been seen dancing in night clubs, she radiant with pleasure in his arms.

Ardmore choked for a moment at this point in his story.

"Isn't it possible, Mr. Ardmore," Clifford put in, "that your jealousy is imagining a situation that has no existence in reality? You are a man of quick and strong emotions, and jealousy is obviously one of your strongest."

"Who wouldn't be jealous!" exploded Ardmore.

"But perhaps Mrs. Ardmore is entirely innocent in all this. She is very young, perhaps not very wise, and I imagine loves company and pleasure. Since you were not here to give her spirits exercise, perhaps she accepted the attention of this old friend Manning, merely as an outlet for her normal desire for play. Many a lonely wife has done the same thing."

"Wait till you hear the rest, and you'll not believe that!" cried Ardmore. "Even though I was home again, my wife kept on meeting Manning. I ordered her to break with him. She evaded me and went on meeting him. Then I took the affair into my own hands. I wrote Manning a letter telling him to see no more of my wife. The letter I had in reply from him proves everything—everything! There's the letter—read it!"

Clifford took the letter Ardmore's agitated hands held out. He began to read, then paused.

"But this letter is written to your wife, Mr. Ardmore."

"The envelope it came in was addressed to me. Go on—read it!"

Clifford read:

My darling Eileen:

I've just had a letter from dear stupid blind hubby ordering me to see you no more. I've replied to him that I do not understand him but shall obey his orders.

Of course we knew we were bound to be found out—but the shock of it stuns none the less. I can't give up, and my heart hopes you can't give up, the beautiful dream we have shaped together. We must talk things over at once. I do not dare call you by telephone—it might not be safe; so wont you please call me as soon as you can get to an outside phone—and we'll make a rendezvous. . . . My heart presses its lips to the lips of your heart.

GERALD.

THE letter most certainly did transform the affair into something more than the wild fancy of an overwrought, jealous husband. Clifford thought for a moment, then looked up.

"How do you account for the letter, Mr. Ardmore? I mean its coming to you?"

"That's simple enough to explain. Manning merely made the

ement

nothing is
h another

y a great
and tell

it to Mr.
rd him."
n of her
ber wish,

"I love
ere's ter-
se try to
e limped

that in
n's name
imposing
popular
ell liked
ore was
ad been
ced, and
to the
he pro-
ied life,
ssed his
ad been
-possess

ardmore
he had
he pair
gement.
bs, she

at your
reality?
is ob-

ll this.
e loves
ve her
his old
ire for

' cried
ept on
evaded
y own
of my
hing-

t. He

-read

me
and

the
art
to-
you
me
e a
our

ome-
alous

in its
the



At Mrs. Ardmore's last sentence, Ardmore burst upon the stage. His wife drew back with a gasping cry.

old mistake we've all made at times. He wrote two letters and then put each letter into the wrong envelope. The proof that that was the case is that within a few minutes after I received this letter, my wife came to me with Manning's reply to my letter which she had opened."

"You showed her his letter to her?"

"I did."

"What did she say?"

"She went white—I thought she was going to faint. She declared there was nothing wrong between them, but she failed to give me any explanation that explained."

Again Clifford thought for a moment.

"When did you receive this letter?"

"Two days ago."

"Since then I presume there have been scenes between you and Mrs. Ardmore. Perhaps bitter scenes."

"God, yes—don't you think I'm human?" Young Ardmore sprang up wildly. "There, you have it all!" he cried. "I can't stand any more and I'm not going to! They're planning to elope—I know they are. Manning has his passage booked to sail for Europe in less than two weeks—and I know my wife is going to sail with him. But they'll not get away scot free and leave me

to be laughed at! I'll strike first! I'm starting a separation suit—the papers are drawn up—"

"One moment, Mr. Ardmore," interrupted Clifford. "Does Mrs. Ardmore know of this intention?"

"Of course not! Only my aunt and my lawyer know. I'm going to act as unexpectedly as they intend to act—only I'll act first!"

"Sit down!"

The other stiffened. "Sir!" he cried haughtily.

"Sit down, man!" thundered Clifford. "No wonder your aunt insisted that you send for me, believing that you needed a friend! Perhaps you and your insane temper are the source of all your trouble. Now take that chair, and sit in it, and keep quiet, and give me a chance to think!"

Clifford could put irresistible dominance into his voice when it was needed. Ardmore subsided into his chair and for several moments gazed in taut suspense at the thoughtful Clifford. Presently the young man could bear the silence no longer.

"Please—what do you think of it all?" he begged piteously.

Clifford hesitated before making a reply. He was poignantly sorry for his distraught client; he found himself liking the man despite his many obvious faults. But he realized that he must consider Ardmore as one of the gravest dangers to his own case.

Already Clifford had reached certain general conclusions, but he dared not confide these to the uncontrollable young husband. Yet Ardmore did deserve to be told something.

"Here is what I think of the situation, Mr. Ardmore. You are face to face with something that is either a very unusual love-affair—or with something that is a very great mystery."

"A mystery? I can't see that! What can the mystery be?"

"I don't know at this moment. To discover the mystery, and solve it, that is the job before me. But I shall not even try, Mr. Ardmore, unless you promise to control yourself and leave the affair entirely in my hands."

Ardmore finally gave his promise, and presently Clifford took his leave. As he passed out through the hall he had the sense of a third presence; and glancing up, he had a glimpse of the young wife, hand clutching her throat, staring down at him over the banister, appeal and stark fear in her white, strained face.

That white face of frightened appeal uplifted and redoubled Clifford's purpose. He had always had a vibrant sympathy with the romances of real life, and if here was a once great romance that in some strange way had come to be heading straight toward tragedy, he was going to do all within his power to rescue that threatened romance.

The very first and most obvious item in Clifford's job of saving the Ardmore romance was to get more definite information concerning Manning. He knew that his former chief, Commissioner Thorne, who was his present very good friend, was on terms of friendship with Manning; so on leaving the Ardmore house he stepped into a taxicab and ordered himself driven down to Headquarters.

As he rode, Clifford re-examined the conclusions which he had not judged wise to confide in full to Ardmore. His conclusions had taken the form of two alternatives, which he now summarized and considered as follows:

First, there was a real love-affair between Mrs. Ardmore and Manning. If this was the case, he had neither the right nor the desire to interfere.

Second, there was no love-affair at all between the two. This alternative led to the logical conclusion that Manning had some hold over Mrs. Ardmore and was using it to force Mrs. Ardmore to behave as she did. And this led to the further conclusion that Manning, despite his fair reputation, was a villain who was most astute and able in his villainy.

Clifford had decided to follow up this second alternative largely because the first alternative gave him no chance of action. But to support his choice Clifford did have one item that he chose to regard as a fact, although it also was possibly no better than theory. His fact was the letter to Mrs. Ardmore which had come in an envelope addressed to Mr. Ardmore. He did not accept Ardmore's explanation of the old mistake of putting two letters into wrong envelopes. If Manning was a villain, then that seeming mistake was in reality some part of a very shrewd design.

Yes, Manning as a possible villain—that was the obvious direction of all his investigation. And to discover Manning's secret hold upon Mrs. Ardmore, and break it, that was his concrete job—that is, if he had been right in all this preliminary theorizing.

Arrived at Headquarters, and admitted to the office of his old-time superior, Clifford told of his having been retained by Ardmore to help run down the Shadow.

"I wish you all the luck in the world, Clifford—all the luck the police haven't had!" groaned General Thorne. "That man's been the despair of the whole Department!"

"What can you tell me about the Shadow, General?"

"Nothing you probably don't already know. He's the cleverest and most daring jewel-thief New York has had in a generation—his thefts in the last two or three years total around two millions, and possibly two or three times that amount. He'll take negotiable securities, but jewels are his big line. Not the jewelry-stores, you understand, but private collections of jewels. He has an uncanny sense of the exact location of the things he wants. The man is simply amazing. He never leaves a fingerprint behind him, and though we've laid traps for him, he's been alto-



gether too clever to step into any of them. I tell you the man's almost driven us all mad."

"Do you think the explanation of this cleverness might be that he works with inside help?"

"You mean servants? That might be possible if there had only been one robbery—but it's not a possible explanation when the total is over a dozen big jobs!"

"What is your description of the Shadow?"

"There have only been glimpses of him by two or three of his victims, and the glimpses have been in the night, so our description is very vague. He's below medium height, of slender build—a small man, but plainly a very wiry one, a man small enough and strong enough to go any place an intelligent monkey could reach. Naturally we're looking for a thief who at some time in his life must have been an expert acrobat or one of these human flies."

There was further talk of the Shadow. And then Clifford told his old friend the truth, that the theft by the Shadow of the Ardmore emeralds was merely the public explanation of his connection with the Ardmores—that his real business was to discover

cleverest
ration—
millions,
ke nego-
jewelry-
He has
e wants
print be-
en alto-

death of the situation that existed between Mrs. Ardmore and General Thorne was sorry to learn of the trouble between the
he knew them both and liked them both. But love,
he said, was a force that obeyed no laws, not even its own
was; undoubtedly the affair between Mrs. Ardmore and
Manning was a very real affair of the heart. As for Manning, he
a gentleman in every sense of the word, and was immensely
in society. Without being any the less a man's man, he

was greatly interested in the case of the mysterious Shadow and his thefts.

Yes, said Thorne in reply to Clifford's request, he could very easily arrange for Clifford to meet Manning. Very likely that same day at lunch. Also to meet his sister.

"This is the very first time that I've heard that there is a Miss Manning!" exclaimed Clifford.

"Perhaps that's only natural," explained Thorne, "since they're not seen much together and have few public interests in common."



His arms were seized. Before him stepped Commissioner Thorne. "I've heard and seen everything!"

She cares nothing for society, and avoids it. She has artistic ambitions, has a studio, lives to herself and gives all her time to her art. But I believe that in private the brother and sister are really very fond of each other. A most charming woman, I assure you."

Thus it came about that an hour later Clifford and General Thorne and Mr. Gerald Manning and his sister sat at luncheon at the Grantham. General Thorne, in introducing Clifford, told of his professional connection with the Ardmore emerald robbery, and so very naturally their talk was chiefly about the Shadow. But while Clifford kept up his end of the conversation with the brother and sister, he was making the most of his chance to study the man who was the possible lover, the possible astute villain, in the Ardmore case.

There was small wonder that Manning was a success with the ladies, that Ardmore with his insignificant build should be jealous of such a rival. Manning was perhaps thirty-five, was well over six feet in height, and was one of those rare large men who have something akin to divine grace despite their bulk. He was hand-

very much a lady's man. It was said that half a dozen or more women had been in love with him, but to hear him talk you would never guess of these romances, for he was not the type of man who boasts of his conquests. Manning really couldn't help it if he was popular with the ladies, and with all the infatuated women fluttering about him, his conduct had been so far above reproach that scandal had touched no woman's name.

Further, said General Thorne, Manning was something of an amateur detective. He often discussed criminal cases of unusual interest with the Commissioner, and had more than once advanced ideas that Thorne had found of value. Just now he also

some, in every detail was the courteous and polished man of the world, was always intelligent and at times pleasantly facetious in his talk. Certainly he was a splendid assemblage of all the natural parts required to make a great lover.

As for the sister, she was a tall, darkly handsome woman of thirty. She said little, being seemingly content to have her brother hold the stage and outshine her. But for all her easy reserve and self-effacement, Clifford sensed that deep in her might be hidden a world of energy and passion.

While he studied the brother, sharp questions thrust themselves into Clifford's mind: If the man was a villain, then was his reticence about his conquests an instinctive habit or was it an artificial mannerism maintained only by constant watch upon himself? Was it not the natural impulse of all great lovers to boast of their successes?

Even as these questions were taking shape in Clifford's mind, there was also taking shape a premonition that the answer to these questions might be in part the answer to his entire problem.

CLIFFORD left the luncheon-table very well satisfied with his progress. He had become acquainted with all of the principals involved in his case. Furthermore, a basis had been established for frequently seeing Manning. Manning, because of his hobby as an amateur detective and his desire to help his friend Mrs. Ardmore, offered to help Clifford in running down the Shadow, which offer Clifford accepted.

One of the chief reasons for Clifford's success as a detective, and as a professional friend, was that he usually had a clear vision of his problem's difficulties from the outset, never underrated the powers of his unknown opponent, and never overvalued the means of detection at his disposal. From the very hour that Ardmore had given him his case, he had had the definite impression that here was a mystery that could not be solved by ordinary methods of detection. If that mystery was ever solved, and the marriage of the Ardmores saved, it would be solved by some unusual method of which he as yet had not the slightest glimmer.

He believed in detective routine, and had this been an ordinary case he would have had a score of operatives working in shifts and reporting to him every movement of Mrs. Ardmore, Manning and his sister. But if Manning was the astute person that Clifford's theory required him to be, then Manning would spot these operatives at once, would be on his guard, would do nothing revelatory which Clifford desired. So Clifford decided against using operatives; here was a case which he was compelled to handle alone.

Clifford concentrated on Mrs. Ardmore and Manning, and in the days that followed the luncheon-party he was ever seeking the answer to his hypothetical question: if Manning was a villain, then what was the secret power by which he controlled Mrs. Ardmore? He called on Mrs. Ardmore, but he could only question her about the stolen emeralds; it would be useless to question her about her relations with Manning, for if she would not confide in her own husband she certainly would not confide in him. Also two or three times he met Manning; their talk was always about the Shadow's theft of Mrs. Ardmore's emeralds. Clifford well knew that questioning this mentally alert man about his relations with Mrs. Ardmore would bring out exactly nothing at all.

A week of this constant surveillance yielded nothing that could be considered a clue. All he gained from this routine was confirmation of his sense of the existence of a big mystery. And this mystery was probably known only to Mrs. Ardmore and Manning, and neither would tell.

Could either of the two somehow be made to tell? More and more that became his concrete problem.

And then at the end of ten days Clifford did get a clue. In itself the clue was one of the most ordinary things in the world—merely a kiss in a taxi. He had followed Manning and his sister as they had driven through the dusk toward her studio; his taxi had been directly behind theirs; there had been a blockade of traffic. While the cars stood thus locked, he could see clearly through the rear window of the Mannings' taxi, and he saw Miss Manning throw her arms about her brother's neck and crush her lips against his. Then she pushed away his face, holding it tight in her two hands, and gazed at him; in her face Clifford now read all the passion he had guessed in her nature when he had first met her. Then she again crushed her lips against Manning's.

That kiss went through Clifford as though charged with electricity. Certainly that kiss was no kiss of a sister!

For hour after hour that night Clifford excitedly considered this clue of the kiss. From the very first, in searching for possible explanations of the Ardmore mystery, he had entertained among

several other theories one certain theory that might explain matters but that had seemed almost too bold and fantastic for credibility. He now put this theory and this clue of the kiss together. They fitted perfectly.

His eager mind at two o'clock in the morning was still flashing at this possibility and that, when his telephone rang. Mr. Ardmore was on the wire. Excitedly Mr. Ardmore reported another robbery of his wife by the Shadow, and asked Clifford to come at once.

Clifford was at the Ardmore house within ten minutes. The robbery had already been reported to the police; a dozen detectives were on the scene, and also the exasperated Commissioner himself. Mrs. Ardmore was suffering from nervous shock from her experience, and her doctor refused to let Clifford see her, so Clifford had to be content with the companionship of Ardmore and General Thorne.

"This is absolutely the biggest and boldest thing the Shadow has put over yet!" exclaimed the Commissioner.

"I haven't yet heard what happened," suggested Clifford.

Mrs. Ardmore, explained General Thorne, had gone alone that night to the Gardners' ball. It was a very formal, very gorgeous affair, and Mrs. Ardmore had worn her finest jewels—amounting in value to about a quarter of a million; among the most striking items were a pair of black pearl earrings and a necklace of black pearls, the pearls all being of unusual size and those of the necklace being a triumph in the art of matching. She had tired and had left early, reaching home about one o'clock. She had discharged her car, which drove off, and had stepped into the shadowy doorway of the house. She was searching for her latchkey when she was startled by a man silently appearing at her side. He was slight of build and was masked. Before she could cry out, he had clapped a handkerchief soaked in chloroform to her face, and despite her frantic struggles he had held it there. She had lost consciousness. In the struggle the doorbell must have been accidentally pressed; for when, after a time, a sleepy servant answered the unexpected ring, Mrs. Ardmore had been found drugged in the entry, her clothes torn by the struggle, her jewels gone.

In the hallway had been found the man's handkerchief that had been held against her face, and the bottle that had contained the chloroform. But the bottle bore no label, and the common handkerchief no initial or laundry-mark; there was no evidence by which the Shadow could be traced.

Such was the total of the police's information.

As Clifford was leaving a little later, the agitated Ardmore drew him to one side.

"This second robbery is bad enough," he said huskily, "but big as it is, it's not what's worrying me. Are you forgetting that Manning is sailing in two days—and that I'm certain my wife is going with him? God, man, that's the thing I can't stand!"

"I'm doing all I can. But if your wife chooses to elope, you must remember there is nothing we can do to stop her."

"Then—then you too now believe she's going to elope?" breathed the young husband.

Clifford must have had a subconscious hunch some twenty-four hours in advance of his conscious plan, for he replied: "You can't do anything to stop her, but I advise you to prepare yourself for the worst."

THE obvious duty of a detective would have been the immediate beginning of an energetic search for the stolen jewels and the thief. Clifford, however, returned to his apartment and the excited endeavor to reconstruct the plausible whole of the Ardmore mystery from the few fragments of facts he possessed. It was morning when he finally went to bed; it was noon when he went out to breakfast. He was then surprised to find that the early editions of the afternoon papers carried scare-heads announcing the arrest of the Shadow. The arrested man was one "Spunkler" Jackson, a clever jewel-thief with a prison record, but who had never before been suspected of operating upon such a daring and gigantic scale. He fitted all the vague descriptions of the Shadow.

An hour later Clifford was again in General Thorne's office at Headquarters. The Commissioner was grimly exultant.

"That's at least one crook the Department has at last cleaned up!" he exclaimed.

"Did you find any of the Ardmore jewels on him? The papers didn't say."

"No. He'd had time to get rid of the Ardmore stuff. But he was carrying a ring and a necklace that we know were taken on another job the Shadow pulled."

(Continued on page 142)

pement

plain mat-
for credi-
s together.

ill flashing
Mr. Ard-
ed another
to come at

utes. The
dozen de-
missioner
hock from
see her, so
Ardmore
Shadow

ford.
one alone
mal, very
t jewels—
among the
and a neck-
and those
She had
clock. She
pped into
g for her
pearing at
Before she
in chloro-
ad held it
e doorknob
a time, a
more had
e struggle,

f that had
tained the
non hand-
vidence by

more drew

"but big
that Man-
y wife is
and!"
elope, you
elope?"

enty-four
d: "You
yourself

immedi-
jewels and
and the
the And-
essed. It
when he
that the
announc-
e "Spar-
but who
a daring
s of the

office at

cleaned

e papers

But he
taken on
age 142)

By
Thyra Samter
Winslow

All the Way Up

In this story Thyra Samter Winslow reveals her intimate knowledge of that New York which relates to the theater—the inside of the theater—that she previously disclosed in her much-discussed novel of a girl's life amid the theater's glamour and make-believe, "Show Business." You will not soon forget this notably unusual and true-to-folks story.

THIS is the year for stories of success—especially stories of success in the theater. So I shall try to tell the story of Jerry Ward.

Jerry Ward! Jerome Ward, that is, for even his best friends are calling him Jerome now. Jerome Ward: actor, producer, playwright, admired of a thousand women, who at forty-one still has some of the same carelessness, the same indifference, the same aloofness under all of his surface intimacy that made him popular when he came into fame fifteen years ago—that, in a way, gave him that fame. The charms that women liked and still like in Jerry Ward are more than a minor factor in his success, for it was through women, after all; and now that Jerry is engaged to be married— But that is the story.

Jerry Ward was born in 1885 of a family then so recently landed in America that the thought of changing their name to anything resembling Ward had never even vaguely occurred to them—a turbulent family of squirming children and talkative women: the mother of the children; her unmarried sister, come to America to find a better mate than could be found for her at home; a querulous grandmother; and the morose father of the children, speaking in the sing-song voice that was the heritage of generations. A dark tenement of gas-lit, ill-smelling rooms

with running water only in the dark and always badly ventilated hallways, creaking narrow steps that Jerry learned to take three at a time, a grocery store on the first floor and innumerable tenants tiered above.

Jerry went to school irregularly, ate the wrong things at the pitiful attempts at meals, and stuffed incessantly from the adulterated and strangely assorted foods of the push-carts. One panty-leg was always longer than the other and made Jerry look as if he were in constant danger of losing his nether garment. His hair was always disheveled and in need of washing, his face grimy and his nose badly in need of wiping. He played in the streets with his assorted brothers and sisters and the other children of the neighborhood, was always underfoot and seemingly in danger of getting run over, and no one gave a second thought to him.

He stopped school indefinitely around the age of twelve and started to sell papers. He didn't care much for school, anyhow. Silly, sitting still all day and going over and over things—things you never hear of outside of school! He could read well enough to find out what was in the papers, if he wanted to. He'd go to school for a week, play hooky, drift back, drift away again. By the time he was thirteen, school was over forever. He looked

Illustrated
by Ralph
Pallen
Coleman



Jerry would stop for a word or two, put his hand on her shoulder.

like a hundred other boys in the neighborhood, dark eyes, slightly brown skin, part dirt, part heredity, which made his teeth look whiter than they were. A slim boy with a face inclined to appear sad and wistful if he was not making an active effort to smile.

The sisters and brothers lived the same sort of life Jerry did, stopping school as soon as they found they did not have to keep on, working at indefinite jobs, bringing their money home with seeming frankness and always holding out just a little for secret pleasures of their own. They dribbled forth in the morning to their various occupations, came home regularly enough even though somewhat tardily to dinner, which was never a formal meal—something boiling in a pot on the stove to be eaten in a group or in solitude according to the time—and then going out again to various social or business activities, each one separately.

At fourteen Jerry still sold papers. At fifteen he worked in a factory shipping-room. At seventeen he trudged behind a push-cart and urged on passers-by impossible and conglomerate merchandise.

At nineteen Jerry found the Bowery, and tunneling off from it, the Bowery cafés. Oh, he knew the neighborhood well enough, before, but until he was nineteen the cafés had, seemingly, no meaning. Suddenly, then, they became important. Each café was back of a saloon, a narrow, dark cavern of a hallway leading to it. There were tables, uncovered, and always moist and ringed from glasses, and a fellow at a piano, a cigarette in his mouth, the upper keys of the piano stained from innumerable previous cigarettes, the varnish of the piano top eaten in circles where innumerable drinks had stood. These piano-players, always pale and listless-looking, did marvelous things with their slim and sometimes seemingly incapable hands to tinny pianos. The waiters, towels over their arms, sang. Some of these same singing waiters are those who are the subjects of some of the success biographies of today. Others have achieved a less gentle fame. At nineteen, Jerry became a singing waiter.

Jerry was a singing waiter by accident, the sort of accident that is always happening to people like Jerry. He was out of a job—it was easy for Jerry to be out of a job in those days; and having discovered the Bowery, he hated to take less pleasant employment. One night he picked up a girl in one of the cafés, and the girl grew interested in him, heard him sing, knew the proprietor. It was easy enough. Jerry's voice even then was not good and was never his fortune. Oh, he sang fairly well, could carry a tune, usually managed to stay on the key. There was nothing remarkable in his singing—except, that is, to the women. It was his singing they pretended to admire.

Jerry's method with the women even then was not original,



and yet it was the method that has always been the most successful: careless, a bit bored, a bit amused and yet bold, too. He got his first ideas of how to treat women from a prize-fighter that he admired. The fighter was older, experienced, fairly successful. He had polished his method through years of practice. Besides, he was a big fellow, and handsome. Jerry, until then, had been too eager, too friendly, too much in apparent need of companionship. He wasn't big or especially handsome—perhaps the method wasn't actually suited to him. However, he perfected the things the older man taught him, saw, to his delight, that they worked out splendidly, added new ideas of his own. He said things other men would not have the impudence to say and got away with them. He did things other men dared not do, and smiled. He would make a woman fight for a compliment and then give it grudgingly, almost with a sneer. A woman had to do all the love-making with Jerry, and after he was tired of



Gertie came to the
café where Jerry
was singing. She
flirted with other
men in the hope
of making Jerry
jealous.

her, which was usually quite promptly after he became sure of her, he would disappear mysteriously or evade her with adroit cleverness. He could be bitterly cruel when necessary, when he couldn't lose a girl any other way—though usually he didn't have to resort to words. It was easier just to vanish. No girl could say that she had thrown Jerry down—not that a girl ever wanted to. Girls were always hanging around him, a bit pitiful and wistful-eyed, until they allowed themselves to forget Jerry's charms through the less romantic if more persuasive wiles of other men.

Jerry was twenty when he first saw Gertie Markin. There is no telling why Gertie attracted Jerry. It is certain that she made no move toward him—none of the obvious moves the other

girls had made, anyhow. At fifteen, in fact, Gertie had been unaware of Jerry Ward. She was pretty then, rather pale, with a lot of light hair and rounding form, a woman already, for she developed early, as do so many girls on the East Side. She didn't hang around the cafés. A good girl.

Perhaps that's what Jerry liked about her. Sweet. He never remembered when he first saw her or how he met her, but there she was. He'd pass her, one of a group of giggling girls, and stop for a word or two, put his hand on her shoulder, touch her hair.

Jerry fell into the habit of Gertie Markin, so to speak. He looked for her on the streets, called her out from her cubicle of a tenement into a hallway as dark as his own. She meant more to him than any other girl he had ever known.

Love-making, then—love-making of the East Side.

Gertie was looking wide-eyed at life and its wonders in those days, and wanted in a way "to get ahead," though she didn't know what she wanted to do—what she wanted out of life. She yielded to Jerry through no need of yielding for herself—though of course she admitted to him, and to herself, that she loved him—but because it seemed the only way of keeping him. The tie that held him was so slight, anyhow. He had a careless way of disappearing for weeks at a time. She knew what longing for him—wanting him—meant then. Yielding seemed little enough to do if that was what Jerry wanted.

Jerry had his twenty-first birthday while he was a singing waiter—and going with Gertie. Gertie at sixteen was rounded and fresh and luscious. But she gave Jerry more than youth. She didn't know what she wanted for herself, but she knew she wanted something better for Jerry. She gave him his first throbs of ambition. He ought to get ahead—do something, be somebody.

Gertie dreamily planned a hundred little futures for Jerry, and if



Jerry fell in love with Lois immediately. He hadn't felt thus toward a woman in a long time.

she figured prominently in those futures, Jerry didn't correct her—didn't bother to.

There was something in what Gertie said, of course. He was too good for the neighborhood. A song he and Whitey—who played the piano when he wasn't too full of hop—had written had gone over big when they sang it in the café, and a musical publisher had given Whitey twenty-five dollars for it. Phil Ray had gone into vaudeville singing the same kind of songs. Why stick around the Bowery?

There were numerous cafés on the Bowery, and they were all just alike: "Nigger Mike's," "Scotty Laville's," a dozen more.

You saw in each of them the same crowds, sailors from the Brooklyn Navy Yard; lean, sharp-eyed boys of the neighborhood; sly and weak-looking pickpockets; and gunmen, pale usually, with red-blotched faces; girls of the neighboring streets, their hair frizzed and their bodies clad in soiled and sleazy finery; uptown folks in search of adventure—silent, ill-at-ease, patronizing. He'd get out, Jerry would. He'd been there long enough. There was more to life than this—more to New York.

He never admitted even to himself that Gertie had put the idea into his head—would have laughed if anyone had suggested it to him. Gertie knew better than to (Continued on page 116)



The Revelations of **M R S . P H I L I P L Y D I G** *Internationally Famous Beauty and Leader of Society*

THE extraordinary appraisal of the ultra rich and smart world of America, which begins on the following page—the first of several articles to appear in forthcoming issues of this magazine—is by Mrs. Philip Lydig, who has been a leader of fashionable New York ever since her girlhood. She is a descendant, through her mother, of the old royal family of Spain and a cousin of the present Duke de Alba. By virtue of this connection, she had an entrée to the most jealously exclusive circles of aristocrats in Paris, Madrid, London and St. Petersburg, in the grand days of Continental royalty before the world war. * * * * *

¶ As an ambitious girl, with an artistic appreciation of music and literature and painting, she made friends with all the famous artists and writers and actors and musicians of our day—with Tolstoi, Rodin, Anatole France, Paul Helleu, Degas, Debussy, Boldini, Paderewski, Caruso, Melba, Bergson, Jaurès, Bebel, Bernhardt, Irving, Terry, Duse, Zuloaga, Macmonnies, and so on, endlessly. * * * * *

¶ As the first wife of the late W. E. D.

Stokes, a millionaire breeder of fast horses, she knew all the racing set in America and abroad. Through an early friendship with Senator Tom Platt, the boss of the Republican party, and William F. Sheehan, the Democratic leader in New York, she obtained a bi-partisan view of practical politics in America, and remained friends at once with Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, with Colonel House and Colonel Harvey and all the would-be Presidents and bosses of two decades. * * * * *

¶ For years, with these varied connections, she held a salon in her house on Washington Square of a brilliancy and culture that New York had never seen before. Conspicuous for her work among the poor, her interest in the world of art, and her leadership in woman suffrage, she kept in touch with aspects of life which her fashionable world never saw. Consequently she brings now, to her review of smart society, the worldly wisdom and spiritual insight of an extremely varied experience of life and knowledge of men and women. * * * * *



Photograph by ARNOLD GENTHE, New York

MRS. PHILIP LYDIG

Marriage without Love

by
Mrs. Philip Lydig

I REMEMBER seeing, not so many years ago, in a so-called "fashionable" church on Fifth Avenue, the most fashionable wedding of that season—the wedding of a Miss Ransome, let me call her, to one of the richest bachelors of the day. She was a startlingly handsome girl with masses of yellow-golden hair, the figure of a young goddess, and features so charmingly beautiful that at first sight one always stared skeptically. Her smile was the kind that no normal young man could face in conversation without a look of laughing and blushing excitement very amusing to see. When she came up the aisle in her bridal veil, you could really hear the church gasp. I've never seen such beauty and such grace and such a touchingly poetic and idealistic expression of gentleness. It touched me to tears. It made us all weep.

She was the daughter of an impoverished Southern family with an aristocratic past, and her father brought her to the chancel rail as if he were a grandee of Spain, very proud and stern, but with eyes that had been wounded, pained and sunken eyes, eyes that had suffered. You didn't need to be told that she was marrying for money to help her parents and her younger brothers and sisters. If any of us hadn't known it already, we could have guessed it from her father's face.

The bridegroom was then about thirty-five, baldish and fat. He was not a bad man. He was merely stupid. He was immensely wealthy and conscious of his wealth, filled with self-importance, very solemn in his manner, fond of platitudes which he hemmed and hawed over, clearing his throat before he uttered them and then giving them out with the gravest slowness and self-complacency, even if they were only comments on the weather. In fact, he was a bore. He had inherited his money safely invested in the safest of New York real estate—blocks of lower Fifth Avenue, office buildings in the financial district, miles of Broadway. The founder of the fortune had been a friend of the first Astor and he had followed that genius in his investments. All the family, since, had been slow and Dutch in their conservative respectability, and their rents had piled up. This fat boy had been carefully guarded in his youth by his mother and his aunts, never sent away to school or college, educated by tutors, traveling everywhere with his mother. I suppose he was really shy and self-conscious under his pomposity. He always drank a great deal at dinners, but alcohol didn't en-

All over America people are imitating the conduct and ideals of the fashionable rich—the so-called “smart set”—of the East. I believe that those ideals are false ideals, tragic ideals, which it is disastrous for America to imitate. The conviction is my justification for preparing and publishing this revealing series of articles on the futility of fashionable life.

Rita Lydig 213

given him. It increased his self-importance, then stupefied him.

As he watched his bride coming to the altar, you could see that he was not so much proud of her as proud of himself for having deserved her. All the music and the flowers and the chimes and the fashionable crush in the church, and the red carpet down the steps, and the carriages that blocked the street, and the staring crowd at the church door—all these were tributes to his social eminence. If she had been Cleopatra or Helen of Troy, it would only have added to the self-conscious pucker at the corners of his mouth.

Well, they were married, and she was launched in fashionable life with everything, apparently, to make her happy. He was fairly generous to her family and there was certainly nothing in the world that money could buy which he was not willing to give her. Within reason, that is. She had a Fifth Avenue home and a house in Newport and a château in the south of France. She had horses and carriages, and grooms and footmen, and butlers and maids and servants to pester her endlessly, and dinners and dances and a box at the opera and jewels and furs and all the rest of it. Two children were born—two boys who seemed to me sulky and fat like their father—but I saw so little of her home life that I didn't really know what they were like. I supposed that she had very little home life to see. She was abroad a great deal. She seemed dissatisfied and depressed. I tried to interest her, once, in one of our pet charities, but I found that she had no money of her own. She could buy on charge accounts but he did not give her money to spend. I suspected that this was one of the things that made her dissatisfied.

WHEN they had been married about ten years, she invited a group of her women friends to luncheon at Sherry's. There were six or eight of us. The season in New York was just about over; it was a bright spring day; we were all making our arrangements to go away for the summer, and I supposed that her luncheon was one of those fashionable farewell hospitalities that everybody was busy with. I know that most of our conversation was concerned with our summer plans. Some one asked her where she was going, whether to Newport or to her place in France. She replied: "That's what I wish to talk to you about. I'll tell you after lunch." She said it rather strangely, with a glance at the waiters who were still serving us. I wondered why she could not discuss it before them.

She was as beautiful as ever and very smartly dressed in a Paris hat and frock. I thought she looked ill, but some one to whom I remarked it said: "No. I think she's just unhappy—unhappy with her husband." She was smiling and chatting pleasantly, in her slow Southern manner, with her usual gentle animation. Only in repose did her face show any worry. Then her eyes had a little frown in them and her lips were obviously under control.

When we were smoking over our coffee and the waiters

had withdrawn, some one asked: "Now tell us the mystery. Where are you going?"

I imagined that they thought she was planning to leave her husband, though I did not believe that she would ever discuss such a private matter.

"I'm going—" She hesitated painfully. "I'm going away—today—for a long time." Her manner silenced us with apprehension. "I—I put you on your honor not to speak of it—to anyone. I shall be dead in four months."

NATURALLY, it was unbelievable. She was too beautifully alive. We were in Sherry's public dining-room, among the gilt and colored marbles of Stanford White's Renaissance design, and life was at its pleasantest all around us. There were flowers on the table and silver shining in the soft light. Fashionable men and women were laughing and joking over their wineglasses almost within hearing. She looked aside at them with eyes that reminded me suddenly of her father's eyes at the wedding.

"I wanted to say good-by to you, like this, purposely. I wanted you to remember me as I am—now." She hesitated again. She said with an effort: "I have a cancer."

When we recovered from our horrified silence, it was to protest in a confused, all together, in a confusion of voices: "But how absurd! You're the picture of health. What you need is a holiday. You're imagining things. Some one ought to pick you up and take you abroad."

One of us was awkward enough to remonstrate: "Cancer? Nonsense! Where have you a cancer?"

She answered calmly: "It doesn't matter. I've only four months to live. I'm going to shut myself up, on the top floor of my house—with two nurses I'm very fond of—and I wanted to ask you not to call or write or telephone or send me books or flowers or anything. Just let me leave you as I am, and not tell anybody, so I sha'n't be—be disturbed. You don't know what a feeling of peace I have. You don't know what a release it will be."

There was a strange exalted placidity in her face. We must have stared at her as if we thought she had gone insane, for she continued evenly: "I've lived a silly life. I've had nothing—everything and nothing. If anyone were to tell me that I'm not going to die, I couldn't bear it. I can't tell you how lonely I've been. My husband has been true to me—it isn't that—but I've had nothing—no love." And then suddenly her face was wrenched out of her control by a spasm of horribly bitter joy, and she gasped: "Oh, God! I'm so happy! I'm so glad to be leaving him!"

SHE died four months later, to a day. We never saw her again. She shut herself up, as she said she would, and died without another word to any of us. Some rumor about the luncheon leaked out, but most of us denied the story.

I recall that incident now, because it so startlingly illuminates the point I wish to make—which is this: Most fashionable marriages are marriages without love, marriages

for money or ambition or social prestige, and I have never seen such a marriage end happily. This beautiful Southern girl seemed to have less cause for unhappiness than most—as far as I could see, not knowing the intimate details of her married life—and yet her existence became so unbearable that she welcomed the frightful death that finished it.

That was the most dramatic but by no means the most appalling of the tragedies that I have seen ensue from a fashionable marriage of that sort—a marriage without love. The man whom Miss Ransome married was merely stupid and selfish. The typical fashionable husband is worse than that.

I RECALL, for instance, the marriage of one of the sweetest New York girls of my *débutante* days to a millionaire sportsman who was considered one of the great "catches" of the town. Reginald Tally, let me call him. He had come out of college with a record as an athlete, dashing and witty and popular, a genius at polo, a perfect Cossack in the saddle, the best dancer of us all, and a whole entertainment in himself at the dinner table. He had one of those flashing boyish smiles that sometimes go with complete recklessness—and made it seem wholesome. He was known to be "wild," as they say, but everyone forgave it. We all adored him.

She was the eldest of three daughters in a family that had no money, though they had a good social position. Her uncle was a railroad millionaire and her father held an ornamental office, with a small salary, in his brother's organization. Her aunt had taken her up, as a charming *protégée*, determined to marry her well, as the phrase is, and introduced her to the wealthy circle in which she herself moved. Isabel was younger than Reggie, but just as popular—one of those dark and agile outdoor girls who look as if they had been tanned brown by the sun. She rode almost as well as he, played tennis like a champion, and swam and boated like a boy. She seemed to have an inexhaustible vitality that showed especially in the sparkle of her eyes and the brilliancy of her black hair, a thick, wavy mane drawn back from her forehead in a way that made her look as if she were always facing a high wind, breezily.

She was supposed to be in love with an impractical, musical boy who had no money to marry on, and we were all sorry for her. We were the more surprised to hear of her engagement to Reggie. It had been arranged by her aunt—I don't know how. And she was married from her uncle's home, with all the honors of an heiress. The crowd at the church was as fashionable as possible, but they were gayer than the guests at Miss Ransome's wedding. Reggie's sporting friends were there to back him. They almost applauded her when she came up the aisle, a little too quickly, with an air of riding to a water-jump. Reggie flashed one of his bright smiles at her, and she returned it as gallantly as if it were a serve at tennis.

Theirs seemed like a marriage of "good pals" who had common friends and congenial tastes to make them happy together, even if real love were lacking. They went for their honeymoon to his luxurious "camp" in the Adirondacks, and I did not see any more of them for two or three years. I was abroad. I heard that Reggie had an accident in the hunting field that crippled him so that he could not ride, but he continued "horsey," kept a racing stable, and gambled conspicuously at the tracks. I supposed that she was enjoying the social gayeties that go with that sort of life.

THEN I heard that she was ill, and when I returned to New York, I asked my doctor—Dr. Bull—if he knew how she was. He replied that he was treating her. That relieved my mind, for he was not only one of the most famous but one of the most expert medical men of his time. I asked: "What has been the matter?"

He shook his head. "I can't—very well—discuss that. I've operated on her. She's convalescing at the Waldorf."

"Oh," I said, "I must go and see her."

He seemed embarrassed. "It would probably do her good,

but—she hasn't been seeing anyone, and—I don't know. Of course, I know you wouldn't gossip about her, but—*don't kiss her.*"

That gave me a cold chill. I did not dare ask him anything more. I guessed what was the matter and my guess proved correct.

He arranged an hour when I might visit her, and I went—to find her wrecked and broken. Her beautiful black hair was so thin, so scanty that she could hardly pin a roll of it on top of her head. Her face was ravaged by disease and hatred. Her eyes were inflamed and cruel—poisoned eyes, full of malevolence. "You wait," she said. "I'll make him pay for this."

Dr. Bull had saved her by an operation that left her a mere shell of a human being, but he could not cut out the hatred of her husband that was as malignant as the virus of the disease itself. "I'll make him pay," she promised.

And she certainly made him pay. She did not divorce him. She made him give her a separation allowance of several million dollars in her own right, besides paying the bills for her support. She went abroad and got cured of the final traces of her illness, and came back to take a series of lovers, openly enough to humiliate him, and to live a life that paralleled his own in dissipation. He endured it with a cynically indifferent laugh, too just to divorce her even if he could, but torturing her with her inability to give him pain. They became the most completely tragic couple in a life that runs to that sort of tragedy. She changed from a wholesome, idealistic, outdoor girl into a haunted fury of a woman, brilliant, cruelly fascinating, bitter, selfish, destructive. He is a poisoned cynic who endures life by keeping himself always half-intoxicated amid the excitements of racing and gambling and other excesses. It would have been better for everybody if they had murdered each other with knives.

A TRAGEDY of quite a different kind was the marriage of young Percy Sutton, let us call him. He had been born to the name and fortune of one of the most distinguished families in America, and he had made himself notorious, even in his adolescence, by his college dissipations and his affairs with chorus girls. By the time he was thirty he was hardly ever sober and his life was riotous. When his engagement was announced, I supposed that the girl was deluding herself with some hope that she might reform him. She had been born to money, herself, but to no such amount of it as Sutton could give her; and of course her social position, with the Sutton fortune behind her, would be dazzling.

I was invited to a luncheon given to celebrate her betrothal by an older woman, a friend of the Sutton family, and I watched her with a good deal of curiosity. She seemed very much at her ease, obviously a young woman who knew her way about the world, handsome in a rather hard fashion, and quite coolly calculating. I heard our hostess say to her, with a privileged frankness: "Of course, my dear, I'm afraid your marriage to Percy is going to be a great disappointment to you. The poor boy is drunk all the time." And I heard her reply: "Don't worry. I'm not thinking of the wedding bells. I'm thinking of the *alimony.*"

After that, I did not waste any sympathy on her. I saved it for him. And he needed it. When they returned from their honeymoon, she was warned by his physicians that unless he cut down on his drinking, it would kill him.

She proceeded to place a quart bottle of whisky on his bedside table, every night, and in two years he was dead.

She is now about as happy, I should say, as if she had cut his throat while he slept.

There are, of course, in fashionable life, some happy marriages of young people who fall in love naturally in spite of their wealth, and live together as contentedly as any married couples anywhere. But there are few of them. They are usually the sons and daughters of very wise parents who have known how to guard and counsel them in their

By Mrs. Philip Lydig

childhood, against the dangers and temptations that so very often ruin the children of the rich.

And even among these, I have never seen a marriage succeed when it was what the French call a *mariage de convenance*, a marriage of ambition, a marriage without love.

I used to be told that such a point of view about marriage was romantic and mushy, and people continually pointed out to me that among royalty and aristocracy abroad, marriages for love were practically unknown. I could only reply that I saw few of those marriages successful and that those which even partly succeeded were made bearable by social conventions unknown in America. But, in recent years, from an acquaintance with famous psychologists and psychiatrists and doctors of the mind, here and in France and Germany, I have been hearing an explanation of the mental processes involved in love and marriage that throws a light on the tragedies I have seen on all sides in fashionable life, for years and years, and these scientific theories support me in the conviction which I have derived from my own experience—the conviction that, for Americans at least, today, marriage without love is a suicide compact. It is death—spiritual and moral and often physical death—for both husband and wife.

Psychiatrists, of course, quarrel about their science almost as much as artists differ about art, and there seem to be as many different schools of psychology as there are schools of painting. But I think that all modern psychiatrists agree about this point which I am discussing. They use different terms, and dispute about details, and offer varying explanations of the way the thing works, but—to put it in the simplest terms—they discover that a normal child is, in effect, hypnotized by its parents, through its affections, so that it can never in later life love anyone who does not, in some degree, fit into the mental image of the parent whom the child first loved. It is a real hypnosis.

The child, when it grows up, is quite unaware of the image that it carries somewhere in the mysterious background of its mind, but its love will not awaken except in response to some one who sufficiently repeats the image; and, in the presence of anyone who does repeat the image, love is likely to be almost instantaneous and quite uncontrollable. Moreover, when love is released in response to the magic of the love-image, it is a real release of all the deep emotions of the lover and a true fruition of his whole personality. With no lesser release can a normal man or woman be happy or their marriage fulfilled.

This is certainly true of all normal



Mrs. Lydig as Paul Hellen saw her when he visited this country some years ago and made numerous portrait sketches of American society women in red chalk and dry point. The sketch from which this reproduction was made was executed in the former medium.



Boldini, the famous romantic portraitist, found in Mrs. Lydig a sitter after his own heart. His portraits of her are among his most delightful works, and two of them are in famous American and European collections.



It was Paul Hellen's dry point etchings of Mrs. Lydig that paved the way for his great success in America as a delineator of lovely womanhood, following his European achievements. His portraits of the period will always be regarded as documents bearing on a definite social era.

Americans, whether you express it in terms of Freud and call it an Oedipus complex, or consider it a "conditioning" of the child's instinct of affection, after the manner of the evolutionary psychologists, or describe it merely as "a conditioned reaction" in the phrase of the behaviorists.

There is a "love image" in the mind of the normal American boy, the image probably of his young mother as he first knew her. He is partly aware of that image as an ideal, as a "dream girl." But he is not often clearly aware of it at all. It commonly exists, unknown to him, like the suggestion of a hypnotist given to him while he was unconscious, and he acts on it without knowing why, just like a hypnotized subject.

The normal girl carries a similar image of her young father, usually.

In real love, as the psychologists point out, the magic of this love-image releases the young man to the happiness which he felt, as a child, in his mother's affections. The element of sex, which is added, is not of such basic importance; it is only

a part of the release which delivers the whole mind and body of the lover to the association with his beloved. The most important thing in love is this release of the hypnotized personality which ensues upon an agreement between the love-image and the love-object—that is to say, between the unconscious ideal and the person with whom one falls in love.

That, at least, is what the psychiatrists tell me, and I believe it because I have seen it proven true, over and over again, in my experience of life.

A marriage in which the love-image is not "consulted," as the psychologists say, cannot be happy. It is degradation for the woman and a morbid indulgence for the man. It leaves the deepest needs and desires of both unsatisfied. It causes every sort of nervous irritation, revolt and hatred, and it produces illness, nervous instability, unhappiness, and the excesses of dissipation into which unhappiness tries to escape from itself.

Miss Ransome was not helped by the fact that the man she married was not a bad man, that he (Continued on page 115)

2944

The newcomer listened to the sound of breaking brush followed by a distinct splash.

Of the Fittest

THE girl limped doggedly up the steep, rock-infested trail, her gaze on the thin curl of smoke against the brilliantly blue sky. She was breathless, and sobbing from pain and weariness, and from temper; and every few minutes she stood still and screamed, "Help—help!" The answering silence seemed to infuriate her further.

She was young, and there was something distinctly urban about her, in spite of her presence in that wild and remote landscape. Her riding pants were smartly cut; her boots and her turtle-necked sweater were of exceptional quality; and her boyish bob was of down-to-the-minute modishness.

Her face, notwithstanding the disfiguring dust and tears and an ugly bruise on the right cheek, was very beautiful in a bold, disdainful fashion, and her body was straight and slim.

It took her a long time to reach the cabin whose chimney smoke had guided her from the scene of her accident. It was an austere dwelling-place, without paint or flowers, but it spelled sanctuary, and she hammered thankfully on the door.

IN writing a story of the hills back of Monterey, California, Ruth Comfort Mitchell is picturing a region of which she knows—so to speak—every foot. Thus the present powerful story by the distinguished author of "Corduroy" and "A White Stone" carries to the reader a note of genuine authenticity.

By
Ruth
Comfort
Mitchell

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

It was opened, after a brief delay, by a rather more than middle-aged woman in a faded gingham dress. She wore spectacles, and her hair was strained tightly back from her thin, sallow face. She had a revolver in her right hand and challenged the intruder sharply.

"What you want?"

"I've had an accident," the girl gasped, leaning weakly against the door casing. "Call your husband—quick!"

The woman continued to stare at her truculently. "Who are you? Where you going?"

"I am—" She stamped her foot. "Never mind who I am! I tell you I've had an accident! My horse fell and broke a leg, and

"There's no man on this place."

"I'm hurt too,"—she touched her cheek,—"and my ankle's twisted. He fell on me. I was going to Slates' Springs."

"Well, then, you're off the trail. You should have kept straight on from Pfeifer's instead of branching off to the right."

She tried to shut the door in the stranger's face, but the girl flung herself over the threshold.

"But—good heavens—I'm here now, and I'm hurt, and something must be done about the horse! Where's your husband?"

"I have no husband," said the woman coldly.

"Then—your son! Your grandson—your brother! Anybody!"

"There's no man on this place."

The girl's slight body sagged dangerously. She wiped the tears and sweat out of her eyes with the back of her wrist. "How far to the nearest neighbor?"

"I have no neighbors. Seventeen miles back to Pfeifer's, the way you came; six to the main trail, then nineteen to Slates'."

Her caller slid suddenly to the floor and remained there, in an alarmingly inert heap.

The woman spoke sharply to her once or twice and then laid her revolver on a table, which was covered with piles of note-paper, pages of neatly written foolscap, ink-bottles and fine pens; and taking a cane which leaned against the wall, she hobbled to the kitchen and came back with a tin cup filled with water which she unceremoniously flung into the white face.

The dark, mutinous eyes opened almost instantly, and the girl choked, sputtered and struggled to a sitting posture. "What shall we do?" she demanded.

"If your horse is actually disabled, it must be shot." The tone was coldly businesslike.

"Oh—" She shuddered. "I have never killed anything in my life!"

"No more did I,"—the other was contemptuous,—"till I came to the wilderness to live; but I can kill now, for food, or to put creatures out of their misery." She hobbled into her bedroom and came back with a wide-brimmed, flapping hat on her head, and picked up revolver and cane. "You come along with me."

"But my ankle's sprained!"

"I guess you can make out as well as I do, crippled up with rheumatism, if you take a stick." She nodded toward a staff of stout manzanita wood, and set off down the trail without further parley.

The girl, after a rebellious pause, followed slowly, wincing with pain. The woman made remarkable speed, considering her handicap, and the girl was amazed to see how quickly they arrived at the scene of her catastrophe. The horse whinnied pitifully at sight of them and made frantic, ineffectual efforts to stand.

The woman made a brief, competent examination. "Even if you could get a veterinary to him, it would be no use." She examined her weapon calmly. "Take off your saddle-bags. And the saddle too, of course."

The order was obeyed, clumsily, for the horse was struggling and the girl was inept. She put her hand on the tossing neck. "Poor fellow! Oh, poor old fellow, I'm so sorry!" She spoke to her companion. "I just bought him, day before yesterday, at Carmel; but I was getting fond of him, poor thing. He tried so hard."

"Stand away!" It was a sharp command.

The girl shut her eyes and put her hands over her ears.

"It's all over," said the woman presently, touching one of her lifted elbows. "But he didn't fall over the cliff into the ocean as I hoped he would. You fetch me that stout limb there, lying on the ground, and find another, as near like it as you can, for yourself. I guess we can pry him over."

The girl did not look as if obedience were her habit, but she obeyed this grim, uncompromising person without argument. It was a tremendous task for them, and the girl's branch snapped in two, and there was a delay while she found another one. It was an exceptionally warm day for early spring, and they were both panting and perspiring before they were able to send the carcass over the edge, even though the sloping bank favored their purpose.

The newcomer listened, wide-eyed, to the sound of breaking brush and rattling stones. There was silence then, for what seemed a long moment, followed by a splash.

"Whatever goes over that cliff, goes for good," said the woman grimly. She sat down on a rock and regarded the intruder darkly. "I suppose you couldn't possibly make it back to Pfeiffer's afoot—not before night, anyway."

The girl's eyes blazed with indignation. "Didn't you say it was seventeen miles? How could I possibly—"

"No—you're soft. And sorry for yourself. You could make it in two days, if it wasn't for your sprained foot. There's a cabin where you could sleep. Well, I guess maybe I'll have to keep you till tomorrow or next day," she finished grudgingly.

"I certainly wouldn't stay if I could avoid it," the other returned hotly. "And I'll pay you well for your trouble."

"It isn't the money that matters." The woman shook her head. "It's the time. The time!"

The girl stared. The wild silence seemed to be composed entirely of time and space.

Appearing to catch her thought, the woman supplemented: "I'm engaged in a great, important work; I can't afford interruptions. This business"—she jerked a shoulder toward the slope down which the dead horse had rolled—"will cost me upwards of two hours, in all, and the tending on you—"

"I don't need—or want you to wait on me." It was cool young insolence. "A bed, and food, till I'm fit to leave, and I'll pay you twice what you ask."

"Well,"—there was grudging resignation in her voice,—"may as well be getting back—" She rose, and took up her cane, and they commenced their climb back to the cabin, the woman, for all her years and infirmity, making the better speed.

In the excitement of their meeting and the tragic preoccupation over the horse, they had taken little account of each other; but now, in their slow progress up the trail, they subjected each other to searching scrutiny.

The girl thought she had never seen so unlovely, so unfeminine a female creature in all her life. She was as flat as a bookmark, and about as bloodless, with the look of being overworked and underfed; but she had, nevertheless, an air of eagerness, of concentration—of consecration, almost—which was arresting and intriguing. The newcomer disliked her heartily, with the born hedonist's distaste for the ugly and useful; but she found herself, for some reason, unable to despise her.

The woman, meanwhile, was discovering that her companion was rouged, beneath the dust and tears, that her beautiful, rather sullen mouth was carmined, and her delicate brows plucked and penciled. "The brazen hussy!" she commented in her own mind, dragging up from some ancient card-index of memory a scrap from her New England youth.

"Out upon you,
Fie upon you,
Bold-faced jig!"

The hands were slender and charmingly shaped, the nails pointed, pink and shining. "Looks fast, to me," the mental cataloguing went on. "Back in East Bingham, I'd have said, right off, she was no better than she should be; but out here, in these times—" She gave her the reluctant benefit of the doubt, but



"Miss Agatha! How long have I been here?"

fortified her disapproval by the conviction that she looked vain, idle, spoiled and desperate.

Both were obliged to drop wearily into chairs and rest when at last they reached the cabin.

"I'll put the kettle on and stir up the fire, quick's I get my breath," said the hostess. "Better soak that foot in hot water, hot's you can stand it. And I expect you'll want to wash your face. I should *think*"—it was said very pointedly—"you'd want to wash your face."

"I never put water on my face, especially when I'm sunburned. I have cold cream in my saddle-bags."

"Clean yourself with a greasy rag, like an Eskimo?" inquired the woman tartly, getting stiffly out of her chair and hobbling to the kitchen, whither she summoned her guest, presently, and pointed to a steaming pail.

While the girl was subjecting her foot to treatment, the woman made up a pallet for her on the bedroom floor. "Guess you can make out to sleep there, if you're tired enough," she said. "Can't give you my bed and sleep on the floor myself, account of my rheumatism. I'd be stiff as a board."

"It will do very well," the girl agreed. "Thanks. But why don't you let me sleep in the sitting-room, so I won't disturb you?" She did not relish such intimacy with the strange old creature.

"Because I shall have to work out there, most of the night, making up the time you've lost me," the woman replied ungraciously.

The house-guest came hopping in on one foot, and looked at the table. "Oh, you're an author!"

If the other marked the faint derision in the tone, she gave no sign.

"Yes, I am."

"Are you writing a novel?"

"Well, considering,"—it came primly,—"*that I have never been a reader of novels, I would hardly calculate to be a writer of them.*" Observing the intruder's curiosity, she hobbled to the table and spread a newspaper over the carefully written sheets of foolscap. "We'll eat our supper, now, and then you can get to bed. I'll be thankful to have the house quiet."

The "marbled" oilcloth was scrupulously clean, as were the coarse napkins, the dishes and the crude cutlery. The wayfarer ate ravenously of eggs, sardines, bread without butter, and wild blackberry sauce, and thirstily drank cup after cup of tea. Her face grew scarlet and her eyes became heavy.

"You certainly got a good dose of sunburn," the woman commented without sympathy. "Two, three days, you'll be peeling like scarlet fever." She refused her boarder's tentative offer to dry the dishes for her. "No; you'd hinder more than you'd help. Get to bed."

The girl crawled between the patchwork quilts on her unyielding pallet and aching composed herself to sleep; but the ankle was vividly painful, and her head throbbed dully, and it was a long time before she could relax enough to feel the beginning of drowsiness. The last thing she was conscious of was the sound of her reluctant entertainer's pen, traveling scratchily over the foolscap.

The woman was greatly annoyed, during the night, by her lodger's restless tossings and turnings and mutterings, and rose at five o'clock, weary and unrefreshed. Tonight, she decided,—if she had to keep her another night,—she would put her pallet in the kitchen and shut both doors between.

When breakfast preparations were about half completed, she called to her. After she had called the second and third time without response, she hobbled into the bedroom, leaned stiffly down and shook her by the shoulder. "Wake up! Six o'clock, nearly! Breakfast's most ready!"

The girl dragged her shoulder away from the rough grasp and muttered something unintelligible.

"Well," said the woman disgustedly, "lie there, then, but you needn't to think I'll fetch you anything. I've got to get on with my work. I'll eat, and leave you something to warm up, when you're a mind to."

The sleeper muttered again, and the woman went back to the kitchen and ate her breakfast as quickly as possible and hurried in to her writing. It was eleven o'clock before she thought again of her unwelcome guest, and only then because she had gone to get herself a drink of water, and found the breakfast things untouched. The refusal to get up at six she had considered slothful, but bed at eleven was, in her code, hardly short of immoral, and she stamped into the bedroom and called the sleeper loudly and harshly.

The girl's eyes opened, at that, and she pulled herself up on



an elbow, and looked round the tiny, bare room without any expression of surprise at finding herself in it.

"It's eleven o'clock!" the woman admonished her.

"Very well, Ronnie Drexel," the young voice said clearly, firmly, "you go, then, and stay as long as you like, because it won't matter to me!"

"What?" The woman stared.

"Because I won't be here when you get back! Oh, yes—laugh! Laugh your silly head off! You don't think I mean it, but I do! I do! I'm not helpless, as some girls would be. I've got money, thank God—the money you married me for!" Her eyes dilated after she said the last sentence, and she sat bolt upright on her tumbled pallet, listening. "There!" she said, after a moment's pause. "He's gone. I heard the door bang. Just the way it does in plays. Well, I'll bang it, too! I'll bang it so loud—so loud—so LOUD—"

"Hush!" said the woman sternly, advancing upon her and putting her lean, work-worn hand on the hot forehead. "You've got a raging fever! You're sick-a-bed, this minute! Oh, my soul and senses, think of the time I'll lose, nursing you!" She seemed utterly aghast at the prospect. A sudden hope illumined her face.

"You're not just letting on, are you, because you don't want to get up? Here, look at me!" She took the flaming cheeks between her hard hands and peered sharply.

"I'll go, too," said the girl shrilly, "and I'll go so fast and far you'll never find me, and you won't know whether I'm dead or alive, and you'll never dare to marry her!"

"Oh, my Lord!" the woman ejaculated, not at the revelation of the delirious utterances, but at the prospect before her. "It may run a week—two weeks—three—"

Her most dismal forebodings were proved correct, for it was, as a matter of fact, several days more than three weeks before her patient was able to sit limply and palely in the cabin's one rocking-chair, clothed in a dark blue gingham wrapper belonging to her nurse, and in her right mind.

Her nurse looked rather the worse of the two, and the sick girl sensed it presently. "I'm frightfully sorry." Her voice was gentler than the other had imagined it could be. "You look dreadfully seedy yourself. It was awfully hard on you, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't the work," was the disconsolate rejoinder. "It was the time—the time—" She looked toward the table where her writing-things were, and her eyes kindled. "In a day or two more, I calculate you can do for yourself, and I can start in, but I'll never make it up." She pressed her hand suddenly against her left side.



He looked up and saw the girl standing in the doorway. "Good goosh a'mighty!" he exploded,

was a discordant note; the woman, glimpsed within, her gray head bent over her writing, a still harsher one.

That night, over their supper, the girl asked if the time hadn't come for them to explain themselves a little to each other.

"Curiosity killed the cat," said the woman levelly. "It's all one to me who you are."

"My name is Gwen Drexel—Mrs. Ronald Drexel. I live—I did live in San Francisco, but I quarreled with my husband, and I am never going back. Not, at least, for years." She waited a moment. "Wont you tell me your name?"

"Agatha Kittredge. Miss. East Bingham, Vermont."

"But—what in the world brought you here?"

"Cousin willed me this place. Came out thinking I'd inherited an orange grove, with palms

all around, and poinsettias; stayed because I couldn't afford to move away; and besides, it's a wonderful place to work."

It was another week before she would tell her visitor what the nature of her great task was. She was sitting—in a rare moment of relaxation, worn with the double sessions of work she was imposing on herself to make up for the time lost in nursing—on the doorstep in the twilight, her lean, gnarled hands idle in her lap. "Well," she shrugged, "I don't know's there's any reason I shouldn't tell, seeing you're so dead set on knowing."

She drew a long breath and began to speak, steadily at first, but with mounting excitement.

To the girl, who had imagined the closely written sheets of foolscap to contain an epic poem, or a religious treatise, the thing was ludicrous anti-climax, but she could see that to the speaker the History of the Kittredge Family from 1622 down to the present hour was a sacred undertaking. She was, it appeared, the last of the name. Her mother, unfruitful as the rocky acres of the farm which gave (Continued on page 122)

"Couldn't I—perhaps I could help you?" The suggestion came almost timidly.

The woman gave a smothered snort of scorn. "You? Help me? Nobody can help me. I'm the only living person in the world who can do what I'm doing."

A faint apprehension came into the convalescent's eyes. "All right," she said soothingly, "but at least I can pay you. There's more than two hundred dollars in that little leather bag which was fastened to my garter. You can have it all, except just enough to get me to the nearest bank and telegraph office."

"I've got what money I'll need to see me through," her hostess replied. "I'll charge you five dollars a week, board—you haven't eaten much, sick as you've been—and lodging, such as it is, and nursing."

"But that's absurd! Fifty dollars would be only fair, and twenty-five the very least—"

"I said five dollars," the other reiterated flatly. "I'll go get your gruel."

The girl was able to limp out of doors next day, the wrenched foot still sensitive, and bask in the warm, penetrating sunshine. She looked about with languid curiosity. There was the terrible trail up which she had toiled twice, on the tragic day of her arrival; there were the forests, redwood, pine, mountain laurel, oak, madrone, groups of trees of one species standing clannishly together, as she had remembered noticing; ferns, larger than ever she had known; the rushing stream hurrying down the hillside, crystal-clear, lush green grasses on its banks; a far-off glimpse of the still, blue Pacific, and overhead the cerulean bowl of the sky.

Here was beauty, such as she had never known; silence, such as she had never dreamed. The stark ugliness of the little cabin



The Curse of the August Gipsy

By Robert C. Benchley

Illustrated by John Held, Jr.

In none of these chapters in the Peters saga has Mr. Benchley written with more sympathy than here. He is completely en rapport with Mr. Peters, for with him he shares the August curse with which the present chronicle is concerned. Although he wrote it in advance, he has had definite experience of many Augusts to guide his pen.

WITHOUT having recourse to psycho-analysts or scientists of any school, it would be pretty safe to diagnose the hyper-irritability of Mr. Walter Peters as arising from hay-fever.

From the eighteenth of August until the twentieth of September of each year, for thirty years, he had gone about with red, streaming eyes and swollen, sneezing nose, the butt of neighborhood jokes and the laboratory for neighborhood remedies. Each year people said the same things to him, made the same remarks about his appearance, offered the same advice for his relief, until by the end of September, when he was washed, a weak and gasping wreck, up on the shore, his heart was full of a bitter resentment against the rest of mankind and an intolerance of its shortcomings which may well have resulted in the impetuous killings to which we have been witnesses.

On the eighteenth of this August Mr. Peters entered his office with the initial symptoms of the dread disease, a slight snuffle and a general redness of the eyes.

"Got a cold?" asked Henry Ives, the vice-president. Henry Ives had asked Mr. Peters if he had a cold every August eighteenth for fifteen years.

"No," said Mr. Peters shortly. "Hay-fever."

Mr. Ives looked at the calendar. "You're a day ahead this year, aren't you, Walter? What's the matter? Cutting down on the running time to crowd in an extra day?"

"The eighteenth is my day," said Mr. Peters. He knew that it sounded silly, but the eighteenth *was* his day, and had been for thirty years with two exceptions, once when he was in the hospital and delirious, and once when he was in Europe.

"If you want to know what I think, Walter," said Mr. Ives, "I think it's a lot of damned foolishness. You *think* it's coming on the eighteenth of August, and of course it has to come. You'd be broken-hearted if it didn't."

Mr. Ives had expressed this opinion in exactly the same words for fifteen years; so Mr. Peters didn't listen. He was too busy looking for his handkerchief. For the first two days of his affliction he always forgot his handkerchiefs.

"Got a handkerchief, Henry?" he asked, grimacing in the preliminary contortions of a sneeze.

"Come on, boy! Sneeze!" encouraged Mr. Ives. "You'll feel better for it. 'At-a-boy!'"

"Got a handkerchief?" screamed Mr. Peters, groping wildly in the opposite direction.

"Sure, all the handkerchiefs you want, old man," said Henry, convulsed with laughter. "And *here* I am over here! I'll tell



you what," he added, "whenever you want to find me, just call, 'Co-ee,' and I'll answer you."

A soul-racking sneeze was Mr. Peters' only answer to this witticism. This was followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth, in rapid succession.

"Twenty minutes of sneezing, by Mr. Walter Peters," announced Mr. Ives impressively, while the office-force, by this time gathered about in an admiring semicircle, laughed immoderately.

"You can all go to hell," snarled Mr. Peters, and staggered into his private office.

In his desk were the therapeutic relics of last season's treatment, a tube of highly intellectual balm of some sort, an atomizer containing a spray which Mr. Peters was never able to direct any closer to his nasal orifice than his necktie, an inhaler containing a pungent concoction which endowed him with an aroma similar to that present on a professional anesthetist, and an eye-cup, the contents of which he dribbled down the side of his cheek and neck three times a day. These he dragged out from the back of the drawer, and arranged them, in hopeless precision, on his desk. They never had done him any good, but perhaps this year it would be different.

As he sat in dismal contemplation of this layout, the boy announced a Mr. Sterling, who said that he had an appointment with Mr. Peters. Mr. Peters admitted the charge, and Mr. Sterling was shown in.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," he said briskly. "What's the matter? Got a cold?"

"No," said Mr. Peters. "Hay-fever."

"Hay-fever, eh?" Mr. Sterling was all enthusiasm. "Say, if you want to get rid of that, I've got just the thing. I've got a cousin—perhaps you know him, Thurlow M. Sterling?—and he had hay-fever so bad that he could hardly see. Well, somebody told him of a sort of powder you put up your nose which has all the elements of the pollen, or whatever it is that gives you the thing, and he hasn't had a bit of hay-fever since, and that was five—no four—years ago."

"You wanted to go over those figures of wood-pulp production for 1925?" asked Mr. Peters, feeling for his handkerchief.

"Yes," said Mr. Sterling, with evident regret that his advice had made so little im-

pression. "I think that, basing our estimates on those figures, we can show you—"

At this point, Mr. Peters was seized with another paroxysm which beat his first one by a good four sneezes. He emerged with eyes watering and upper lip a-quiver.

"Could you come in tomorrow, Mr. Sterling?" he asked weakly. "I can't keep my mind on wood-pulp today very much. I—"

"Tomorrow's all right with me, of course, Mr. Peters," said the affable diagnostician; "but if you'll take my advice, you'll get some of that powder. I'll call my cousin up and get the name of it, if you want. It's called 'Pollo,' or 'Sneezeo' or—"

Mr. Peters laid his head on his desk. "That would be fine," he whispered. "See you tomorrow."

"If you can see anything," said Mr. Sterling genially, and departed.

For ten minutes Mr. Peters sat with his head on his desk, thinking. Was it going to be just the same this year? The same jokes, the same advice, the same cousins who had tried "Pollo" or "Sneezeo"? It just didn't seem as if he could bear it.

"I'm going home, Henry," he said to Mr. Ives as he passed out of the office. "I'll be down early tomorrow."

"I suppose if, when you get home, you find out that it's only the seventeenth of August after all, you'll be back in good health," said Mr. Ives. "Did you ever take daylight-saving time into consideration? That ought to throw your nose all out of step."

Mr. Peters slammed the door. Henry Ives was a good business man and a dependable vice-president, but the world would be better without him; there was no question of that.

At home he found Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Ransom in neighborly conversation on the front porch.

"My land! What's the matter with you, Walter Peters?" exclaimed Mrs. Ransom. "Have you got a cold this time of year?"

"It's his hay-fever," explained Mrs. Peters sympathetically. "It's just come on today."

"They tell me that hay-fever comes on just about the same time every year." Mrs. Ransom was incredulous. "Is that so?" Mr. Peters nodded.

"To the day?" asked Mrs. Ransom.

Mr. Peters nodded again.

"Just what is hay-fever, anyway?" There was a scientific interest here. "Your eyes and nose get irritated—is that it?"

Now, if there was one thing that made Mr. Peters' hay-fever worse, it was a discussion of its symptoms. Unlike most sufferers, he could not stand even a passing mention of the afflicted parts. At a later stage, along about September first, just the word "nose" used in conversation would be sufficient to send him off into a violent attack. At Mrs. Ransom's intensive investigation into the mechanism of his trouble, his eyes began to water, and away back in the recesses of his head he felt an army of sneezes approaching.

(Continued on page 141)



The Delectable Mountains

Illustrated by
Ernest Fuhr

By
Struthers Burt

The Story So Far:

IN the beginning is this strange romance of a ranchman and a chorus girl: of Stephen Londreth, born of the wealthy old Philadelphia Londreths, who had fled a narrow life of old-family conventions for the solitude and freedom of a Wyoming ranch. When his sister Molly, who had made a failure of one marriage, wished to marry a very decent French nobleman and asked her family for the conventional European *dot*, and was refused, Stephen journeyed back to Philadelphia in an endeavor to straighten the matter out. And on that trip, at the home of his old friend and instructor the critic Vizately, Stephen encountered Mercedes Garcia.

Mercedes was the daughter of a janitor and odd-job man who had lived up to his name of Wiggins except when he married the daughter of a Spanish fruit-merchant named Garcia. The Spanish girl had become a Wiggins too; but the daughter Mercedes had eventually fled the janitorial ménage; and possessing much beauty and some brains had achieved place in a New York chorus. She lived with Hazel Tourneur, a sister chorister. And—as she demonstrated when a painter named Hastings became importunate—she had learned how to send men about their business.

"I—I'm stupid at this," said Stephen, talking alone with Mercedes at a party shortly after his first meeting with her. "I—I don't know where to begin."

And finally: "It's you I want," he finished breathlessly. "That's what I'm trying to say."

"For long?"

"As long as you want."

Her eyes were averted. She raised them suddenly.

"All right. . . . You— Yes. . . . All right."

She smiled at him, but back of her smile he could see nothing except a dumb and dogged sort of acquiescence.

The lights swam in Stephen's brain. He felt his heart leap.

"I don't believe you understand me," he stammered. "I'm d-doing my best to ask you to marry me."

A few weeks later the marriage took place; and after perfunctory visits to the Wigginses and to Stephen's annoyed family in Philadelphia, Stephen and Mercedes set out for Wyoming.

Not long after their arrival an unscrupulous land-development scheme, engineered in Stephen's absence by certain real-estate sharks, forced him to sell his beloved ranch and move to another property he held—a place more remote and inaccessible. There Mercedes continued her earnest endeavor to learn the ways of this new life, so different from anything she had hitherto known.

But there were difficulties between Stephen and Mercedes. Once, when he laughed at a pocket dictionary she was carrying, there was a quarrel. One evening later, on a camping trip, he

This brilliant novel of New York and Wyoming by the distinguished author of "The Interpreter's House" and "In the High Hills" reaches its highest point of interest thus far in the present installment, in which Mercedes takes a step that leads— But where it leads, Mercedes knows least of all. If you've not begun the story, begin it now, for the synopsis will make everything clear.

was moved to say: "Look here. Do you love me? Did you ever love me?"

"Didn't I marry you?" she retorted. "Didn't I come out here? What more do you want? It's up to you now."

When they returned to the ranch, Stephen found a telegram from his sister's friend Mary Ward announcing her arrival that week for a visit. (The story continues in detail.)

MISS WARD presents a difficulty, not only technically but actually. Technically much must be said of her in little: actually she was immensely unimportantly important—like a taxicab driven by a chauffeur of whom you have never heard, which runs into you and breaks your leg, thus altering your life considerably.

Stephen did not know her well. He had seen her three or four times at his sister Joan's, and he had found her rather a relief after most of Joan's friends, although he suspected her of a sense of superiority. Indeed, she was to be congratulated that on the surface she remained as charming as she did, for all her life, people had been telling her—her father, her mother, her aunts, various nurses—that she was "a Ward," whatever that may mean. She was very pretty, and in a wrong-headed way, really clever—twenty-six years old, just old enough to be a woman, tall, beautifully made, dusky, with shining eyes and red lips, and a slightly wind-blown look that led the casual spectator to think she had temperament. Having exhausted society and charity, she had settled down, until something better turned up, into being a perfect guest—that is, she sympathized with wives who desired it, and flirted high-mindedly with husbands, and in the intervals amused herself and was not a bit of bother. She was an addition to any household, and despite her modernity was not without the old-fashioned American idea that a good woman, no matter how badly she behaves, helps a man.

That was her character; what she did in the two weeks she stayed with Stephen and Mercedes was so typical, so merciful, and so little realized by herself, so subtle, that it is difficult to describe. What, as a matter of fact, was it? Long smiling talks with Mercedes, sometimes late into the night; long trips on horseback with Mercedes and Stephen and Doge Sarcy, during which, somehow, she and Stephen always found themselves together; long talks with Stephen on very high, remote subjects, such as the relationship of men and women, the need for expressing your individuality, the weariness of the conventional world—a conventional world, incidentally, which Mary would not have abandoned for any prize offered.

Only once or twice did these talks with Stephen approach the thin edge of emotion, but always there was an undercurrent, faint



"Yesterday afternoon," she added, "I let Doge Sarcy kiss me while you were off with Mary."

and inciting. Mary was well aware of the dark, heady and definite attraction she exercised over men, and Stephen was no more or less than a man, which means that you could not hit him over the head with an ax without his feeling it. There had been one afternoon—the afternoon before Mary's departure—when the hours had seemed both long and short to him, and he had resisted, not without effort, Mary's suggestion that they get off their horses and sit for a while in the cool of the forest.

Nothing would have happened, nothing very serious—Mary was "a good girl;" but enough might have happened to have made Stephen ashamed of himself, no good state of mind for him at the moment. As it was, he felt a trifle uncomfortable about himself, for he had been married only a short while, and as has been said, he just fell short of being completely in love with his wife.

Stephen headed the car back across the mountains with a feeling of relief; he had taken Mary over to the railway station and started her on her way to California and further

visits. He remembered that in his bachelor days he had always thought that one of the happiest by-products of marriage would be the entertaining of guests; he realized now that he had been mistaken. Everything, however, has its uses, and not for a long while had he felt so keenly the savor of home-coming nor the same eagerness to be alone with Mercedes. Marriage, he reflected, like almost everything else in life, was a structure made by the trial-and-error method, by experience, by successes pieced together out of failures. To try to draw up a definite plan to begin with was nonsense.

He came back to the ranch at dusk, the cool wide dusk of early autumn, and running the car into the shed at the end of the trail, mounted the horse Laplace had left for him and rode slowly through the forest and into the valley beyond. He had never been more content with the warm isolation of his life and the companioned loneliness of his country. The visit of Mary Ward seemed to have cleared his brain. He understood again clearly—as clearly, that is, as anyone ever does understand such

things—why he had avoided marrying a woman like Mary Ward, and why instead, somewhat blindly, he had married a woman like Mercedes. Without any particular planning on his part, despite an immense amount of indecision and foily, fate had treated him with kindness. He could think of no wiser method of life than the life of a ranch, with its self-contained interests, its action and reaction with the soil and the elements, its interlocking loyalties that satisfied all of man's hunger in that respect.

Stephen's horse bumped his nose against the corral gates, and Stephen dismounted and led him to the saddle shed, stripped his saddle and bridle from him and gave him a gentle slap on the flank. "Get out," he commanded, "and join your friends." Then he walked up to the ranch, in which yellow lights were beginning to show. He found Mercedes sitting before the fireplace curled up in a chair, her knees drawn up to her chin. He imagined she had been sitting there a long while. The room was in darkness except for the flickering of the logs.

"Hello," she said. "Mary get off all right?"

"Yes. Want a light?"

"No—not yet, Stephen."

"Well?"

"Sit down on that divan."

"Yes."

"Stephen, I'm going back to New York."

Stephen pulled out some tobacco and a sheaf of papers and rolled a cigarette thoughtfully.

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"I'm going back to New York. I want to dance again; I want to see my friends."

"You mean you—you're leaving me?"

"No, not exactly that. . . . I don't know. I want to get away, for a while."

"You want to go without me?"

There was a silence.

"Yes."

Stephen lighted his cigarette, got up and threw the match into the flames. He laughed.

"Life," he said, "is qu-queer. You're tired of me?"

Mercedes spoke with the strained slowness of a person who has worked out carefully and in silence the logic of a situation, and to whom the inadequate repetition in words causes pain.

"I don't know what I think," she reflected. "That is one reason why I want to go. I want to be alone."

Nothing in Stephen's training had prepared him for this calm dissolution, temporary or permanent, of a relationship. It had never occurred to him that people became unmarried in this way. Had Mercedes wept or shown passion, he would have known better what to do. But her strange lucidity, her maturity suddenly developed, left him bewildered and uncomfortably aware of a new sense of youthfulness on his part. He stumbled upon a simple retort.

"Don-don't talk nonsense," he said roughly. "Get ready for supper. It's late."

But Mercedes did not move.

"If you want me to," she observed, "I will stay here. If you tell me that I must, I will. But you'd better let me go, Stephen." She stretched her legs out toward the burning logs. "We got married in too much of a hurry. I never realized it until I saw Mary Ward."

Stephen felt relieved. He would soon dispel this idea of Mary Ward.

"Wha-what do you mean—Mary Ward? What's she got to do with it?"

"I never understood what a man like you was—all the things you were, until I talked to her. You can't change, Stephen; and neither can I. I've tried, and it's no good. I'm not the sort of woman you ought to have married."

Stephen brought his fist down on the mantelpiece.

"Wha-what sort of poisonous rubbish have you and Mary Ward been talking?" he demanded. "Mary Ward? She's just



the sort of woman I've spent all my life running away from. You're mad."

"You don't understand, Stephen. I'm not jealous. I wasn't even jealous when you wanted to talk to her and not me. It was understood; it was perfectly natural. Besides, she's too good a woman to ever hurt you. You don't understand. It isn't what you think you think; it's what you really think. You've tried to get rid of a lot of things, just the way I have; we've tried to meet, coming from opposite directions, but it's no good. We can't do it. And you shouldn't try, anyhow. The things you have are right, only I can't learn them."

"Th-they're not right," said Stephen; "they're rotten." He felt as if some one had a hand at his throat, making words impossible. "I suppose," he suggested caustically, "Mary Ward explained all this carefully to you."

"It doesn't make any difference who explained it; it's true. It's a cursed lie—that's what it is. A man or a woman can be anything they want, if they want it hard enough."

"Yes, if they want it hard enough. Now, I want to go back to New York."

"Well, you can't help
seein' men, dearie,"
objected Miss Tour-
neur; "they're awful
numerous."



away from
as. I wasn't
not me. I
s too good
It isn't what
You've tried
we've tried
od. We can't
ags you have
rotten." He
ng words in
"Mary Ward
it; it's true
a woman can
h."
at to go back
Stephen felt himself caught in a web of feminine logic im-
possible to combat by reasonable methods.
"Would it make any difference," he asked, "to tell you
that never before had I lo-loved you better than I did this af-
ternoon driving home?"
Mercedes looked away from him. "Yes—for a day or so,
until you forgot it." She seemed to be reaching a limit of en-
durance herself.
"Yesterday afternoon," she added with a direct look, as if it
were some sort of final argument, "I let Doge Sarcy kiss me
while you were off with Mary."
Stephen again raised his fist, but this time he let it fall softly
to his side.
"Was it because you cared for him?" he asked. "Is that
the real reason you want to go back to New York?"
For a moment Mercedes did not answer, and when she did,
her voice was husky.
"You darn fool!" she said with infinite contempt. "Even the

worst woman doesn't do that four months after she's married
unless she hates her husband. And I don't hate you." She
hesitated. "I don't know why I did it. I was lonely, I suppose.
I loathed it. Perhaps it was because I didn't think it made much
difference what happened to me. But it's all right now. I've
fixed it up. I had a talk with Doge this afternoon. He under-
stands." She made a curious little sound in the darkness, some-
thing like a laugh but with the edge of a gasp in it. "So you
see—"

"See what?" Stephen caught his breath in turn.
She had kissed Doge Sarcy, and had loathed it. The cheap
childishness of the act was overlooked in the knowledge of her
attitude toward it, and in Stephen's recollection of his own much
more subtle tumult where Mary Ward had been concerned. He,
moved, had made no outward gesture; Mercedes, unmoved, had
for a moment thought to strengthen her wounded vanity. There
was an odd difference here between the psychology of a man
and a woman—"even the worst woman four months after her

"Will you tell Mr. Schlerkin," he observed, "that Mr. Hastings will either be admitted at once, or else will leave dangerously angry."

marriage." And there was an odd reminder that actions are frequently not half so serious as intentions. He would tell Mercedes what he himself was, and what, in reality, was this girl she admired and trusted. But no, that would be a further folly. Another delicate, unbreakable skein of the web flung itself across him. How make understandable what his attitude toward Mary Ward had been and was? And if he destroyed this lonely ideal Mercedes had of Mary Ward, it would only further Mercedes' present mood of self-depreciation and widen the gulf between himself and all he wanted her to be.

The moment of analysis lost him his opportunity for tenderness. Mercedes had risen and had turned on the lights. She was facing him by the table, casual once more, coolly proof, it would seem, against further argument or emotion.

"I'd like to go tomorrow," she said, "if it's all right."

Stephen stopped the words that were on his lips and nodded with the acquiescence of a defeated man.

"Ju-just as you say. You'll need some money?"

Mercedes' expression darkened.

"No—and don't you send me any. I'll tear it up. I've got five hundred dollars of my own until I get a job. I can take care of myself."

"You'll write to me?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well." Stephen moved away from the fireplace. There was nothing to do with such a mood as the one Mercedes was now in but to let it run its course. Possibly in the end it would be a good thing. He anticipated no great duration of separation. Sooner or later Mercedes would come back to him, or he would go to fetch her. But he was deeply wounded.

"Le-let me know what I can do to help you pack. I'll move my things out of your room to the guest-room." He was glad at least that everything had been so decent and restrained. It might have been otherwise.

Mercedes looked at him with wide eyes, her mouth trembling a little.

"Why do you do that? It'll be our last night together for a long while."

God in heaven! How could she say a thing like that after what she had already said? Stephen moved blindly toward the door and bumped into the approaching figure of Sluff Dennis, furious at this unannounced lateness.

"Damn you," said Stephen for the first time in the history of their intercourse, "talk to me with respect, or I'll kill you first and fire you afterward!"



Chapter Fifteen

STEPHEN did not at once begin to be altogether miserable. Even the most fortunate of husbands does not fail for a while to derive considerable pleasure out of a separation from his wife. There is a return to a wild, comfortable bachelor state never appreciated until lost, and there is a recapturing of identity and personality. The loneliness is exhilarating until it too becomes too usual.

After the first rage of hurt feelings and the sense of emptiness had passed, Stephen settled down during the month following Mercedes' departure to a gloomy acquiescence by no means entirely unhappy. He found a zest in picking up again his interrupted intimacy with Laplace, in the long days spent



"I've got Roger Keedin to ride for me, Mr. Londreth. I saw him the other day. I wouldn't let you down that way after being with you so many years. But the fact is,—” he grimaced painfully,—“I've been having rheumatism and I want to get out before the cold weather comes.”

"I'm sorry, Doge."
"I'll be sorry too, Mr. Londreth."

They shook hands with a curious wistfulness and understanding.

Fortunately Stephen was very busy. There were five hundred head of cattle to be brought down from the mountains forty miles away, and another five hundred to be gathered nearer the ranch. Also there were over a hundred horses running loose. Stephen wanted to sell all of these down to the last hoof, except for a few young cows and especially good mares, and he found a complaisant buyer who was willing at not too disastrous a price to take the entire round-up off his hands. This saved the work of cutting out beef, but there was some branding to be done

and a long drive of over a week—with four days to come back in—to the Idaho ranch where the buyer wanted his purchases located.

"There," said Stephen to Laplace, "—we're cleaned up, and just about in time, I'm thinking. If we'd done the same thing five years ago, we'd be rich. The seed we've left will build up another herd before many years, and until then we'll have practically no expenses and our increase will be velvet."

"What are we goin' to do now?" asked Sluff Dennis. "Raise tomatoes?"

The long golden days of September stretched over for a week into October, and then a sudden change occurred that presaged an early winter. A breath of something portentous and brooding passed along the valley and the hills. The round-up was completed in a snowstorm that lasted for three days and brought an agony of irritation with cold fingers and feet and slippery leathers, and stock that wanted to drift down-country. But at the end of the three days the sun came out again, and the snow disappeared more quickly than it had fallen, leaving a fortnight of cool clear weather for the drive.

"I believe now I'll stay out here for the winter, Jean," Stephen observed. "I'll have to go back East for a month or so, but I'll be back."

"You will, Meestar Londreth?" breathed Laplace with an emotion rarely shown.

together in the saddle, in the camps he and his foreman made, in the purely masculine conversations held in front of the fireplace back at the ranch-house or out somewhere on the range. There was no necessity to explain it to anyone; there was no feeling that at times it was subject to a critical, somewhat alien eye. Everything was blessedly implicit once more except, possibly, Mercedes' absence; and that he explained rather too elaborately to Laplace.

"You see, Jean, that's th-the arrangement we made when we married. My wife's very keen on her profession. I ha-had to promise her she could go back to New York."

The black level glance regarding him was polite but not convinced. "Yas—tha's nice—that acting."

Doge Sarcy had drawn his pay and departed for the blithe limbo which swallows up cowboys.

"You're going to leave before the round-up?" Stephen had asked.

Doge, slightly shamefaced but still smiling, twisted his hat in his hands.

So far there had been no news from Mercedes save a post-card from Chicago, and Stephen was strangling an increasing longing and anxiety with a firm grip. There had hardly been time for her to write, he told himself—she was not settled yet; undoubtedly she was still as confused and unable to express what she felt as he was. As for himself, he had written only the briefest of notes—but affectionate—to the address she had given, the address of a theater. He did not know what to say as yet. His pride demanded that Mercedes make the first move. When he got back from the drive, he found an envelope awaiting him with her upright childish scrawl on it. He tore it open with trembling fingers and read it again and again, trying to discover without success something written between the lines.

She had arrived safely; she was happy; she had seen a great many friends; she hadn't a job as yet, but she was promised one for the next week. What were Stephen's plans? She hoped he was coming East for a while. She hoped he had got rid of that little cough he had had just before she left. Please, if he still had it, to take care of it. The page and a half began merely with a "Dear Stephen" and ended without farewells in a simple "Mercedes."

Stephen tore the letter into tiny pieces and dropped them into his waste-paper basket. He looked out of the window toward the dark hills, swept now with hurrying clouds and fog. Then he got up and went into the room that he and Mercedes had occupied, and into which he had not gone, save for the briefest intervals, since her departure. He supposed that Mrs. Corey, engaged upon Mercedes' arrival to fix things up generally—"A kinder chambermaid is what you want, Mr. Londreth, aint it?"—and now another ghost of the past, had put it in order. He had told her to do so. But Mrs. Corey in her eagerness to get back to her own ranch had neglected this final task. The beds were stripped and their coverings put away; the gay chintz curtains were drawn a trifle; but there were still some odds and ends, worthless, or Mrs. Corey would have taken them, scattered about where Mercedes had thrown them, and dust was thick upon the floor and furniture. Dead flies hung in the corners, and one, newly arrived and learning about death, buzzed plaintively.

STEPHEN went over and ended its struggles. "You—you shouldn't have been here in the first place, you fool," he said. He looked about the room. By that window across from him he had once seen Mercedes standing in the moonlight. A tightening of his heart and muscles took him as he thought of her whiteness, her smallness. What was it all about, anyway? What had he done? What was the matter? For the first time fear, because of the very lack of explanation and lack of definiteness, caught up with him.

On the bureau there was a torn ribbon that Mercedes had used to hold the front of a dress, a stained silk scarf, an empty rouge-box, an empty scent-bottle, a few bent safety pins; on the boards before the bureau lay a raveled garter, a web of crêpe de chine, a broken comb. Just like Mercedes! She kept useless things indefinitely, and it was a struggle for her to keep her things in order. Stephen began to open the drawers of the bureau. They were empty except for a few letters and receipted bills that did not seem important, and a little red battered book that he thought he had seen somewhere before. He picked it up curiously and then gave a short choked laugh. Mercedes' dictionary! The dictionary he had thought so amusing on that hot afternoon ages ago. It was pathetic, that dictionary—charming, out of keeping. What had Mercedes been doing with a dictionary? He turned the loose and crumpled leaves—the dictionary was stained and badly cracked; Mercedes must have carried it about continuously with her, then—and came to the blank pages at the end. His eyebrows went up in a stare. The blank pages were not blank; they were covered with Mercedes' writing in pencil. She had been making notes.

"Don't use, 'Kid.' S. doesn't like it. 'Pep.' That is, not too much. Don't use, 'Don't you love it?' Not at all. Don't use, 'booze.' Say the name of the particular drink. Say, 'dear,' not 'dearie.' (Be careful about your legs.) Don't touch people with your hands. Don't swear too much. 'Damn' isn't bad; 'hell' is too rough. August 2nd, 1924." "It is just as bad to be too careful in your language as it is to be too careless. A horse and a stallion are different. So's a steer, a heifer (a cow, of course) and a bull. Chickens have different names too; learn them. Only young men like to be talked to much. August 9th, 1924." "Words were meant to express what you mean, not hide it. Don't always try to be funny. Heaton, 'Camp-Cookery and Camping.' Salt Lake Publishing Company. Salt Lake City, Utah. \$1.75. There's

lots of slang out here, but most of it isn't good. Don't say a thing is 'sure' this or that. 'What Bird Is That?' Frank M. Chapman. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. C. . . . Frenchmen are not 'frogs,' neither are Italians 'wops,' 'dagoes.' That blue flower is called *Lupine*."

FOR a moment Stephen could not see. What a fool he had been! What a fool! He put the book in the pocket of his shirt and striding back to the room from which he had just come, sat down to write a letter to Mercedes. To begin with, he could not write because of the dimness of his eyes and the trembling of his hand, but as the words began to flow more steadily, the first overwhelming tenderness that had confused his brain but clarified his heart, began to ebb, and he paused and looked up. Finally he put aside his pen and sat staring at the ceiling.

No, whatever had been Mercedes' intentions and feelings when she had written those notes, that phase had passed. The letter he had just received from her showed that, and he could not write to her without reserve until she showed some signs of relenting, could not lay himself open again to further wounding. If he called her back now, and she came, or he went to her—called her back or went to her before she herself was entirely willing—it would be merely to renew and take up where it had been left the misunderstanding that had separated them. Absence and distance must produce their effect of unqualified desire.

He crumpled up the sheet he had written and began upon another. This time he was descriptive, friendly, but made no suggestions or demands. He would come East whenever Mercedes wanted him. All she had to do was to say the word. Or if she grew tired of acting, he would come and take her back West. She was to let him know immediately if she wanted money. She knew that he loved her. When he had finished, because he was feverishly stirred and restless, he went down to the corral, caught his horse, saddled him and rode out into the sober afternoon.

A devil of disconsolateness drove him south toward his former ranch and the two lakes above it. He avoided the road into what was now the construction-camp, and taking a trail to the right, passed through a belt of somber autumn forest and came out upon a little rise of ground near where the stream from the upper lake had once emptied itself into the lower. He had not been here since the last days of June—four months ago—not since the arrival of the first workmen and machinery; but he had heard that Welkins had succeeded in putting in a temporary dam and was holding the water back for preliminary tests. Slowly his eyes took in what had happened. He slid from his horse's back and stood with folded arms, looking down. Much as he knew of what water could do, and numerous as were the ruined lakes he had seen, he had not been prepared for this. The narrow ravine of the outlet once choked, the big flow from the snowfields above had done its work quickly. The high-water level had been by no means reached as yet, but Stephen could imagine its final line—almost up to where he was standing; and already the contours of the shore were entirely changed and the muddy flood, pushing back, had wiped out the inlet and was creeping up the sloping valley beyond to disfigure in its turn the other and lovelier lake.

Rank after rank, the great cathedral pines stood waist deep in slime and discolored swamp. A brown froth girdled them and ringed the slopes beyond where further pines and firs and mountain ash and aspens waited destruction. On the surface of the lake debris floated, logs, and bark and grasses and a scum of pine needles on baffled currents. But even this was nothing, as Stephen knew, to what anyone would see in a few years. Then the soaring pines would be dead, gaunt and bleached and skeleton-like, and the aspens would be tortured ghosts, and as the waters fell with the passing of summer, mud flats would be left, foul-smelling and obscene. A gray heron rose in the gray dusk and soared westward. It seemed to Stephen a spirit, hurt and reflective, leaving a destruction it could not understand.

With a rage he had not known since the war, Stephen climbed on his horse, wheeled him about and rode furiously back in the direction he had come.

Chapter Sixteen

VIZATELLE was finishing an essay entitled "Impatience." It wasn't an especially good essay, and he did not like it very much, but there were things in it he wanted to say. He was becoming increasingly weary with post-war destructiveness and the young anarchists, who by now should (Continued on page 130)

71 12/00

That Jocelyn Girl

by
Samuel
Merwin

Realized in Pictures by
James Montgomery Flagg



Faith Jocelyn



Jack Jocelyn,
Faith's Father



Charlie Jackson,
the Circus Press Agent

Synopsis:

FAITH JOCELYN puzzled much about her father, whom she knew only as an interesting-looking grayish man, always traveling. Twice a year her Aunt Ellen, with whom she lived, took her to meet him at luncheon. At their last meeting one Joe, a young man with a scarred face, had been present.

Just after Faith's graduation from school, her Aunt Ellen died. With Grace Dealing, a friend, Faith searched the dead woman's apartment for her father's address and came upon a typewritten paper headed, "LONG-MAINE'S WORLD-EMBRACING SHOWS," with, below, a list of cities and dates. Her father traveled with the circus! In the morning, she caught a westbound train.

On the train she met the strange young man called Joe, and he went with her to their destination. They found the parade just breaking up after its return from the streets.

"I don't come on the lot much," said Joe, queerly. "But I'll meet you after the performance right over there, at the end of the banners. It'll be your one chance." He looked about. "See that tall fellow? That's Frank Watson—Blanco, you know, the star clown. —Hey, Frank! Thought you wouldn't mind passing a good-looking girl in, Frank. Meet Miss Johnson."

"That's not my name!" cried Faith. Joe, with a mock bow and a, "See you later," strode away. "It's Faith Jocelyn. I've come to find my father," the girl went on.

She felt the blue eyes taking her in. She liked this man. "If you'll wait here," he said, shyly, "we'll find seats."

Faith watched him with deep interest during the performance. Later, outside, she met Joe again. "It's just a chance," said he. "If you see him, don't speak or move."

The crowd streamed past. Faith felt Joe's hand grip her arm. Her eyes rested on a big, red-faced man with a diamond in his shirt-front. Then she saw her father, moving with a leisurely dignity. She started forward, only to be jerked back. She heard Joe's harsh whisper: "Want to land him in prison?" The progress of the big man was checked momentarily by a group of others pushing through, John Jocelyn among them. Mr. Red-face came on again; then a friend spoke quickly, and he looked down. His diamond was gone. He cried out profanely.



Joe, One of
Jocelyn's Gang



Frank Watson
(Blanco, the Clown)



Grace Dealing

"That's that," said Joe. "You wont see your dad to-night."

"But I must!" she breathed. "What has he to—" "Simple enough," Joe smiled in his queer way. "He's got the rock. He's off in his car by now. He'll turn up tomorrow at the new stand."

Faith fled blindly—sought the railway station. Joe followed, and at the ticket office snatched a roll of money from a man buying a ticket at the window, thrust it into Faith's hand, and made his escape. Faith returned the money to the victim—but one Charlie Jackson of the circus press-department saw her take the money and did not see her give it back.

Joe sought Faith out again and promised to take her to her father. Suspicious and bewildered, she sought counsel of the only person in whom she had confidence—Frank the clown. The clown punished Joe with a proper beating; but in the argument that followed, Jackson testified that Faith had accepted the stolen money; and Frank, believing Faith a crook like her father, left her to her own devices.

Afterward Joe succeeded in convincing Faith that he really would take her to her father, and she left with Joe in a car—only to find herself presently locked in an upstairs room of a roadhouse with Joe threatening her. Desperate, she contrived to snatch Joe's pistol from him, and as he strove to strike up her hand, fired. (Now turn the page and read on:)



JOE slipped to the floor at her feet and lay inert, with blood running from a groove in his forehead. Slowly, hardly breathing, still clutching the pistol, she backed away. She never knew how long she stood there. He stirred, after a time, and moaned.

A little later he opened his eyes. "Well," she heard him say, "you got me, didn't you?" And in dazed fashion he raised himself on an elbow. Then—

The door burst open, and Frank Watson and her father—who had learned of her journey with Joe and guessed his destination—were in the room.

It was her father who took the pistol from her hand. Joe was whining again. She caught words: "I lost my head, Jack. . . . Never meant any harm. . . . Thought you'd be here—talk things over." And she saw him trying in a fumbling way to wipe the blood from his eyes. He whined on: "She got it all wrong. Honest! Think I'd harm anything belonging to you, Jack? Why, I'd die before I'd—oh, for God's sake, Jack, don't shoot! Why, I'll—"

The clown supported Faith with a strong arm, led her toward the door. "Get her away, Frank," she heard her father's cold voice say. "Take Joe's car. He won't need it any more."



Frank felt the girl shudder and turned. Jocelyn stood over Joe, revolver in hand. Gently but very quickly Frank seated Faith on the bed and leaped to Jocelyn's side. There was a brief tussle, but the clown was the stronger. Wrenching the revolver away, he slipped it into his pocket and bent over the wounded man, wiping the blood away with his own handkerchief and closely examining the wound. After a moment he said roughly, "Get up!" and jerked the whimpering thief to his feet.

"You're not hurt," he continued, "not as you deserve. It only grazed the scalp. Thing for you to do is to go. Take your

car and get out as fast as you can. The back way. Buy some iodine, and tape it up."

Joe hesitated, and glanced about the room. Faith sat motionless, staring at the wall. Jocelyn, lips compressed, merely looked on.

"I tell you," whined Joe, "you had me wrong, Jack." Nobody replied. And then, with a shrug, the fellow let himself out the door and softly closed it. They could hear him running down the stairs. A distant door slammed. A moment later they heard a motor starting.

He was gone.



THE clown glanced from the father to the girl. He spoke the one word, "Jack!" But Jocelyn stood motionless, still pressing his lips tightly together, frowning a little. There were new deep lines in his face. He looked older, really old. Frank took his arm and led him, unresisting, out into the hall, where they confronted a nervous but curiously impassive group of house hangers-on drawn to the place by the sound of the shot.

Jocelyn lifted his head to growl: "Beat it!" There was no lingering.

"Well, Jack," said the clown when they were alone, "what are you going to do?"

The only indication that Jocelyn heard him was a twitching of the seamed face.

"You can't leave the girl knocking around alone, you know. She's a good kid, Jack. She's got your courage, but she'll never follow you into your crooked life. She's your daughter, Jack."

Now the coldest and shrewdest of diamond-thieves was trying to speak. For a moment his lips moved without sound; but finally the words became articulate. "There's only one thing to do, Frank. I'm through. I'm going straight. I'm fifty-six, but maybe there's a few decent years left to me. I'll take care of her, Frank. I'll live for her." He thrust out an unsteady hand.



The clown took it, and with a short, "Now you're talking, Jack," led him back into the room. Faith hadn't moved.

Frank waited for the father to speak. But Jack Jocelyn found himself at last in a situation so profoundly moving that all the cool desperation of his long career availed him not at all. The silence deepened and lengthened. At length Jocelyn, with a gesture, moved brokenly toward the window.

"Faith," the clown began, in an unsteady voice, "your father is going straight the rest of his life. He has promised me. He's going to take care of you."

The girl shivered, and shook her head. "No," she said. She

couldn't explain herself. "No. No." Tears came then. And like a child, gropingly, she found his hand and clung to it. The clown's eyes filled. Jack Jocelyn turned away and tapped on the windowpane.

"But you can't just go out on your own—" This much Frank contrived to say before she got to her feet, sobbing out:


"Take me to the railway."

"But where can you go?"

She could say nothing more articulate than: "Friends—New York."

She made her way to the door.

X



"COME, Jack," said Frank; and the three went silently down the stairs, through the maudlin din, to the motor in the road. Blindly Faith kept her face averted from her father. And he, hurt beyond concealment, far beyond pride, took his place at the wheel. Frank made room for her at the end of the single seat; and crowded thus together, without one spoken word, they drove through the dawn to a railway station in an upstate city. Faith hurried from the car to the ticket-window. The two men followed. The father spoke, huskily: "It's been a shock to the child, Frank. I'll have to give her time. Here,"—thrusting out a yellow bank-note,—"buy her ticket!"

Frank drew her from the window, saying gently: "Are you sure you want to leave him like this, Faith dear? After all—"

But her face was set. "Well, then, let me get your ticket." Her eyes flashed. "Did he give you that?" Plainly he had. Frank couldn't lie. In a low, passionate voice she said: "I'll never touch a cent of that stolen money!"

"But what can you do?"

"Just what lots of girls have to do. Find work. Keep alive somehow!"

She stepped quickly back to the window. There was no New York train for three hours.

Faith stood outside, looking clean, his thrusting out a yellow bank-note, Faith, other



Faith sat forlornly on a bench in the waiting-room. Frank stood by the shuttered news-stand. Jack Jocelyn sat in his car outside, thinking blackly. An hour had passed when the clown took the seat beside the girl. "Faith," he said, "my life's been damn. I've put away money enough." There was a choke in his throat. "I'm not good enough for you, dear, but I'm going to ask if you could think of marrying me." A long time he pleaded. "We've lived through a good deal, Faith. I reckon we know each other. There's never been another girl for me, and there never will be."

THE END

At last her hand slipped hesitantly into his.

Jocelyn came toward them, his shoulders stiffened back. "I can't let you go like this, Faith," he began, "alone and—"

"It's all right, Jack," said Frank. "We're going to be,"—his voice broke,— "married."

"Oh!" was all the father could say. "Oh!" Then: "I want you to know I'm making what restitution I can. I—perhaps some day—" He went out and drove away into the dawn.

Faith was crying softly, and twisting her handkerchief. Frank, a prayer in his heart, took her into his protecting arms.

Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor

When William Hamilton Osborne isn't writing fiction, he is trying cases before the courts of New Jersey and points east, for he is a lawyer by profession and a writer by preference. So it happens, perhaps, that his stories are the result of peculiar incidents and interesting people he has encountered in his large and varied practice.



"I'm not worried about you, Stan," lied his uncle glibly. "But there's somebody else that troubles me."

A Rum Proposal

By William Hamilton Osborne

MR. BARTHOLOMEW CRISP was much perturbed. Gascoyne's, a tidy and most exclusive little gambling-hell on Forty-fifth Street, had been the subject of a raid the night before. Mr. Bartholomew Crisp's nephew Stan had been among those present. Stan had been taken, with the rest, before a night-court magistrate, had given an assumed name and place of residence, had furnished bail, had been bound over to appear at nine next morning. It was now three in the afternoon. And Mr. Crisp was much disturbed.

Not because of the Gascoyne raid, however, nor because of the detail of his nephew's advent there. Mr. Crisp himself had invoked the gods of chance at Gascoyne's on many an idle evening. No, there was something else that worried him. That something else was Stan himself. To Mr. Crisp, when he thought of Stan, his only next of kin, as his close companion, Stan was everything. When Mr. Crisp permitted—or compelled—himself to stand aloof and view the situation with impartial eye, his deduction was alarming. To Mr. Crisp, at such times, Stan was nothing.

He had no fault to find with what Stan did. Stan did what others did. Stan did the things that were expected of him. It

was what Stan *didn't* do that worried Mr. Crisp. For Stan was not a sheep; he was not a fish: he was a human being. He was capable of doing, and he didn't do; he was capable of thinking, and he didn't think; he was capable of living, and he didn't live.

Stan's youthful, rambling footsteps sounded in the next room. Bartholomew Crisp knew Stan's footsteps—he knew all the sounds Stan made. He loved 'em. What he would do without all those sounds around the house he didn't know. But now he braced himself; he cleared his decks for action.

Stan swung into the room, sank into a chair and wiped his brow.

"Some siege!" said Stan. "He kept us there all day."

"Suspended sentence?" queried Mr. Crisp.

"Oh, no, not even that," said Stan; "he let us go."

"I would have telephoned to find out," nodded the young man's uncle, "but I was afraid of the switch-girl and the reporters."

Stan nodded in return. "I didn't see a single newspaper man I knew," he said, "and so that's that."

"Gascoyne's done for?" queried Bartholomew Crisp.

"Gascoyne says not," returned Stan; "says he'll start up a block away—let everybody know."

Bartholomew Crisp drew forth his private check-book. "Stan," he remarked, "have I got the figures right? Do I understand it as forty-seven thousand that you lost in Gascoyne's place last night?"

Stan started. "I was going to tell you," he returned. "How did you find out?"

"You told me at three o'clock this morning," said his uncle.

"So I did," said Stan.

His uncle poised his pen in air. "Owe this to Gascoyne," he queried, "or were you in a private game?"

"Private game," said Stan. "I've got to split it up. You'll make the check to me?"

"Naturally," said his uncle. He laid down his pen for a moment and drummed with his fingers on the table. "Stan," he queried, "do you figure that this private game was straight?"

His nephew changed color. He hesitated. "Well," he said at length, "I haven't any evidence that it wasn't."

"Play with the same bunch again?" persisted his uncle.

Stan slowly shook his head. "I think not, on the whole," he answered.

Bartholomew Crisp chuckled. "Live and learn!" he said.

Live and learn—there was the keynote of all he had to say to Stan; there was the burden of the song he had to sing. If Stan would only live, he'd learn. But Stan, so far, hadn't lived.

"Live and learn," repeated Stan's uncle.

"Something like that," grinned Stan.

Bartholomew Crisp wrote out a check. There was nothing legible upon his check but the figures. The payee's name was a Chinese puzzle. The signature was little more than a straight line. But it was a signature known in counting-houses all around the world. To the uninitiated, the only identifying link between the signature and the man consisted in the engraved name of the maker at the extreme left of the check. Bartholomew Crisp blotted the check, tore it deftly from its leather casing, held it in front of him an instant—regarded it regretfully.

He braced himself once more. "Stan," he remarked casually, "do you know that this check represents two years' income on a ten-laden million dollars?"

Stan started—but not much. "No," he cried, "I don't."

"I'll prove it to you," said his uncle. He proved it, with a pencil and a piece of paper. "Stan," he went on, "this check that you're glibbing up among a few questionable bounders—this money would do things that you don't reckon on. Just as it stands, it would support forty-seven single men for one whole year."

"Tell that to the marines," said Stan.

"If you put this forty-seven thousand out at interest," persisted his uncle, "the income would support one family from now till doomsday, and at doomsday you'd still have your forty-seven thousand dollars still intact."

"Tell that to the marines," merrily repeated Stan.

Bartholomew Crisp stirred uneasily in his chair. He was beginning to be deeply disappointed. He had made these simple calculations with a purpose—there had been method in his madness. He had paved the way for Stan to make a move. There was, distinctly, a move for Stan to make. Stan didn't make the move. He stood pat. What was the matter

with the boy? Was he side-stepping, stalling, putting off the evil moment? No, clearly Stan was doing none of these things; clear and straightforward was his glance, his manner wholly frank. There was, then, but one explanation to it all—the boy had forgotten that there was any move to make.

"Stan," said Bartholomew at length, "you needn't worry about last night at all."

His nephew breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks," he returned, "for to tell the truth, I was worried about last night a bit—on your account."

His uncle's smile was reassuring. "You don't ever have to worry about me," rejoined Bartholomew Crisp.

"You're no end of a brick," cried his nephew gratefully.

"And I'm not worried about you, Stan," lied his uncle glibly.

"What's mine is yours—I've told you so. But there's somebody else that troubles me."

"Somebody else?" echoed Stan, wondering.

"There's somebody else," repeated Stan's uncle, "that troubles me: *your son!*"

Stan stared at his uncle. "My son!" he echoed. "I haven't any son."

"Not now," conceded Bartholomew, "but sometime you'll have a son."

"Oh, as to that—" said Stan.

Bartholomew Crisp gripped his nephew by the arm. "And I want to know *now*, Stan," he went on, "that when you have a son, you'll be able to pass him out a forty-seven-thousand-dollar check, just as easily as I've passed this check out to you. I may be dead and gone then, but I'd like to know that now."

Stan stared at his uncle again—kept staring at him. Some sharp memory stirred within him. "I get you, Uncle Bart," he cried remorsefully. "I ought to be tarred and feathered for forgetting. We had a compact, you and I—"

"It was *your* compact," interposed his uncle.

"It was *my* compact," conceded Stan. "I agreed with you that if I ever got into another scrape—"

His uncle nodded. "Stan," he said, "do you remember what I told you of yourself before you made that compact?"

"I remember everything," said Stan. "You proved to me conclusively that I didn't know the value of a dollar, and that I didn't know the value of myself. You happen to be wrong in one respect. I have very comprehensive—and discouraging—information as to the value of myself."

"Which proves," returned his uncle, "that you haven't made the slightest investigation of the subject."

"In addition to that concession," went on Stan, "I'll concede also that I'm a bit rusty on the value of the dollar."

His uncle looked him squarely in the eye. "Those are details," said Bartholomew Crisp. "I don't mind telling you that you've got one fatal defect of character that casts all others in the shade."

"You mean that?" demanded Stan.

"Twining," went on Gratacap, "the only way for a man who is a bungler is to lay his cards on the table—"



"I mean that," returned his uncle.

"What," queried Stan, "is that defect?"

"That is a thing," returned his uncle, "that you must find out for yourself. The point now is—your compact—"

"I know," said Stan. "I told you that I'd break loose from you and go out and dig a decent living out of life or die in the attempt. And glory be, I will. The hour has struck."

"Now that it has struck," said his uncle, "do you think you can go out and earn a decent living, Stan?"

"I can't do the impossible," returned the nephew. "Make it easy. What do you call a decent living, Uncle Bart?"

"Do you think," smiled his uncle, "that you are capable of earning a thousand dollars a year?"

"A thousand!" grunted Stan. "I'm capable of earning ten. I can get a job at twenty thousand overnight."

"Where can you get a job at twenty thousand overnight?" queried his uncle.

"Folkrod," said Stan, "will give me a job at any time I say the word. He thinks I ought to settle down."

"And he'll pay you twenty thousand?" queried Bartholomew Crisp.

"He will," said Stan.

"For what?" asked his uncle.

"For my services," said Stan.

Bartholomew Crisp smiled a wide smile. "He'll pay you twenty thousand dollars because you're my nephew, Stan," he said, "because my influence is worth twenty times twenty thousand to him in any single year; because he's got a marriageable daughter, and you're my only heir. That's what he'll pay you for—not for services. You won't earn a dollar of his pay. You are going out to earn some money, not to have some money thrown at you. Am I right?"

"Right you are," said Stan. "I'm off. How much money do you expect me to pull down?"

"I don't care what you pull down," returned his uncle. "I want you to live on what you earn. I want you to know how hard it is to get a steady job. I want you to know how hard it is to keep it. I want you to know how hard it is to work for money. I want you to know; that's all. I'm not looking for success. I don't care a tinker's dam whether you start with a poor job and finish with a good one, or start with a good one and finish with a poor one. The harder you work and the less you get along, the better satisfied I'll be. For in the end, you'll know."

"Haven't much confidence in me, have you?" smiled Stan.

She was frank. "I do take this pretty much to heart," she said. "You're the only person I've ever said this to."

"You come back here in six months," said his uncle, "and tell me how much confidence you've got in yourself, Stan."

"Not in six months," said Stan. "I'll keep my compact. I won't be back until my education is complete."

Bartholomew Crisp placed his hand upon his nephew's shoulder. "Look here, Stan," said his uncle gently. "It's my doings that you've been brought up the way you have. I'm strong for you, Stan—strong for you, because you're just like me. You walk like me. You talk like me. And whisper, Stan—you're a homely cuss like me. Oh, yes, you are. It takes fifteen hundred dollars' worth of fixings to make either one of us pass muster, Stan. And my head's almost solid ivory. And so is yours. And look here, Stan," he went on, "I won't blame you if you holler out for help just once or twice. Stan, don't you be too stiff about this thing. You come back now and then and pull your uncle's leg."

Stan shook his head. "We had a dicker about that too," he said.

"I've forgotten," said his uncle.

"If I come back and pull your leg," said Stan, "it's understood that for every dollar that I ask you for, one hundred dollars goes to the hospitals when you die. A hundred-to-one shot. And I'm game. There's just one thing," said Stan. "I want a line on that particularly fatal defect of character that you say I've got. If I know about it, it'll help me as I go along."

"No thoroughfare," returned his uncle, "—not now. I'll tell you about it when you come back to pull my leg."

"It's never, then," said Stan. He started toward the door. His uncle held him back.

"Wait, wait, Stan," his uncle cried remorsefully. "Listen. I don't want to break up any little party. Is there, now—a girl?"

Stan laughed cheerily. "Not one—there's half a dozen, Uncle Bart," he cried. "Let's go." In another instant he was gone.

THE insistent toot of an automobile horn sounded through the open office windows. Gratacap, as was his wont, thrust his head out—waved his hand.

"I'm on my way," he cried. He drew forth his watch. "It's half-past five," he said. He strode to the corner of the room and tapped his confidential clerk upon the shoulder.

"Twining," said Gratacap, "it's time to quit. My daughter is waiting for me. I'll say good night."

He said good night, but evidently he didn't mean good night. He stood there for a moment, looking blankly at his clerk—clearly he had something on his mind. He rushed off, darted through the door and halfway down the stairs. In another instant he was back again. Once more he tapped his clerk upon the shoulder.

"Richard," he faltered, "got anything to do tonight?"

"Nothing but dinner at my boarding-house," returned his clerk.

"And nothing else?" cried Gratacap.

"Not a blessed thing," said Twining.

Gratacap gulped. It seemed hard for him to get out the words. "Why not," he stammered, "take supper at my house, with my daughter Sally, and myself?"

There was no hesitation on the part of Richard Twining. "You're on—I'm on," he returned. (Continued on page 139)

"and tell
compact. I
's shoulder,
doings that
ng for you.
You walk
—you're a
een hundred
pass muster,
vours. And
you holler
be too stiff
en and pull
t that too."

Stan, "it's
ou for, one
ou die. A
s just one
sularly fatal
if I know
now. I'll
y leg."
oward the
"Listen,
here, now
ily. "Not
a down,
d. "Let's
stant he

stent too
omobile
d through
office win-
tacap, as
nt, thrust
t—waved

ny way,"
ed. He
orth his
"It's
st five,"
d. He
to the
of the
and
his con-
clerk
ulder.
said
time to
laughter
or me.
night."
didn't
oment,
some-
through
s. In
more
to do
clerk.
at the
house,
riming
159)

Some years ago this magazine published a story that seemed to go around the world. It was called "Salome—Where She Danced," and it gave its first fame to the Arizona desert spot that later Dick Wick Hall was to make known throughout America. Here's another tale by the man who wrote that one, and it's no less striking.

By
Michael J.
Phillips

Illustrated by
Clark Agnew

Back to Apple Harbor

"Deputy sheriff," corrected the visitor. "I suppose you know what I'm here for."

"HELLO, Blunt!" remarked the stranger who had appeared in the doorway. The young man sprawled at ease, his feet resting alongside the typewriter, answered mildly: "Got me wrong, haven't you?"

"Oh, I guess not. You're Jack Hobart out here, but you're John H. Blunt back in Apple Harbor, Maine."

"So that's it."

"Ayah—that's it. You know who I am, don't you—now?"

The other's glance swept the thick figure which, standing in the deeply embrasured doorway of the adobe building, shut out the glare of the afternoon sun. The light had been almost unbearable in its reflection from the yellow sand of the back yard.

The glance took in the black derby, set aslant above a fat red face, down which rivulets of sweat crawled; the wilted collar and striped shirt, dubiously clean; the blue serge suit; the vivid tan shoes with high, round toes. He nodded.

"Certainly. You're an officer of the law—constable, or something."

"Deputy sheriff," corrected the visitor. "You know what I'm here for, I suppose." Unbidden, he sat on a chair near the outer door. He wiped his face with his handkerchief, and exhaled gustily. "Whew! It's hot!"

"Suppose you tell me." The young man still leaned back, hands clasped behind his head. "Just to get the record clear."

"Well, you're Blunt—" A telegraph instrument, setting on an iron standard, and enclosed in a box with an open front, suddenly burst into lively chatter. Had the young man been sitting normally at the typewriter, it would have been on a line with his left ear and perhaps two feet away. At the sound, the other stopped.

"Go ahead," invited the lazing one. "That doesn't mean anything. I don't take stuff after three unless it's a big story."

"Well,"—the caller raised his voice a little to compete with the clicking,—"Blunt, five feet eleven inches, weight a hundred and sixty, blue eyes, dark hair, telegraph operator in the office of the Mineral Wells Journal, is wanted for embezzlement of six hundred and eleven dollars and seventy-two cents of the funds of the Great Northeastern Telegraph Company while agent at Apple Harbor. Blunt's a veteran of the World War." The hard blue eyes flickered to the coat which hung above the younger man's head, and to the service button in the lapel.

The telegraph instrument stopped its staccato racket. "And I'm the guy?"

Emphatically the caller nodded. "That's your description, Blunt, and you know it. You're the guy."

THE shirt-sleeved man took his feet from the desk and lighted a cigarette. "How'd you find out where I,"—he corrected himself,—"where Blunt—"

"Your brother-in-law, the letter you wrote asking how your sister was."

"Oh, the letter to—" He paused.

"Ayah! The letter to Eph Perkins."

"Eph Perkins," the young man stated dispassionately, "is a skunk."

"Quite a friend of the sheriff's." The deputy was unconscious of irony. "Got lots of money, too."

The other surveyed him through the cigarette-smoke. "If I'm Blunt, how come I never saw you around Apple Harbor?"

"Because I wasn't there in your time—policeman in Portland six-seven years. But my cousin, Jake Walton, was elected sheriff, so he had me come down as chief deputy."

"I see; so you get this nice trip coming out after me—after Blunt, for six hundred bucks. Pretty soft!"

The deputy shuffled his feet protestingly, and mopped his face again. "Not so damn soft," he grunted. "I never see such hot weather."

The younger man's quizzical expression endured. "Still—" He paused, and then went on abruptly: "I take it Jake's after a record. Election this fall again, isn't it?"

A little temper flared. "What if it is? What's that to you? You pinched the coin, didn't you? It's our duty to bring you back."

"Oh, business is business." Airily the young man waved his hand, and then said sharply: "I suppose you've blabbed all over town you were after me?"

"I aint told a soul," protested the deputy. "I just got in. Went to police headquarters for a man to make the pinch— What's the matter with this burg, anyway?" he broke off. "There wasn't a cop in the place."

"The whole force," smiled the other, "chief and four men, is over south in the mountains, trailing a couple of bad *hombres* who stuck up the bank at Tempe. Pretty near the whole town is with 'em. I couldn't go; you never know when something big is coming in over the wire."

"You was going somewheres, though." The visitor tilted his head toward a leather suitcase by the wall. The initials "J. B. H." were printed across the end.

"Thought some of going up to Phoenix for the week-end. Now what? I'm a little rusty on the etiquette of being pinched."

"Well," explained the deputy, "if you'll waive extradition, we can get a train East"—he looked at his watch—"in twenty minutes. If you want, I'll have to lock you up and go to the capital. This is Saturday afternoon—probably we couldn't get away before Tuesday or Wednesday."

"Sure they'd extradite me?"

"Dead sure, Blunt. I got the papers all in order. You'd be only wasting time. Cost you money for a lawyer, too."

The young man considered. "Well, maybe you're right," he said at last. He rose and put on his coat. "Say, will you do one little thing for me? I sort of hate to go down Main Street. You know—some of my friends might see me. It's only a block to the station. Mind if we go down the alley and sit in the crossing-tender's shack till Number Six comes along?"

"That'll be all right," returned the deputy, relief and almost cordiality in his voice. "Glad you're sensible about not fightin' extradition. Lot of trouble and expense—" He stopped. His eyes roamed embarrassedly about the whitewashed, low-ceiled room. "By the way, if you want to say good-bye to your wife, there's another train at eleven-fifty-five tonight. I'd just as soon wait."

A new respect came into the other man's eyes. "Thanks, a lot," he replied gravely. "You're a good scout. But we can catch the Limited. You see—I'm not—living with her."

"Not living with her?" The deputy turned, astonished. "Why, Eph Perkins said he never see two people who thought so much of each other. Said you just worshiped the ground she walked on; when she got sick, you took the telegraph company's money to bring her out here where she could get well. You'd never been in trouble till then. And—" Perplexed, he sopped once more his shining forehead.

"People change—" began the young man. The telegraph instrument clacked out with its curious urgency. "That's important," he broke off. "Just a minute." He seated himself at the typewriter, in which there were a double sheet and a carbon. His fingers raced over the keyboard. Then, "That's all," he announced, rising. "City editor'll get it when he comes back."

"She's still clickin'," observed the deputy.

"Doesn't mean a thing," the young man assured him. "I got the heart of it." He picked up the suitcase. "Let's go, old-timer."

A TALL young man, his shoulders bowed, tragedy in his eyes, came into the telegraph-room a half-hour later. He hung up his straw hat, and dropped lifelessly into the chair at the typewriter. His eyes caught the sentences on the sheet of paper:

"Dear Jack:

"A deputy sheriff from Apple Harbor, Maine, mistook me for you, just now, and I let him. I'm billed to leave town on Number Six with him. Doc Cowles was in and said Jessie can't last more than a few hours. We have four good days before they find out the bloomer. It'll be all over by then, and Jessie won't need to know. I'm not telling you what to do. You can beat it if you want to. But the sheriff's up for reelection, and this break would finish him. If you'll come, wire me care the sheriff. He'll help get the money from your relatives to square things. I'll admire shaking down personally your brother-in-law, Eph Perkins. Say, pinch hit a little for me, will you? The sheet's all set to go out at four o'clock. If they get those stick-up men, make a one-column box for the first page. Otherwise the story's in type. Sorry I had to walk off with your laundry, but the initials on that suitcase just rounded out the bluff. So long, buddy. "BILL."

THE INVESTOR

(Continued from page 56)

spats were equal to collateral, and his waistcoat to three good names upon the back of a piece of rectangular paper.

"Yes suh!" agreed Latham heartily. "Sho' is got money. Aint see no use in hoein' no mo' cotton when my money work fo' me. I likes see ev'y dollar fotch home li'l two-bit piece ev'y Sat'day night fo' hits wages."

"I und'stands; I und'stands you perfectly," cooed Mr. Toomb. "You is conserv'tive but avaricious, Mist' Hooper. You seeks no large returns, but is sa'sfied wid a sound dividend rate—say three hund'ed per cent. Aint I right?"

"Sho' is shoutin'. Three hund'ed cents on de dollar is jes' whut I's lookin' fo'. Let de town niggers look out—I's come to Bumin'ham to git mine!"

"Den hit's jes' nat'ually fortunate dat we meets. I advises you not to have no truck wid de mess of crooks dat I prev'ously refers to. I has supe'ior 'vestments to show you jes' soon as you is ready to look over

de real-estate market wid me. Dat's sound 'vestment always, Mist' Hooper; cain't nobody move de dirt."

"Aint hit so! Jes' set still whilst I finds my hired boy Gladstone, Mist' Toomb. I 'bleeged to lock him in whilst I's out 'tendin' to busness. He follers bands and unfawns so much I cain't hardly git no work out of him since he got heah to town."

BUT search revealed nothing save that Gladstone had gone out early to breakfast—at Latham's expense—and had not yet returned.

"Nemmind; I knows whar he is at," stated Latham disgustedly. "I talks to him wid a bedslat'soon's I gits me some time. Right now we looks at dem 'vestments."

"Certainly, Mist' Hooper. My boy Bismark, he downstairs now wid de cab."

"Whar at you gwine, Poppa?" inquired the villainous-looking Bismark as they entered his vehicle.

"We looks at de busness prop'ty fust.

Drive out Fo'th Avenue. Den we sees some 'partments."

Honking, sputtering, back-firing, Bismark edged out into the traffic stream. Latham grinned happily. This was the way to do business—lots of noise, so the sidewalk niggers could be suitably impressed. No sense at all in hiding your investments under a bush!

They swung into Fourth Avenue, only to be caught in a traffic jam before a theater of familiar aspect. Familiar, too, was the stalwart and uniformed figure in red and gold standing before it. And disgustingly familiar was the rest of the picture—seven feet of A. E. F. veteran parked, pop-eyed and spellbound, within easy eye-range of the uniform. To make him even more loathsome, he had four different-colored ice-cream cones in one hand, and was feeding himself from a fifth held in the other.

"Sho' gwine kill dat boy soon's I gits me time," Latham promised his companion. "He so triflin' he make me tired; always

Only the choicest parts of the tomato
are in Campbell's Tomato Soup!



12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

hangin' round dat picture show watchin' dat big nigger in de red suit."

"Yeah, he look like he b'long to de lower classes," observed Mr. Toomb agreeably.

"Low is right! Dat nigger cousin of mine so low he kin walk under a snake widout stoopin'."

In turn and with diligence, thereafter Mr. Toomb endeavored to sell Latham an apartment house, a filling-station, a couple of stores, the Odd Fellows' office-building, and a branch public library. Latham would have none of them. He had developed an unsatisfied longing that he could neither place nor describe. None of the investments offered fitted in. Hence he retained an aggravating hold upon the contents of both pockets.

As the day waned, Mr. Toomb was nearing the end of his list, wits and temper. It was tantalizing to have this juicy mark burn his son Bismark's gasoline thus without adequate return.

"Drive around a li'l, honey," he advised the burly Bismark, "whilst I runs over in my min' de other 'vestments whut we is got to offer Mist' Hooper. He pow'ful choosy dis mawnin', but we aims to please."

Latham fingered the greenbacks that were his, and rode on, his cigar burning freely. No use hurrying, unless—

HE had it! A place that they were passing caused a click in the locality where his mind should have been. That was it! Lots of money coming in, big returns, bright lights! A place where he could be his own best customer—something to make the Demopolis niggers open their eyes when they came up as defendants in Federal Court. Moreover, it would give him a chance to have his assistant arrested for trespass and vagrancy should he hang around it any longer.

"Dat ar 'Gamblin' Green' Theater—dat's whut I wants to buy," he declared to the realtor beside him.

Mr. Toomb was a fast thinker. To keep out of jail he had had to be.

"You talkin' to de ve'y man," he responded cheerfully. "I jes' been savin' de bes' twel de las'. Dat theater take in money from 'leven in de mawnin' twel after midnight. Jes' las' night hit were placed in my hands, 'xclusive, fo' sale. Let de word git out dat hit is, and dey have to call amb-lances to pick up de cust'mers whut drap out whilst runnin' to buy hit. Hit's a big money-maker and de price am gwine be high, though. Dey pow'ful careful who dey sell hit to, too. I sho' got 'gotiate fo' you; an' 'gotiatin' aint cheap. How much money you got, Mist' Hooper?"

"I aint know. I can't make hit come out de same no two times. Kin you count hit fo' me?"

"Hit be a pleasure," answered Mr. Toomb with the ring of sincerity in his tones.

"Two hund'ed an' sevum dollars," he announced at the end of the second round, "not countin' de German thousand-mark bill whut in dar."

"Dat mo'n I thought," returned Latham with gratification. "How much do hit take to buy de theater?"

"Well, now, I can't say, Mist' Hooper, right offhand. Dese big deals, dey got be 'gotiated. Hit pow'ful ticklish bus'ness. You goes back to de hotel and lock yo'self in careful, whilst I goes out and 'splains how I's got rich gent'man from D'mop'lis in 'sted in de buyin'. When I gits de price and de terms set, I comes back. Be sho' not to see nobody and not make no sign whilst de deal pendin'. Hit might spile hit."

Duly impressed, Latham suffered himself to be driven back to the Royal Presidential and escorted to his room. His only request of the clerk was for ice-water—and that Gladstone be sent to him for discipline.

"He done went out ag'in jes' minute ago, Mist' Hooper," reported the clerk. "An' he

lef' message fo' you. He say fo' you git yo'self a town nigger to wait on you. I's jes' tellin' you like he say, Mist' Hooper. He say he got hisse'f a job so good he have to watch hit wid a shotgun to keep d'other niggers from takin' it way from him. He say he wont have to take nothin' mo' off you no mo'. He sho' wuz elevated. He lef' you he bill to 'member him by, wuz all."

SISTER ANNE never hung farther out the window in the search for relieving dust than did Latham in his yearning for the return of Mr. Toomb. He craved action and prompt access to the till. Bitterly he chafed under the delayed return of his reliable friend and adviser. The formalities of negotiation irked him. Like an oasis to thirsty camels was the sight of Bismark's cab when at last it ground to a stop beneath his window. Like waiting for a century plant to bloom was the elapsed time before there came the welcome knock of Mr. Toomb at Latham's door.

The caller bore the air of one who has been in a hard battle—and has won. Victory's light was in his limpid eye.

"I wins!" he puffed, as he sought a seat wherein to wipe his perspiring brow. "I has to argue wid de owners like a bunch of plow-mules on a wa'm day, but I gits hit fixed. De price—"

"I aint studyin' 'bout de price," interrupted Latham. "What I wants to know is, whut is de down-payment? How much dey want?"

"Aw, dat a coine'dence, Mist' Hooper—sho' is coine'dence. Dey want jes' 'xactly two hund'ed dollars. De res' jes' be int'rest-bearin' notes whut de income take care of."

Latham counted out and retained seven dollars. The rest of his funds he pressed upon Mr. Toomb.

"Dat's bus'ness, Mist' Hooper," approved Mr. Toomb. "Not no dilly-dallyin' round—jes' fo'kin' over de money free and rich-like. Dat's why I likes to do bus'ness wid big men; not no nickels yellin' round from bein' squeeze to death! All action; dat's you big dealers, Mist' Hooper."

"Aint hit so! Spends my money in large bills, and frequent. When does I git me de theater?"

"Tomorrow mawnin', early. Jes' let de present owners finish up de day, an' hit's yourn. I's got to be out town tomorrow—big deal in Montgom'ry—but you jes' go on up and take p'ssession. Dis heah deed whut I gwine write you out, hit all you need now. You kin sign de notes nex' week."

BY dawn next morning Latham Hooper was parked in front of the Gamboling Green. With satisfaction he observed that it was still there. He was still contemplating it hours later when the first signs of life appeared about it. A harassed-looking little yellow janitor came out and began a languid polishing of the brasswork of the doors. Latham watched him with a fine proprietary air. It agreed with him to watch other folks work. A ticket-taker showed up and busied himself with stretching a plush rope across the entrance side of the theater front. The new owner approved the ticket-taker, his uniform, the plush rope, the world, the universe. A girl came and entered the cashier's cage. Things were looking more like business and cash receipts every minute. There was even a brilliant spot of red far up the sidewalk, which undoubtedly was the Rear Admiral en route to punch the time-clock. . . .

Then with bewildering suddenness, out of a clear sky as it were, there came action. It was funny, reflected Latham wordlessly to himself as he beheld it, how one little ugly negro man could fill up a whole street. At the first intimation of the new owner's presence, the languid janitor threw himself heart

and soul into a perfect frenzy of janitoring. The ticket-taker developed speed, alacrity and close attention to business. The girl in the cage forgot her mirror and powder. Yet without any of these signs Latham could tell that here was no amiable trifle along life's highway. Clearly and most indubitably hard-boiled was this stranger—twenty minutes, and with the shell on. And not only was he hard, but one knew instinctively that he had had a hard night. He glared at each straining employee, ground his teeth, and passed abruptly within. A sigh went up from those without.

Latham stepped over to the ticket-window and inquired: "Were dat de boss man whut jes' went in?"

"You bet yo' life dat de boss man," was the response. "Dat Mist' Moses, de manager; and he sho' r'arin' fo' he raw meat dis mawnin'. I hopes he aint kill nobody 'fo' night."

"Well, I's de new owner dis heah theater," Latham declared, proudly. "I wants to make talk wid him. I aims to make him mo' 'spectful to de propri'or."

"Upstairs, inside," replied the damsel admiringly. "De bottom step is de softes', does you have time to pick yo'self a place to light at?"

Below, the janitor, the ticket-taker and the cashier waited expectantly. They did not wait long. Gradually the impression grew in the vicinity of the Gamboling Green that all was not in accord above. This feeling deepened as panes of glass began to shower upon the sidewalk. Two chairs fell down the stairway. The contents of an overturned water-cooler began to drip through the ornate ceiling. Sounds arose reminiscent of a West Indian hurricane passing through a barrel factory. Yet a note heretofore common to such occasions continued absent. There was no familiar bump of the vanquished descending the stairs upon an ear. Therefore, and at length, the cashier beckoned to the Rear Admiral standing haughtily at the curb.

"Mist' Moses aint gittin' on so good wid dat nigger upstairs," she suggested. "P'rhaps you best go up and he'p 'thow dat country boy out."

LOUDER grew the sounds of combat. High above it rose a voice that one might infer was the manager's. Apparently he had retired to the sidelines and was exhorting another and fresher gladiator to more Herculean efforts. It would even seem that the manager had elected to do the cheering while the Admiral did the work. Yet the idea suddenly proved its worth. For, climaxing the exhortations, came the bump, bump, bump, of a falling body upon the steps.

Violently the doors burst open. With speed, dexterity and enthusiasm the manager and the Admiral cast something from them. Spread-eagling, it sailed in a low, flat arc through the air and crashed mightily upon the sidewalk. Feebly it moved amid the tatters of blue and orange that were once the pride of Demopolis. Briefly, pungently, breathlessly, Mr. Moses addressed the wreckage. While his remarks may not be printed verbatim, they may be summed up. Clear and unmistakable among the gems of his profanity rang the sterling advice: "Don't never buy nothin' ag'in from no nigger whut don't own hit! You's lookin' fo' easy money, and dey makes you a easy mark! You comes to skin—and you gits yo'self skunt! Find de dee-po', nigger, an' use hit!"

But from the Rear Admiral, carefully dusting off his glorious coat, came now the first full recognition—and the last word.

"Country nigger, learn yo'self town ways! Git gwine!"

Thus from deep within the marvelous uniform spoke—Gladstone!

180 Leading Actresses of the New York Stage

may they find this soap "exquisite"
"wonderful for their skin"



... Night after night she must face a thousand critical eyes

A LADY OF MAYFAIR, exquisite as an orchid, frail as Venetian glass—or a modern flapper with the tenue of a beautiful boy—a princess, a gypsy, an adventuress—

Whatever part she plays, the successful actress must be able to throw about it the vivid spell of her own personal beauty.

Lovely and youthful as the dawn she must seem to her audiences when the steps before the curtain.

How DOES SHE DO IT? Her skin, which has to be covered with harsh make-up—exposed to cruel, high-power light—how does she keep it fresh and unfaded—flawless, under the gaze of a thousand eyes?

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of the season's plays, what soap they use for the care of their skin—and

why. Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin," they said. "It is very soothing." "It keeps the skin firm and fresh-looking, preventing large pores and blemishes."

Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to praise the soothing, non-irritating effect of Woodbury's on her skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming

common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1710 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1720 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

DREVE OF VIRGINIA

(Continued from page 40)

the Legion sit and curse their stars; from the country of strange shamanism way south of the Hoggar region where mirages of phantom cities ride the pulsing air.

The red lips unloosed another little "Oh!" which, in the still, scented air of the mosquée hung like the music of a fairy bell.

Dreve talked faster. The unconcealed boredom of the wretched Gonz had to be fought. Dreve told the story of the chef who ruled the destinies of the *Restaurant des Exilés*, the story that had made Paris laugh for a month and a day. The chef, who was then in the employ of the largest hotel in Paris, had prepared for the beautiful Duchess de Montguerin a dinner so delightful that, after eating it, she sent for him and kissed him. The Duke thought that the chef, not content with receiving the kiss, had given the Duchess one in return, and next morning the irate husband visited the kitchen with the intention of thrashing the disciple of Brillat-Savarin. The chef was a fighting man. He beat up the aristocrat with the flat of his chopper, stuffed a carrot into his mouth and fled. Now, an exile himself, he prepared wonderful dishes for brother-exiles.

Another "Oh!" was spilled into the silence of the mosquée. The Virginian was certain that all the singing hours of the Mahomedan paradise could not have produced such a sound. It touched the roots of his hair with a thousand tiny fingers.

Gonz spiked the girl's desire to visit the place. He said rudely that he didn't like queer eating-places. Once in Vienna, so he asserted, he had visited a place that had a queer reputation, and after partaking freely of a dish, he asked what it was. They told him that it was stewed horse.

John Dexter Dreve had a desire to plant his knuckles in the fellow's face. "But you," he cried, turning to the girl, "you and your father will come?"

"I'd like to go," she murmured.

"My dear Miss Dorothy," said Gonz, "your father has kindly appointed me your guide for the evening. He is tired and is returning to the ship. I have already arranged for a little dinner at the Hotel de l'Oasis."

Dreve knew now—knew from what quarter came the fear that he saw in the big brown eyes. The stocky, wide-shouldered man with the curious brown-tinted skin was the producer of the dread!

They wandered out onto the Rampe de la Pêcherie, and there Gonz continued his offensive. He put out a stubby hand to the Virginian and spoke. "Such a pleasure to

hear your story of that eating-shop," he said. "Most of 'em have some yarn of that kind. The fellow ought to go back and ask the Duke to forgive him. I know the Duke. Not a bad fellow. Well, good-by."

Old Tommy Carmichael followed the lead of Gonz. He put out his thin hand and smiled in his rabbitlike way. Thankful to Mr. Dreve. Don't forget the message to mother. Say it was Tommy Carmichael. She'll remember, probably.

Dreve's strong hand clung to the hand of the girl. He wished to hold her. He thought of saying something, something that he knew would sound ridiculous. Controlled himself by an effort. Quietly he wished her a safe journey and a good time in all the ports she visited. Called himself a fool as he made the wish. The red lips thanked him softly; then she was gone—gone into the soft hush of the evening when the stillness of the big sands to the southward creeps up on the cities of the coast.

JOHN DEXTER DREVE was doing something that did not fit into the code of a Virginian gentleman. He was spying—spying on Gonz. He told himself that it was dirty work, work that a Dreve of Dreve-ton was not fitted for. Three times he walked away from the shadowy embrasure in the Rue du Laurier that commanded a view of the entrance to the Hotel de l'Oasis; three times he returned to the spot. The infamous dread that he had seen in the eyes of the girl dragged him back.

Gonz, Carmichael and the girl had entered the hotel together. Now Dreve waited for Carmichael to leave, Gonz having asserted that the tired old man was returning to the ship, leaving him to act as guide and entertainer to the girl.

Algiers fought with little pin-pricks of light against the African night that settled down like an enormous black bird. She ran strings of stars from the lip of the sea to the top of the Kasba Hill. The hot wind died away, but the breathing of the big sands was more evident, more mysterious. Shuffling forms of draped women passed through spears of light into the shadows. Dark eyes peered at the Virginian. He wondered idly where the women were going. And for what? Were they keeping secret liaisons in somber, musk-scented streets with lovers who had come hot and breathless from the quivering sands?

In robe, that were a madness to the eyes;

Women whose teeth and nails were stained with dyes!

The door of the hotel abruptly blotted out all the figures of the night. Gonz and Carmichael appeared there together. A carriage moved forward in response to the hail of the younger man, and the two drove off in the direction of the Port. Gonz was escorting the father back to the ship.

Dreve crossed the street with flying bounds. The girl was alone in the hotel! The girl with the great fear in her eyes—the fear of Gonz!

The Virginian found her in the little sitting-room on the second floor. She was looking out across the Sea of Romance where, way over near Spain, the nacre of a rising moon was laid upon the blue-black sky. She did not hear his approach, but she started to her feet as he spoke.

"Pardon me," he said humbly. "I thought that you were worried. Could I do anything to help you?"

The girl stood for a few moments in silence, the big brown eyes upon the face of John Dexter Dreve. And all the fine deeds

done by generations of Dreves helped to bring the little cry of relief from the red lips.

"Take me away from here before he comes back!" she gasped. "Quick! He is taking my father to the ship! He will return to get me! To get me!"

Her pride, fine and splendid, had snapped. And the fates had brought her at the breaking-point to John Dexter Dreve of Virginia, who understood pride. Dreve pride, pride burbanked for twenty generations, grafted on fine family trees, fed and fostered by noble thoughts. Women had suffered for it; men had died for it.

In silence they flew to the street. The top of the moon, like a fingernail of beaten gold, showed above the stretch of water. It creamed the streets, flinging here and there cubistic shadow-blocks that were frightening. The wailing of a native flute spitted the stillness.

A prowling carriage drawn by a ghostlike horse came out of the Rue Bab-Azeou. Dreve half lifted the girl into it. "*Au Restaurant des Exilés!*" he ordered.

He could not see the girl's face as they drove through narrow streets that twisted as if dreading their own abrupt endings. Little folded white hands showed now and then as moonlight, and the yellow beams of street-lamps kissed them. A perfume, faint and sweet and wonderful, made a little aura around her, fighting off the odors that sprang at the carriage. The puissant odors of Algiers! Odors bred of rancid oil, of garlic, of the filth of the centuries. Odors that Commodore Stephen Decatur spoke of more than a hundred years ago!

Dreve found an alcove in the shadowy restaurant. Cleverly he tried to interest her in the menu. Talked, vainly, of the merits of *langouste froide en Bellevue*, of *petit pois fines fleurs au beurre d'Isigny*. She could not listen. The crash had come. The avalanche of horror was rolling down her soul, smashing pride and courage.

WITH a startling suddenness she unloosed her story—the story that Dreve had, in a way, sensed. He had seen the fear, noted the tight-drawn nerves. He had seen the heavy, four-ace, saurian look of Gonz. The cayman sure of its prey.

The prey was Dorothy Carmichael. Gonz had built a bridge over the chasm which the soul of the girl had put between them, a bridge of steel.

The beautiful face seemed to grow whiter, more ghostly as she talked. Dreve blessed the tinted lips because, at moments, he thought that the face was slipping away from him. He thrust out his hand, touched hers and held it. He thought to tell her why, but held his peace. The little hand remained in his.

Numberless words Dreve didn't hear. They were only verbal hinges on which more important words swung. Words that were black, heavy, underscored; words that made the litany of tragedy, hellish words—grouped at times in little gasped-out sentences that made the Virginian's indignation boil.

"Father's confession. . . . Fraud. . . . Moment of weakness. . . . Dear Father. Gonz has it. . . . Read it to me. . . . Terms. . . . Tonight I am to miss the last boat to the ship—stay ashore. . . . Catch the steamer before she sails in the morning. . . . Father will not know. He will be asleep."

The soft whispers of the diners came again to the ears of John Dexter Dreve. He roused himself from the strange stupor that the girl's confession had brought to him. He glanced at his watch.

Owen Johnson

The author of that sensationally successful novel "The Salamander," in which the "gold-digger" made her first appearance in American fiction, has completed for this magazine a new work even more revealing, even more powerfully dramatic, even more provocative of discussion. Be sure to begin in our next issue—

"Children of Divorce"

H·M·VICTORIA EUGENIA

Queen of Spain



HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

THE silver Tiffany jars below, engraved with the royal monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.



The silver jars recently sent for Her Majesty's use on her dressing table.

TRY these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept., K
133 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



A recent portrait of Her Majesty, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, here reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty to the Pond's Extract Company



"Will you wait here till I come back?" he cried. "Don't move! Sit here! I will not be long!"

"But—but," she protested as he rose to his feet, "I am—I am afraid!"

He stooped and lightly kissed the little hand that she thrust out appealingly. "Don't be afraid," he said quietly. "Will you leave everything to me?"

"Yes, yes—I trust you!" she whispered. "I trust you more than anyone I know."

"I bless you for saying that," he said quietly. "I am hungry for words like those. Stay here! I will not be long."

It was in the entrance hall of the Hotel de l'Oasis that John Dexter Dreve met Carlos Gonz—a very angry Gonz. He had searched the hotel for Dorothy Carmichael, and now thwarted desire brought a paroxysm of rage.

Dreve stepped forward and spoke, spoke softly and quietly. "Miss Carmichael is ill," he said. "She sent me to tell you."

"Ill? Ill?" shrieked Gonz. "What the devil do you mean? Why does she send you? What are you to do with her? Where is she?"

The Virginian was unruffled by the outburst. "I was here in the hotel when she became ill," he answered. "I took her at her own request to the house of a friend. An American. She is there now. If you wish, I will guide you there."

Gonz stood glaring at Dreve. He swayed slightly on his short thick legs. The cold eyes, suggestive of the saurian, were upon the slim, supple American.

"I have a car at the door," continued Dreve. "May I drive you there?"

THERE came from the full lips of Gonz a string of Spanish curse-words. In times of stress, of great fear, and in the throes of death, we speak our mother tongue. He strode toward the street, Dreve following.

Gonz climbed clumsily into the car; the Virginian followed. The machine sprang forward. It swung into the Rue Bab el Oued, turned to the left by the Jardin Marengo, and with much trumpeting, breasted the hill to the Kasba. Gonz was silent; Dreve made no effort to start conversation.

The machine stopped before the old house in the top of which was the little apartment that Dreve rented from the officer of the Légion Etrangère.

"She is here," said the Virginian, stepping from the car.

Gonz climbed clumsily to the pavement. He looked up at the high house. "You say she is here in this place?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," answered Dreve. "You will have to walk up. This country is behind the times in the matter of elevators."

John Dexter Dreve led the way up the stairs; behind him lumbered the man who had brought the great fear to the eyes of the girl—silent, suspicious, and extremely wrathful because a hitch had occurred in his plans.

On the landing below Dreve's apartment the suspicion flamed. Gonz halted, his small, piggy eyes on the Virginian. "This is a

trick!" he growled. "I'll hand you over to the police! Miss Carmichael would never allow herself to be brought to this place. I—"

He didn't finish the remark. Dreve sprang at him. Arms with the strength of steel cables wound themselves round the fat form of the would-be seducer. The door above opened. Peter, the wiry negro, rushed down the stairs.

"Stuff his cap in his mouth!" ordered Dreve. "Now, then, all together! Up with him! Good boy, Peter. Lock the door! I've got him!"

SEÑOR CARLOS GONZ sat in a big arm-chair before an open window. Señor Gonz was not sitting at his ease. His wrists were neatly strapped to the arm-rests; his fat legs were tied together at the ankles. And from the expression upon his face, one could see that he regarded the open window with aversion.

It was a rather terrifying window. It looked out over Algiers, over the moon-washed Mediterranean. So fearsome was the drop beneath it, that one had an idea that the barren mountains of Majorca would be visible! Ay, one thought that the headlands of old Spain would rise out of the blue wash of the far horizon!

John Dexter Dreve, standing by the open window, was addressing the man in the chair. "A Bey of Algiers once lived in this old house," said the Virginian, the soft drawl in his voice giving his words a peculiar caressing quality. "A humorous old devil. Had a kink for inventions. Devilish inventions! Had an Oriental mind that thought out sweet ways of getting rid of people he didn't admire. Now, look at this idea of his."

Dreve stepped forward and pulled sharply at a ring embedded in the wall. The section of woodwork immediately below the window moved outward till it rested parallel with the floor of the room. It formed an unprotected platform above the abyss. A giddy and fear-producing platform!

The Virginian carelessly placed an empty flowerpot on it and returned to the side of his prisoner. "This old Bey would invite folk that he didn't like to step out on the platform and look at the moon," he continued. "Coming from the Bey, it was practically a command. The unliked one would step onto the lookout, and then the old tyrant did this."

With a quick movement the Virginian stooped and pulled at another ring in the floor. The platform dropped with appalling suddenness, and the flowerpot that Dreve had placed upon it was tossed into space. After an unbelievable interval, the crash of the earthenware pot on the rocks below came up to the ears of the two men in the room. A queer convulsion resembling a fleshy tidal wave passed over the face of Gonz.

Dreve brought the platform again on a level with the floor. Carefully he tested it with the toe of his shoe. He turned and glanced at Gonz.

"Ever hear of Stephen Decatur?" he demanded. "Commodore Stephen Decatur of the United States Navy? No? That's strange. Miss Carmichael told me that you were thinking of honoring the United States by asking for citizenship. Should read up a little about our national heroes. Steve was one. Bully chap. Made quite a racket along this coast. Jumped on the chests of the pirates. He was—well, old Nelson said, after Steve sneaked into Tripoli harbor and burned a ship that the pirates had taken from the British, that Commodore Decatur had more courage than any man he had ever heard of. Admiral Nelson was a bit of a judge, you know."

Gonz was breathing heavily. His small, unwinking eyes were fixed on the Virginian. "The Arabs have a story about Stephen Decatur," continued Dreve. "It might be

true in every detail. I believe it. The Arabs say that Commodore Decatur came ashore at Algiers before the American navy bombarded the place. Stephen was curious. A reckless devil. We breed a lot of them. The Arabs say that the old Bey who lived in this house made Stephen a prisoner and had him brought to this room—to this very room. He probably sat just where you are sitting now. Curious, isn't it? Stephen Decatur has been dead for a hundred years, but here in this room where he was brought a prisoner, I am telling you of his great deeds.

"The Bey lowered this platform just like it is now and invited Commodore Decatur to step out and look at the moon—pleasantly invited him, so the Arabs say. Stephen smiled and said he would be delighted. They unloosed his bonds. Oh, Lord, you must read up about Steve Decatur! Quite a lad! Feared nothing on earth.

"There were four guards in the room when the Bey gave Commodore Decatur the invitation. The Bey and four guards. That's how the story goes. Steve stood up, thrust his hands in his pockets and stepped out on the platform. Stepped out on that little square that hangs over an abyss.

"The Bey grinned and reached for the ring in the floor. The four guards watched the Bey, and Commodore Stephen Decatur did something as the Bey pulled. Commodore Decatur threw a back somersault and landed on the old tyrant's neck. Fractured the fool's spinal column so that he walked sideways till the day he died. Stephen floored three of the guards, broke the skull of the other and escaped to a secret spot along the shore. There a boat was waiting to take him back to his ship.

"Do you know, I've sat here night after night and dreamed of Stephen Decatur throwing that back somersault. Dreamed of it so much that the thing has sometimes shot up before my eyes. I certainly would give anything to have seen it. A great fellow was Steve."

John Dexter Dreve paused for a moment and surveyed his prisoner. "I wonder," he said meditatively, "if you have the nerve to do what the Commodore did? I wonder! Look, I'll give you a better chance than they gave Stephen. I'll untie you, and I'll be the only person in the room. Fair, isn't it? Take a look at the moon, or fight your way out!"

Quickly Dreve slipped the ropes from the fat legs and the arms of Gonz. The fellow was free. The Virginian stood back and pointed to the platform.

Again the queer ripple of fear passed over the face of Gonz. His stub-nosed shoes gripped the floor and thrust the chair back from the terrifying lookout. Into the silence of the room came the splintered scream of a woman—some dancing girl in the narrow streets below protesting against the treatment of a casual lover. The cry seemed to fall back again into the depths, a rocket of sound that had reached its greatest possible height.

DREVE spoke. "Make your decision," he said shortly. "You know what I want. Write an order to the purser to give my negro the paper or—ah, would you?"

Gonz had sprung out of the chair and rushed the Virginian. For a heavy man he moved with extraordinary quickness, but John Dexter Dreve had the agility of a panther. A fist of steel met the attacker. It landed between the eyes of Gonz and sent him backward—backward toward the opening. The dreadful opening through which came the horror that filled the soul of the middle-aged Lothario!

Gonz shrieked as he slid along the floor. The stubby fingers clawed at the time-worn boards. A terror that was ghastly appeared upon his face.

He halted himself as his body was with-

"When in Rome"

There's one cowboy who knows how to write real cowboy stories—and illustrate them too. Above is the title of a story planned for early publication, written and illustrated with real horse-action pictures, by—

WILL JAMES

Millions of Women



Insist on FELS-NAPTHA because it gives extra help

Extra help that makes it easier to get cleaner, sweeter, whiter clothes! Extra help that makes washday easier on yourself—easier on your clothes!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap . . . more even than just a naptha soap. It is unusually good soap blended with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha—two safe cleaners teamed together in one golden bar.

That's why it makes it so much easier to get your clothes thoroughly and safely clean—why it lightens so much the everyday cleaning tasks about the home. No wonder millions of women say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha!

USE WATER of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm, hot, or boiling—whether you use a washing machine or a tub.

Thousands upon thousands of women who have tried all sorts of household soaps have come back to Fels-Naptha. They say that it saves time, saves work and saves their clothes. Prove it yourself by getting a Golden Bar at your grocer's today.

© Fels & Co.

*1 Page
1800 00
7 Wallis Armstrong*

Is This Tobacco a Part of Every College Education?

Considering the recent discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life. That was pipe-smoking.

Read his letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying, and adhered to Edgeworth year after year. When I have met some of them many years after I have often inquired:

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

(signed) Frank H. Wilson.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8-V S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.]

in a few feet of the platform. Wriggling on his belly, he edged away from it. The thick lips had dropped apart; the white portions of the eyes seemed to have flooded the pupils.

"My cap!" he gasped. "My cap! The—the paper you want is in the lining of my—my cap!"

JOHN DEXTER DREVE found Dorothy Carmichael sitting where he had left her in the *Restaurant des Exilés*. He approached her softly and handed her a crumpled paper. "I haven't looked at it," he explained. "Just see if it is the statement you spoke of."

The little white hands unfolded the sheet of paper; the big brown eyes devoured its contents. A soft sigh of relief came from the red lips. "Yes, yes!" she gasped. "How can I thank you? You have been so good! You—you are the kindest man in the world!"

"I will take you to the ship," said Dreve gently. "The fellow who had that paper is going to stay in Algiers. He's canceling the rest of his passage. Come, let's go."

On the way down to the Port, the girl and the man spoke little. They drove through narrow streets filled with whispers—whispers from latticed balconies where sleepless women squatted and watched the night. The mystical night: little lost winds from the desert, strange odors, shadows that slipped across the lighted streets into great humps of concentrated gloom.

Bringing thoughts of desert cities, dream-impaired,

Where groves of high-flung palms shut out the foolish world.

Near the Port the voices of other Amer-

THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 47)

of the more irrational of our folk-ways better than any preceding generation has ever done. I think the new findings of science may put enough starch into the racial backbone for that.

In the meantime the issue, so far as Middle Age is concerned, is acute. It involves a readjustment, a bending of stiffened mental fibers, difficult to the last degree. Thousands of adults today, many of whom I come into direct personal contact with in the Domestic Relations Department of my court, are struggling to rationalize their attitude toward traditions whose hold upon them is independent of reason and intelligent conviction. If it keeps on, the number of nonconformers may become so large that what they do will be the "custom" and therefore "right," and concealment will be at an end.

The revolt of Youth and the revolt of Middle Age have one capital, central and important biological fact in common: both are very largely based on the fact that society, on the surface at least, is governed by a body of sex conventions, which, however well or ill it may have functioned in bygone ages, was never designed to cope with the social problems of this age.

IT is amazing how sex inevitably appears even in court cases which on the surface apparently have nothing whatever to do with sex. That sex and the need for money are the two great main causes which bring individuals into collision with society and the laws of society is a truism which I need not stop to develop here. The two usually go hand in hand, but in that class of cases which have chiefly to do with people in their social and personal human relationships, sex is usually the mainspring of whatever is dramatic in the cases.

I want to make this clear because I shall necessarily have much to say about it here.

icans came to their ears, happy voices of tired tourists making for the landing stage. Dorothy Carmichael spoke in a soft whisper.

"Some day you will come back," she whispered, "back to the Virginia that you love. You—you must long for it. Tell me!"

"It cries to me in the night," said Dreve in a hoarse whisper. "But—but I cannot return. Not yet. Some day, perhaps—some day. Now—now the law of Virginia keeps me—keeps me abroad. I killed a man to save the honor of a woman I loved."

She kissed him at parting—kissed him in a sudden, fierce manner that surprised him: kissed him and fled up the gangplank.

THE rose-red dawn found John Dreve, one time of Dreveton, Virginia, at the window of his little apartment high on the Kasba Hill. In an armchair in the center of the room a short, stocky man with hands and feet neatly trussed slept uneasily.

Dreve saw the big liner on which was Dorothy Carmichael turn and swing seaward. Her screws frothed the reddened waters of the Sea of Romance. She was heading for Italy, for Naples—for sunshine and happiness. Happiness for a girl in Araby tan.

The sleepy sun kissed the flag, the flag that Commodore Stephen Decatur of the United States Navy brought under the notice of the murderous Bey of Algiers. *Some bars and a lot of stars!* "Where that flag waves, tyranny cannot exist!" said Stephen. "It is a sanctuary for the weak, and it always will be."

John Dreve drew himself up and stood at the salute.

Sex is, moreover, a thing that badly needs to be talked about; and though I want to offend the reader's sensibilities as little as possible, it is essential that I talk plainly.

The revolt of Middle Age in the general moral revolt that I perceive going on in society, presents itself to me chiefly in actual incidents, from which I draw certain conclusions, and upon others of which I am compelled to speculate. These incidents have certain characteristics now that they did not have years ago. The attitude of the persons involved is different from what it used to be in similar circumstances. And that change of attitude, in my judgment, indicates a change in the spirit of the times, an astonishing revolution in our way of thought—even the way of thought of the man on the street, who, though he does not consciously rationalize or philosophize, does unconsciously mirror the common drift of human behavior.

I should say that of all the remarkable things that are happening today in American society the change that has come about in the popular attitude toward marital infidelity is the most striking, and in some respects the most perilous.

It used to be that I seldom or never came across a married couple who, in theory, did not both take it for granted that absolute faithfulness in marriage was a *non qua non*; that the conception was not debatable, and that whoever departed from that rule sinned against society and against the other party to the marriage contract. This obtained in the marriage state regardless of the amount of sex experience the man or the woman or both might have had before their marriage. After marriage they, in theory, refrained from any outside relations. If they violated the rule and thus failed to play the game according to the agreement, they would admit, without qualification, that the action was wrong and

SUCCESS

through health

So say these vigorous people who have banished dangerous ills and found new life and energy through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal; on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-33, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I FELT TIRED AND LISTLESS. The study of fine and applied arts had been my hobby for several years and the creating of handmade fabrics necessitated long hours at my loom. This close application to my work resulted in a general run down condition. But the daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast worked marvels for me. It toned up my entire system. I have returned to my work with renewed energy."

FLORENCE ATEN IVES, the 2nd, New York City

"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION for several years and decided to add three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day to my diet. In thirty days' time my indigestion had practically disappeared and I had completely lost all my former sluggish feeling. I recommend Yeast to anyone suffering from indigestion."

EDWARD C. MOORE, JR., Dallas, Texas



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



This saturated LATHER —speeds razor —soothes skin

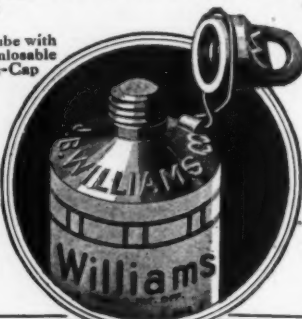
WILLIAMS Shaving Cream makes shaving fast, smooth, comfortable. First, Williams lifts the water-resisting oil film from the beard. Then Williams lather—saturated with moisture—soaks the beard soft—so soft your razor just glides through.

Williams lubricates and conditions the skin. Leaves your face feeling as fine and toned up as after an expert barber's massage.

We want you to try Williams for a week on us. Send the coupon—or a postcard—for a trial tube FREE. The economical Double Size tube costs 50c. It holds twice as much as the regular large size tube at 35c.

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send a generous test bottle FREE. Write Dept. 1010

The tube with the unloosable Hinge-Cap



The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 1010, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

H. B. Oct.

sinful, and would excuse themselves as best they could for having done what they admitted was unjustifiable. They didn't debate that it might be otherwise. . . . Well, they do debate it now. They do more than that; they defend it and even seek to justify it. They coolly assert—as has been done before me, in my court—that they see no reason why it should not be compatible with marriage, and even why it should not considerably improve marriage.

I have heard such assertions from men who would not dare voice such beliefs to their wives, and I have heard it from wives who would not dare breathe it to their husbands. And I even know a few married couples who agree in this view, and who conduct their married life on that basis. They insist that they are deeply in love with each other, and that they don't love anybody else, but that they both see no harm in what they call "intimate friendships."

Usually, however, it is either the man or the woman who feels this way, and not both together. And, of course, it more often happens in the case of the men. Most women have such a horror of unchastity, and of the traditionally *smirching* effects of sex relations that are not sanctioned by society, that they seldom permit such desires, if they have them, to rise into the field of consciousness. And even if that happens, they are still a long way from acting on the thought.

But the couples who agree that wandering from the old path of fidelity is all right are a strange and interesting phenomenon in American life today. And what I have so far observed leads me to believe that such agreements are far more common than even students of these matters have any idea. There is no means of telling to what extent the thing is happening, of course, because such agreements, when they exist, are kept sedulously secret. In many cases I have no doubt there is no candid agreement, but simply a tacit ignoring of the facts. In other cases, where the couple no longer care for each other, there may be some such agreement, with no further sex relations in their own marriage. But when couples that love each other enter, in any numbers, on such an apparently anomalous course, it is to me indicative that something extraordinary is happening to one of the most firmly established of our customs.

THE most remarkable and clear-cut case of this sort that has ever come to my attention through the statements of the parties themselves was that of a couple whom I shall call Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Blank. They have wealth, education and enough leisure to think about things, and, if you will, to get into mischief. Their social position is high. They don't run with a fast set; they go to social functions only occasionally; and they apparently adhere rather closely to their home.

Mrs. Blank, a very attractive woman, divorced her first husband on grounds of incompatibility. Apparently there is no prospect that she will ever separate from her present husband for a similar cause—for most persons, I think, would consider them perfectly compatible.

She had called to see me about a young girl in whom she was interested. The girl had gotten into "trouble," and she proposed to pay whatever expenses were involved. We discussed the question of having the baby adopted out. From that the talk turned back to the girl herself, and from the girl to the general problem involved in her conduct.

Presently Mrs. Blank began to tell me some things about herself. Her husband, she said, had recently had an affair with a

girl—not this girl; and she on her part had been through similar experiences, after her present marriage.

"Does your husband know it?" I asked. "Of course," she said placidly. "We agree on these things. We love each other, but we enjoy these outside experiences; so why not take them? I think we care more for each other on account of them."

It isn't often that I experience paralysis of the tongue, but I experienced it then. I simply sat and looked at her. I had suspected such procedures were existent, but here was the evidence. Collusion for the obtaining of a divorce was as old as divorce laws, but here was collusion in infidelity on the part of two people occupying a high plane in society and in culture.

PERCEIVING my astonishment, Mrs. Blank smiled and waited.

"This is a new one on me," I said at last. "I have known of cases where neither party admitted it to the other. I have known of cases where they admitted it because they had ceased to care for each other. I have known women who tolerated unfaithfulness on the part of their husbands, and a few husbands who tolerated it on the part of their wives. But this—in a marriage that you say is a love-match—" I could proceed no farther.

"Oh, Judge!" she exclaimed. "Why not—aside from the fact that we have always been told that it was wrong? If he has an affair, it really means nothing more to him or to me than if he took the woman to dinner or to the theater. Isn't it all quite casual and harmless unless one thinks harm into it? Society says there is harm in it, and that it strikes at the roots of the home. But as a matter of simple, biological fact does it do any harm in our particular case? And as a matter of sociological fact, does it strike at the roots of our home? I maintain that it makes us both happier, and that our home is a great deal better off than the 'virtuous' homes wherein husbands and wives chafe and fret in bondage. We are free, and our married life is ideal.—in spite of the whole world saying, 'It can't be done!'"

"This thing," she went on, "is what one's own thinking makes it—not what society's thinking makes it, but what his thinking makes it, and the girl's thinking, and my thinking, and the thinking of the men who win my friendship to the ultimate degree. And if the thing is what *thinking* makes it, then custom has no authority in this matter unless we are obligated to agree with custom and obey it. I deny that it has any such authority. We propose to disagree with custom in our thoughts as much as we see fit, and in our acts up to any point where we don't infringe upon other people's rights."

"But that's just the point, isn't it?" I suggested. "Other people's rights—society's rights."

"We have not violated any such rights," she protested. "What we have done is our own business and that of the friends with whom we have shared our intimacies. It concerns nobody else." Then she added, with a laugh: "The minister of my church will stand up and tell you that such and such an Old Testament worthy had concubines and several wives; and if you ask him he'll tell you further that this was perfectly moral *then*—right in the sight of God—but one of the seven deadly sins *now*. To which I answer: Even the customs of God seem to change. Why not those of men? Custom is always pronouncing something right in one age or country, and wrong in another. What is pure in one region is impure in another! Who is to decide? The individual, of course. That's the way I look at it, Judge. I think there are no

Where Attacks Start

LAUGHING, heedless heads—what dangers they may hide. Diseases which for centuries have baffled medical science are now known to be caused by unsuspected head infections.

catarrh are affected by climate, others are not. But the point to remember is that catarrh is not a disease. It is a symptom of disease which is often curable when properly treated.

Colds are frequently the beginning of serious nose, throat and ear troubles. The sequel to neglected snuffles of childhood is often the hearing horn of old age. Do not ignore what seems to be "merely a cold".

NO one will gainsay the desirability of toppling off the body with a head. From the esthetic point of view it makes a symmetrical and sometimes attractive finish to the body. But heads must be considered from another angle. The head is like the main office of a great business corporation. Orders originate there which are sent throughout the body. Located within close range of each other are the organs of sight, hearing, smell and taste.

When things begin to go wrong with the head, disturbances may be expected in remote parts of the body. An apparently slight head infection may cause grave physical damage—even death.

Myriads of germs live in infected noses and tonsils and adenoids, and at the roots of diseased teeth. These germs often pack up their families and travel to adjoining sinuses—the cavities in the bones

of the face and forehead. Some journey to the ears and set up housekeeping.

Eventually these germs get into the blood and embark on a cruise of the body. Some get off in the joints, others in the heart, and still others select the kidneys. Heart disease, arthritis, deafness, failing eyesight, neuritis, anemia, rheumatism and even appendicitis may be traced to head infections.

Nasal catarrh spells trouble, the source of which should be located at once. Yet few persons realize the danger and neglect catarrh because they believe it to be the inevitable result of the climate in which they live. Some kinds of

Now—before cold weather sets in—have your nose, throat and teeth thoroughly examined for any possible diseased condition. Do not go through life suffering from handicaps that reduce your chance of happiness—that may shorten your life.

A famous authority states that thousands of deaths annually, among those of working age, are caused by organic conditions largely due to what the doctors call focal infections. In plain words, this means the diseased spots where germs lodge and multiply and start spreading their campaigns of trouble.

Most cases of focal infections are located in the head—teeth, tonsils and sinuses.

Authorities agree that infections of the head and nose in the early autumn frequently lead to attacks of pneumonia, which with appalling regularity appear in January, February and March.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail you, without cost, two valuable and helpful booklets—"Common Colds" and "Care of the Teeth".

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



A digestive aid that permits the stomach to digest!



IT is easy to get momentary relief from the distress caused by a too-rich dinner or a late rabbit. There are two ways to do it.

Many people take bicarbonate of soda or some preparation containing it. But this method is open to the great objection that alkalis of this class, unless the dosage is exactly correct, leave in the stomach an alkaline residue which interferes with the normal work of digesting food!

Gastrogen Tablets work quite differently

Then there is a second and a better way. Gastrogen Tablets correct acidity, but after the acidity is corrected they stop their work. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral" as it were, free from the alkalis which prevent the process of digestion.

And in a few minutes, nature restores the proper balance of acidity (% of one percent). With Gastrogen, digestion goes on!

So if you are ever troubled with indigestion or similar distress, you will find Gastrogen Tablets the best way to secure the prompt relief you wish. Your indigestion will vanish, your distress will be gone. No matter how many Gastrogen Tablets you may eat, they can leave no bad after-effects.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe and effective. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste. They purify the breath and they are very prompt in the relief they give.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 Tablets.

GASTROGEN Tablets

© Bristol-Myers, 1938

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-106,
73 West St., New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part,
send me your special introductory packet of 6
Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

such intrinsic things as Purity and Impurity. They are abstractions; and they have been one and the same thing repeatedly in human history."

"I should like to know," I said, "how you came around to this way of thinking. You were strictly brought up. I take it that you did not break away from that early training without a struggle and some misery."

"I discovered that he was having an affair," she told me. "He looked it. He went around like a whipped dog, and he would never look me in the eye. When I accused him, he went white, and tried to deny it; but I told him what I knew, and then, when there was no way out, he confessed."

"I went cold all over, then furiously angry. Without a word I went to my room, packed my trunk and telephoned for a taxi. He in the meantime was sitting in the library, his head in his hands. Not a word did he say. As we looked at things then, indeed, there was nothing he could say."

"At last, just as I was ready to go, I went to him. 'I am going over to my mother's,' I told him. 'I'll engage a lawyer and sue for divorce. Of course you won't object to that. It needn't be on any unpleasant ground. We'll call it incompatibility.'"

"I'll never forget the way he looked at me. Something within me began to melt. 'I have no right to object,' he said, 'and I haven't any right to go on loving you; but I do—both.'"

"Then what did you do it for?" I demanded, furiously—but really to hide what was happening inside of me. "You couldn't if you loved me—only me."

"Well, I did," he said sullenly. "That's the truth, and you can take or leave it. I never loved that girl. I liked being with her—but that had nothing to do with you—nothing at all."

"Well, Judge, I sat down in a chair then—I had to think. And besides, if he did love me—why, that was what I wanted, you see."

"SO we began to reason together. I found he could talk clearly as soon as he found I was ready to listen. It was an agonizing business, but the upshot, after many hours, during which the taxi called and was dismissed, was that I agreed to condone what he had done. Only he was never to do it again—never—never."

"That quarrel lasted us really for six months. Outwardly everything was calm, but the air in our house was electric. I wondered what Frederick was thinking about; but if I asked him—well, of course, you can't find out that way."

"'Frederick,' I said to him one day, 'you're under a strain. There's something on your mind. I think I can guess it. Have you been out with anyone?'"

"He jumped up in a rage. 'I told you I was through,' he snarled, 'and I'm keeping my word. So forget it.'"

"'Are you keeping it in your thoughts?' I asked. And then, without giving him a chance to answer, I added: 'I've been thinking things over, Frederick. This present arrangement won't do. Telling people they *mustn't* do things only makes them want to do them. I've made that mistake with you. Suppose we arrange it this way—that I'm to give you full liberty—and that you are to give me the same.'"

"Judge, I wish you could have seen his face. The utter conflict of emotions! On the one hand a yearning for the freedom he craved for himself; and on the other the old notion about female chastity—the double standard. He *owned* me! For me to go adventuring was quite different."

"I don't want it," he said shortly. "I wish you'd drop it and forget it."

"Oh, I said, 'you don't want it! Are you sure? Or is it that you want it for yourself but not for me—exactly like a man!' And I felt myself again going into a rage."

"Well," he asked, "would you like me to say that I'd be willing to share you? You know you wouldn't! You'd feel insulted."

"With that I realized that that was just the way I would have felt. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, I was so mixed up."

"'Wouldn't you?' he reiterated."

"Yes," I confessed, "I would. But that's one way of looking at it, and an irrational way at that. We can't go on as we have been; and I'm not going to grant you any different standard. We couldn't live together on that basis either. If you want to drop your masculine notions about purity and property and meet me on the level, we'll try the thing you started."

"HE looked at me just the way you looked at me, Judge, a few minutes ago—dumfounded. 'But—but—' he said naively, 'I didn't know—that you wanted other men.'"

"I laughed."

"Oh, you needn't," he growled. "I know it was a damn' fool thing to say. Only—you never gave any sign of it, somehow. I didn't mean that I was so all-important."

"At that I relented. 'You are all-important,' I said. 'But hereafter, if I feel in an experimental frame of mind, I'll do as I choose, and you are at liberty to do the same. Let's not be hypocrites, and let's not take offense at facts. There won't be any concealments, you understand. This is your prescription, and we'll separately give it a fair trial. If it doesn't work, we'll drop it.'"

"So, Judge, that's the way it came about. Nobody could be more surprised than I am at the outcome. All the tension in our home has disappeared. We have no reservations. We are able to speak our minds on all this. Little mishaps no longer irritate us. We feel like free souls in the voluntary service to each other."

"As for the outside affairs, there have not been many."

"The world would say we are wrong. It would call me unclean, and my husband merely unconventional. It would receive him socially and make of me an outcast for the very same conduct. And yet it has not affected me any differently than it has him, though there is a superstition that would say it has. All I can say is that this plan has worked with us, and that I believe if more persons would break with tradition and use their common sense, divorces would be rare."

"So you recommend infidelity as a cure for the divorce evil," I observed dryly. "Very interesting. You know, of course, that in some States infidelity is the one ground on which divorce is allowed."

"Now, Mrs. Blank," I pursued, "I'm not going to preach. I appreciate your having told me these facts. Facts are what I am looking for. And I know that being satisfied with your own course, you are not seeking advice from me. If I should attempt to counsel you I could not, as a judge, commend you in a course which runs so flatly counter to a basic custom in our civilization. Perhaps you will, however, permit me to say that what you have related sounds to me very like—promiscuity."

"I'm not afraid of the word," she said with spirit. "If you mean by promiscuity that I'm to be had for the asking, you are mistaken. But I know you don't think that. These are germyne attachments, deep friendships, intimate companionships; and the sex element is an incident, and a rare one so far as I am concerned."

"What I mean is simply that I do what

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

Insist—



"Show me the Agitator!"

It pays
to know the
difference between
The HOOVER
and a vacuum
cleaner
/

ALMOST every manufacturer believes and claims his product to be best. Electric cleaner manufacturers are no exception.

But today there is a *new* test of the latest and most efficient development in electric cleaners which you can apply yourself.

To the salesman, or the dealer, or the manufacturer who waxes eloquent over his cleaner simply say, and insist:

"Show me the Agitator!"

We feel this is the test of the genuinely *modern* cleaner. We know that the new and greater Hoover, equipped with the Agitator shown above, surpasses even the

celebrated standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

- 1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.
- 2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.
- 3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.
- 4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.
- 5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting

tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

- 6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.
- 7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Surely you want in your home the new, exclusive, doubly efficient cleaner—the modern cleaner that meets the "Agitator test." Then you want the greater Hoover! Your nearest Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you one today, complete with dusting tools, only \$6.25 down, balance monthly.

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

As accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The New **HOOVER**
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Why is the sky blue?
What is air made of?
Why does a ball bounce?
Why do we sneeze?
Why has water no taste?

Free book—see below



What Is Curiosity Teaching Them?

THESE children have The Book of Knowledge in their home. It is a delight to them every moment of the day, and is turning their eager curiosity into important knowledge. Their teacher will tell you they give her clear and intelligent answers. They have made a long start in the race for knowledge.

Beginning with the Wonder Questions they go from one to another of the 18 story-like departments: Familiar Things, The Earth, Animal Life, Plant Life, Our Own Life, Things To Make And Do, Our Country, Other Countries, Literature, Fine Arts, Stories, Poetry—all the really essential knowledge of the world, told and pictured so simply and clearly that a child can understand it and made so interesting that the child loves to read it.



The BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Children's Encyclopedia

Every child needs it
Already in over a million homes
15,000 educational pictures

This wonderful plan is the idea of a father who loved his child and knew its needs. He drew to his help other parents of like desire and long experience in writing for children. Together they studied the mind of the child in his effort to find out everything he wants to know. From their discoveries The Book of Knowledge grew. Children do not have to be urged to read and consult it. They recognize it as their own book, really made for them.

On exhibition at the wonderful
SESQUI-CENTENNIAL
International Exposition, Philadelphia
Main Aisle, Liberal Arts Building

Send the coupon for free descriptive book of questions, pictures and story-articles from The Book of Knowledge itself: Animals, Plants, Fish, Insects,



Industries, etc.; How Long Do Animals Live? Drawing A Cat With Two Coins; Where Does The Rain Go? Three Ways The Earth Moves; etc., etc. Show it to the children. See what they think of it.

MAILED FREE

THE GROlier SOCIETY, Dept. 5
2 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Mail me the free descriptive book of questions, story-articles and 50 pictures from The Book of Knowledge, including beautiful color plate.

Name.....

Address.....

R. M. 10-38

I want to do. Save for restraints contingent on other people's rights, I have no repressions. I think that's the way one should be in order to be healthy and happy. One must not disregard the rights of other persons, and one must be obedient always to one's own instinct as to what is seemly and in good taste. I honestly don't think my husband and I have violated either of these fundamentals of conduct, and I don't see how anyone, thinking the thing through, without bias, could say we had."

"Still," I persisted, "you would admit that what you are doing would be impracticable and dangerous for most persons, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she acknowledged. "My husband and I form, if you like, an ideal case; we are a miniature social laboratory into which I have permitted you to look. All the needful conditions happen to be present. We have money, and leisure, and sufficient culture, and we are of a speculative turn of mind."

"You see our situation is parallel, in a sense, with the conditions travelers report in some paradises of the South Seas, where everybody has enough to eat, and where economics do not interfere with people when they want to gratify their normal impulses. Ethics have nothing to do with our sex taboos, but economics have a lot to do with them. I suppose that can't be altogether avoided; but the interference goes to unreasonable extremes. The taboos are without restraint, rhyme or reason."

"In short," I suggested, "you are rich enough to afford the simple life. You agree, then, that all this is out of reach of persons who are either poor or only moderately well-to-do?"

"Not out of reach," she said, "but more difficult. I know women who can't afford servants, and who have to make a little money go a long way. But they can entertain guests as gracefully as I can with all my money. Why? Simply because they make brains, skill and culture serve in place of money. I think such persons could also introduce brains, skill and culture into their domestic and sex lives in just that manner, and succeed. The trouble is that they have never seen fit to bend their energies in that direction. They don't know they can. They accept things as they find them, and they think what they call 'infidelity' is undebatable. I hope my candor does not offend you."

"On the contrary," I said, "I wish more people would speak their minds. If one thinks a thing one should be able honestly to say it."

"I confess that your case is in a way unique in my experience. I know married persons who secretly think much as you do, but who never admit it to each other. It is particularly extraordinary that a husband should be willing to grant his wife the sort of liberty he feels is permissible for himself. I congratulate you and your husband on having at least gotten onto the same level, regardless of whether it is high or low."

"I have also known many women," I continued, "who were ready to condone the outside affairs of their husbands, under certain conditions. I know one who is violently jealous if her husband pays attention to any other woman. But consider her reason: 'What right,' she said to me, 'has he to be spending money on other women when I have to make over my last year's hats, and skimp and save in every way I can? If we had money, perhaps I'd feel differently. But this isn't fair.'"

"Now I suppose, Mrs. Blank, that if you were making over your last year's hats, you would take some such view, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps," she admitted. "If there were no way to get more money."

"I know another woman," I continued, "who knows that her husband has outside affairs; but she is not disturbed by them. So long as Sam provides adequately for me and the children," she said to me, "I shall not interfere."

"Do you feel that he loves you?" I asked. "Oh, certainly," she said. "He's as good as gold to all of us."

"And you would not feel justified in doing as he does?" I asked.

"Sam would never see that," she said with a shrug. "With a woman, it's different somehow."

"But, as a matter of fact, though she never admitted it to me, I am satisfied that that woman was secretly doing what she allowed her husband to do openly. They simply couldn't face such a thing together, though they could manage it separately—and did."

Mrs. Blank laughed, a trifle bitterly, I thought. "Oh, Judge, lies are such terrible things. Why can't we all speak the truth? Tell me the truth, Judge. What do you think of me?"

"I think you're rich but honest," I said. "You would like to have me tell you that I think you are doing right. In like manner most conventional persons would reproach me bitterly for not telling you that you are a highly immoral person. But I could not do the work I am engaged in if I permitted my mind to form fixed judgments on human behavior. You must excuse me, therefore, from taking sides. It is part of my duty not to take sides. I simply note the facts; and I find them interesting because they are among the indications that some sort of a social change is on the way."

"That there are people in the world with your conviction seems to me significant and not necessarily alarming. There are some persons who regard as alarming every alteration of social conduct with which they don't happen to agree; but I am not of their number. I am greatly obliged to you for the truth. I hope you will keep me informed of future developments in your way of life if there are any."

I have not talked with Mrs. Blank since that interview; but so far as I know she and her husband continue with apparent success in their individualistic scheme of living.

TO the possibly shocked and angry reader I can only say the same that I said to Mrs. Blank. I do not extract the truth from people by passing gratuitous judgments on their conduct. Mrs. Blank talked to me freely because she felt sure that I would not promptly begin to belabor her with the club of convention. I wish that in putting down my talk with her in these pages I could do it with the assurance that all who read the account would likewise hold judgment in suspension, and be content to regard such departures simply as things that are happening, and which no amount of mere denunciation can prevent happening.

Mrs. Blank's story constitutes a part of the social data which I think I should lay before the readers of these articles; but I am to present such material I must necessarily assume from the outset that my readers prefer to be treated as adults rather than as children. This is clinical material, and it must be treated as such, without sentimentality, either in the direction of assent or dissent.

I do not pretend to pass judgment on the social currents I see around me, though I observe that a good many persons of less experience in this field do not hesitate to do so.

That the old customs are resistlessly changing is self-evident; but we have many little King Canutes, who seem to think they can stop this tide of growth, and of economic and social readjustment to a machine age. It would be much better, I think, to guide the change instead of attempting the impossible.

Write for the new book: 60c per copy

continued,
has outside
by them.
ely for me
ne, 'I shall

? I asked.
's as good

fied in do-

she said
's different

a she never
that that
he allowed
ey- simply
er, though
-and did."
bitterly, I
ch terrible
the truth?
at do you

t," I said
you that
like man-
would re-
you that
n. But I
arged in it
axed judg-
you must
sides. It
sides. I
them in-
the indi-
change is

world with
ificant and
are some
very abe-
which they
ot of their
o you for
ep me in-
your way

lank since
know she
parent suc-
of living

gry render
I said to
truth from
gments on
ed to me
I would
with the
in putting
e pages I
that all
wise hold
content to
things that
mount of
pening.
a part of
should be
es; but it
ust neces-
that my
lles rather
material
without
ection of

ent on the
though I
of less ex-
to do so
sly chang-
any little
they can
economic
chine age-
to guide
he impos-



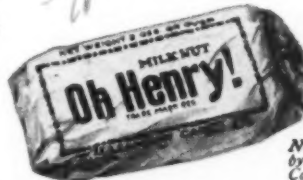
EIGHT Delicious Chocolates in One!

Oh Henry! is not the usual candy bar but *eight* delicious chocolates in one, to be sliced as you need them. A "special occasion" quality in everyday size! And no \$1.25 chocolates are finer in quality, or made with more infinite care.

When you slice into a bar slice through that mellowest of milk chocolates, tender, crunchy nuts, golden, old-fashion butter cream and luscious, lingering caramel. . . . the milky fragrance of the chocolate, the way the candy cuts, its creamier consistency, its richer, and more tempting color all unite to say that this is a truly fine candy.

The bar form of Oh Henry! is simply a convenience for people who like *good* candy during the day. A convenience, also, for hostesses who may always have a few bars in the pantry, and at a minute's notice have fine candy for teas, bridge games, after dinner and other occasions simply by slicing one, two or as many bars as are desired.

Serve Oh Henry! sliced at any time to anyone. Millions know and love it!



Now made in Canada
by Walter M. Lowrey
Co., Limited, Montreal



Write for FREE Copy of
the new Oh Henry! recipe
book: 60 delicious ways to
serve Oh Henry!

In less than two months women mailed us over 8,000 recipes for the use of Oh Henry! in cakes, icings, puddings, ice cream, baked apples, and innumerable other desserts. Under the direction of one of the leading home economists, Mrs. Lily Haxworth Wallace, the best of these have been made into this unusual recipe book. Write for it FREE.

WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY • • Chicago, Illinois

When Indian summer
days are come—and with gay
companions you saunter
over the friendly fields
—have a Camel!



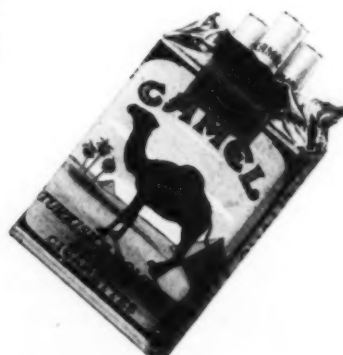
No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—have a Camel!

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowly mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*10 page
4000
new year*

able and sinful feat of stopping or hindering

But their idea of "guidance" is compulsion by law and social pressure. That is not guidance. Education, and effort at clear thinking, and clear expression of such thinking, are guidance. Such guidance exerts the only sort of compulsion that human beings will consistently and permanently obey.

The facts I have so far set down, together with other facts which I have not yet set down, make it evident that the old conception of marriage is altering. That there has come about a loosening of the marriage bond, all are agreed, particularly those of the clergy who are so alarmed about it.

Generally speaking I think that a reasonable freedom for the individual in thought, conduct and daily life is the only bondage that can really bind. I think we are very

far indeed from having that kind of freedom—and that the story of the Blanks is one instance of a violent reaction away from marriage as society and the church insist on having it. What makes the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Blank startling is that its violence seems to have about it a kind of rationality, a cool reasonableness, which makes it doubly effective, perhaps doubly perilous.

Personally, I am satisfied that society should leave to the individuals who compose it a very large liberty, if it does not patently infringe on the social rights of others—particularly children.

At present, society would have no tolerance for Mrs. Blank, if it knew her real name. It would draw no lesson from the fact that she talked frankly and honestly to me, relying on my tolerance. Such tolerance should be generally forthcoming, from

all persons toward all persons. If it were, then Mrs. Blank and other extremists like her would carry out their views openly. The result would be that such of their ideas as were useful and workable would survive, and those that were socially unworkable would fall of their own weight. But tolerance is a large virtue; and our human capacity for it is small, save in those who have been specially educated to it.

In the meantime, I stand by my belief that "infidelity," so-called, is not only increasing, but that it has become, in a larger number of instances than is commonly suspected, something similar to the rationalized and deliberate sort indulged in by Mr. and Mrs. Blank.

(Judge Lindsey's next article in this series entitled "The Moral Revolt" will appear in our forthcoming November issue.)

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE

(Continued from page 73)

was "true" to her, as she said. She did not exaggerate when she declared that she had "nothing" because she had "no love." The doctors tell me that the very disease of which she died may have been begun by the nervous irritation that accompanied the psychic degradation in which she lived. Reggie Tally's wife would have been just as unhappy, probably, even if she had not found a justification for her hatred of her husband in the disease which he gave her. I believe that Percy Sutton's bride would have found some other way to kill him, in the end, even if she had married him as hopefully as these others married.

In any fashionable marriage that is made without love, there are bound to be resistances and revolts and hatreds that become murderous in their tendency even when they do not actually achieve murder in fact.

A BROAD, of course, the social conventions are loosened to permit of liaisons that make such marriages more endurable. I recall a conversation with a royal princess who said: "We are made to marry men for whom we have no love. Because of what they call 'reasons of state,' we are bred like animals of a pedigreed stock. We have to have children of royal blood to inherit a throne. But when we have done our duty by the state, no sensible person demands that we continue to live such unnatural lives. We have our love outside of marriage, and it is permitted to us as long as we do not outrage appearances." She had borne three children of royal blood, and then she had fallen in love with a man to whom she had since been loyal for twenty years. Her husband lived in a similar liaison, and nothing was said about it. These "morganatic marriages" are tolerated as a necessity.

Among the aristocrats abroad, love-affairs outside of marriage have the same social sanction, as long as they do not become scandalous. I remember a titled Englishman saying to me at dinner: "No sensible man worries about his paternity after his wife has given him two children. After that, she has her freedom. She has done her duty." He was a notorious cad, and I did not believe him, but his statement was certainly made plausible by what I saw, afterwards, of life among the so-called "smart set" of London. And, of course, conditions among the continental aristocracy are too well-known to need any comment.

The fact remains, however, that in American life today, love outside of marriage has no social sanction. It has to be furtive and clandestine. And even in Europe it did not seem to me to be very happy. One can understand why it can never be perfectly happy

if the psychologists are right in saying that, in any normal human being, the instinct of love takes its color from a childhood relation and cannot subsequently come to its greatest happiness except in the protection and possessiveness of domestic life. Love, outside of marriage, is a frustrated emotion at its best. Where it is a guilty emotion, as in America, it is worse than frustrated.

With the open liaisons of the continent forbidden in America by social custom, the fashionable marriage, without love, leads to relations that have no constancy and to divorce after divorce. At any fashionable dinner table in New York or Newport, there is likely to be an assemblage of guests whose sentimental history would make a shocking *histoire scandaleuse*. They seem to me to be invariably haunted and unhappy. I do not know what they think they are getting out of life, but it is often too evident that they are getting nothing worth while.

I have known only one American woman who seemed able to carry off her guilty affairs with any sort of happiness, and she puzzled me for years—until I heard the story of her origin. She appeared first in New York, from the West, as the friend of a pretty *débutante* who had met her at a fashionable finishing-school and conceived a schoolgirl's passion for her. They were inseparable, and they made a very pretty pair. The New York girl was a little brunette of great spirit and vivacity. The Westerner was a Titian beauty, red-haired and rather languorous. I supposed that she was of an ardent and affectionate temperament until I saw the cold-blooded way in which she dropped her chum, as soon as she married. Her husband came of a distinguished New England family, not very rich but very proud and "exclusive," and as soon as she entered the narrow circle of his family and his friends, she closed the door on her chum, who had no social standing. Under the shelter of her husband's name, she took at once a wealthy lover who gave her everything that her husband lacked, and the husband, being inbred to the point of idiocy, remained docile. She is now, I believe, a millionaire in her own right. She has discreetly plundered a succession of rich cavaliers and dismissed them as soon as she had skimmed the golden cream from their infatuation. She has made herself quite a powerful and distinguished person, and she has remained healthy and in high spirits through a life that has been destructive to everybody but herself.

As I say, she puzzled me. She puzzled me for years until I ran across the story of her early life, by an extraordinary accident. It seemed that she was the daughter

of a woman of the mining camps of Colorado and Montana. She had passed her childhood in an atmosphere of professional vice. At the age of eight or nine, a rich miner persuaded her mother to let him send her East to a convent school as his niece, and under his protection she was able to enter the finishing-school where the New York girl made friends with her. She had never known her father. Her abnormal childhood had given her a psychological "pattern," as the psychiatrists say, which made her later career possible for her. I do not believe it would be possible for a normal American girl. Certainly I have never seen one succeed in such a career, although the outer fringe of fashionable life contains many shipwrecked women who have tried.

SOME years ago, it was more the fashion than it is now for rich American girls to marry foreign titles, but there are still a number of such marriages solemnized in fashionable churches every year, in spite of the fact that they have been notoriously disastrous in the past. They are frankly marriages of ambition, marriages without love, and they are instructive examples of how criminal such marriages can be. One of the most conspicuous of them, arranged in my girlhood, became the scandal of the fashionable world on two continents. It is supposed to have ended in the complete disgrace and downfall of the unfortunate heiress. From my point of view, it ended happily.

I shall call her Virginia Cort. Her father was one of the richest men in America, a charmingly shy and gentle character, son of a perfect pirate of a man who had made his money as a sort of Wall Street buccaneer. Her mother had married him ambitiously and led him such a miserable, henpecked life, that he ran away with an openly notorious woman in order to force his wife to divorce him. She got the custody of his children, and especially of his daughter Virginia, a sweet girl, as shy and simple as he, of the most adorable humility in the midst of all her mother's social grandeur. It was the mother's ambition that arranged poor Virginia's engagement to a young English peer who needed money. Her father tried in vain to prevent the marriage. Virginia had been estranged from him by her mother and refused to listen to him. She was married with great pomp to the dissolute young lord, and her mother foolishly gave him independent control of Virginia's marriage dot.

He continued to live the life to which he had been accustomed before his marriage, and it soon became evident that Virginia was trying to get her revenge by imitating him—with no *finesse* whatever, but with such



It's so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance. Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York

M-26-6

outrageous simplicity that it was scandalous. All England was shocked, and there was not a word offered in her defense when he put her out of his house, one night, in the country—a cold winter night—and she had to walk half a mile in her nightdress to seek shelter in the gatekeeper's lodge.

Having disgraced her, he divorced her, and no one blamed him. I saw her at an opening of the Royal Academy in London absolutely snubbed and ignored by everybody; and knowing what a dear, sweet girl she really was, it seemed to me heartbreaking. She retired to Paris, and there she married a young French painter and lived, as I was told, in comparative poverty and complete obscurity, seeing no one.

Some years later I met her with her husband, and to my surprise she was radiantly happy. I had been thinking of her as a tragic wreck, and it is true that she was a semi-invalid with white hair and a face aged with suffering, but the suffering was obviously forgotten; she was romantically tender toward him; and the expression with which he looked at her was enough to ob-

literate any past. When I saw how much happier she was than her old fashionable friends who spoke of her with contemptuous pity, and how much wiser in her way of life than they, I realized that instead of being wrecked by scandal, she had been saved by it. She had escaped a life of miserable futility in the fashionable world and come into true felicity at last.

I do not mean to say that all the futilities of fashionable life are due to these marriages of ambition—these marriages without love—but I think it is obvious that many of the peculiar ills that wealth is heir to are produced by such marriages. The children especially suffer. The history of Miss Ransome's children, for example, has been more terrible than her own. But even outside of tragedies like hers, the fashionable home has a pitifully destructive effect on the boys and girls who are brought up in it, and it is this effect on the children of fashionable life which I wish to consider in my next article.

(In the next, the November, issue, Mr. Philip Lydig will offer another striking article on present-day fashionable society.)

ALL THE WAY UP

(Continued from page 66)

refresh Jerry's mind as to where his longings had originated. Wouldn't he have had them anyhow, before long?

Gertie came to the café, now, where Jerry was singing. He wouldn't allow her there at first. She wore gayer clothes. Jerry didn't like her to look like such a pale fish. She flirted with other men in the hope of making Jerry jealous, and never noticed that he didn't get jealous at all.

Jerry was getting restless. He was tired of Gertie. He had been tired of her for a long time. Through with her? Of course. What else was there? A nice little thing—but just an East Side girl, after all, like all the other girls he had had. Didn't know anything. Gertie was no longer the pursued. She was pursuing him—as the other girls had done, as the other girls did to whom once again he was giving careless nods and smiles and kisses. Gertie grew wistful, a bit pitiful, even, sitting at one of the tables in the squalid café while Jerry sang. She watched him every minute. Jerry may have forgotten the songs he sang those last days in the café when he was twenty-two. It is possible that Gertie never forgot.

"I saw Washington cross the Delaware

And they all fought for our country
In my dream of the U. S. A."

"In my dream of the U. S. A.!" Gerty dreamed—of Jerry near and constant to her in some mysterious way, marriage even, though Gertie felt that that was impossible. You couldn't tie a boy like Jerry down to a thing as definite as marriage. Oh, anything, then! What else was there—so she could keep Jerry? And Jerry dreamed of the things Gertie had put into his mind or that had grown by themselves after that first ambition had bloomed. After all, there was the whole country, all of New York—and here he was on the Bowery!

Gertie—what could she give him? He was through with Gertie. Pretty, in a way. So were thousands of others. Constant, loyal—well, why not? Of course she loved him, but there were a lot of others. He had been the first to take her love. What of it? It would have been some one else, if he hadn't come along. A girl like that—He sold another song and decided it was about time to get out.

A singing waiter—that's all he was! Angie had been in vaudeville. One of six in a "girl act." He and Angie in vaudeville! Angie could dance and sing, was ambitious too.

He met Phil Ray, and Phil told him how to get into vaudeville. Angie knew a little about it too. He and Angie, with Whitey at the piano, made up an act and rehearsed it, afternoons, when no one else was in the café. Songs, mostly, with a little patter and a dance finish. He went with Phil to see an agent; they had a try-out and actually were given time on a small circuit. That was that. No use telling Gertie good-bye and making a scene. What was the use?

He quit his job on a Saturday night. He didn't give any notice. They wouldn't have given him a notice, if they had fired him, would they? He just walked out—and never came back again. Better than a lot of explanation. On Monday the act opened in Newark. And Gertie never saw him again.

Gertie did the expected thing, the thing that enables psychologists to draw up elaborate tables and reach ponderous conclusions. Environment—yielding to first impulses—no inhibitions—a girl like that—invisible!

When Gertie found that Jerry was gone—wasn't coming back—when night after night she went to the café in which he had sung, to all the other cafés in the neighborhood and could not find him, when she had questioned his brothers and sisters and all of his male companions and even a female rival concerning him, a sort of desperation came over her. She couldn't believe that Jerry had gone away—couldn't believe it. He couldn't go, now, like this! She was seventeen, and she had known Jerry for two years. Two years—and now—now he was gone!

She prowled around the streets, searching. She thought of Jerry all day long and all night long—every minute. Then, when she finally realized that he wasn't coming back, was through with her—she bought some cheap finery and began going to the cafés again. Why not?

A soft little thing. Pretty, too. She had half a dozen desperate little attempts at love-affairs, horrible attempts.

She met Gil the Wop. Gil had another name, most likely, though no one knew what it was. A sleek fellow in his early twenties. Shrewd, a bit cruel, and yet, in a way, generous too. He liked Gertie—that is, he liked girls, and Gertie was pretty and young. And Gertie liked him because he kept her from thinking. She was Gil the Wop's girl, after that. . . .

THEN he met Angie Lee. It was Angie who decided him. Women had a way of helping Jerry make decisions. Angie was pretty and sparkling and even a bit taunting.

What kind of men enrol in the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

THE Alexander Hamilton Institute was founded to give men a working knowledge of the different departments of modern business in their relation to each other—corporate finance, advertising, sales, accounting, costs—working knowledge which every executive must have. That the Institute's training is thoroughly practical is best proved by the fact that men at the top, like the following, have enrolled for its Modern Business Course and Service, and take every occasion to advise their associates to enrol:

C. H. BEDELL, *Vice President*, National Stockman and Farmer, Pittsburgh.

FRANK H. BRADDOCK, *Secretary and Treasurer*, Murdock Kerr and Company, Pittsburgh.

GEO. H. BUSHNELL, *Vice Pres. and Compt.*, J. C. Penney Company (371 Retail Stores).

J. H. CARTER, *Vice President*, National City Bank of New York.

FRANCIS A. COUNTWAY, *President*, Lever Bros. Company (Mfrs. Lux, Lifebuoy Soap).

B. D. DUNHAM, *Auditor*, Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

O. E. GUIBERT, *President*, O. E. Guibert Steel Co. (Structural Steel), Pittsburgh, Pa.

EZRA HERSHEY, *Treasurer*, Hershey Chocolate Company.

CHARLES E. HIRSH, *President*, Hires Root Beer Company.

ROY W. HOWARD, *Chairman, Board of Directors*, Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

S. T. McCALL, *Vice President*, American Manganese Steel Company.

E. A. MURDOCK, *Partner*, Murdock Storage and Transfer Co., Pittsburgh.

WALTER G. SANBORN, *Purchasing Agent*, United Engineering and Foundry Co., Pittsburgh.

A. W. SCHENCK, *Secretary and Treasurer*, A. W. Schenck China Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LYNN W. SMITH, *President*, Union National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDW. J. THOMPSON, *President*, Edw. J. Thompson Co. (Auto Bodies), Pittsburgh, Pa.

GEORGE M. VERITY, *President*, American Rolling Mill Company (Armco Iron).

JOSEPH W. WARD, *Vice President*, Pittsburgh Bank of North America, Pittsburgh.

T. H. BAILEY WHIPPLE, *Educ. Dept.*, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., *President*, William Wrigley, Jr., Company (Wrigley's Gum).

WHAT THE INSTITUTE has done for these men it can do for you. To you, also, it can bring that greater business knowledge that means greater business progress.

Whatever your present position, the Institute's little book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will interest you. It tells just what the Course and Service is, and what it has done for 250,000 men who are at the top or on the way. It will be sent without cost or obligation. Write or telephone for a copy.

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay—

but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon; a book is a book; a course is a course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way.

An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will go to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thorough understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of \$50,000, \$100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business

without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

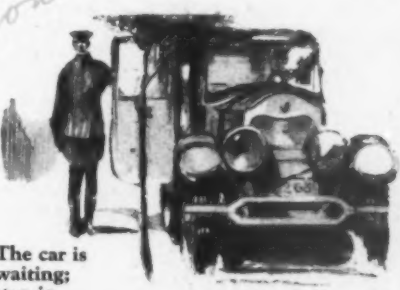
Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you do receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business." It is sent without obligation; it costs you nothing, yet it is permanently valuable.

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.



The car is waiting; step in

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men



IN CANADA, address the
Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited
C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto

IN AUSTRALIA, the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
110 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

670 Astor Place

New York City

Send me the new revised edition of the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Name..... Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....



"I DARED NOT BELIEVE WHAT I FELT..."

(Letters from Lovers: I)

"I dared not believe what I felt as I sat with you. The spirit of old loves was in the room—the fragrance of lost gardens—the glamour of moonlight. I could almost hear the whisper of tapestries stirring in the wind—and in it all you were beautiful—strongly, romantically beautiful."

FROM HER DIARY

"How he looked in the last night—with something new and wonderful in his eyes. I had burned temple incense...."

To create in the room about them that atmosphere of eternal mystery that is so irresistible to men, lovely women burned temple incense thousands of years ago. For women of today that old charm secret of the Orient is still preserved, unchanged, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It awaits you, in six exquisite odors, at all drug and department stores.

What new charm can incense give you?
Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 5 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Then Lawton Carling came down to the Bowery on a slumming expedition—he and his best friend Freddy Trusdell. Clean, fresh boys, just out of college, eager for adventure, for the romance that they believed the underworld offered them. This was different. This was "seeing life." Lawton "picked up" Gertie Markin. And Gertie used all of her pretty wiles. Oh, Gertie had learned. The girls always tried to attract the men that came from uptown, though usually nothing ever came of it—few enough of them ever repeated their slumming trips. Lawton Carling liked Gertie, in a way that a boy like Lawton Carling would like a girl he picked up on the East Side. He made innumerable visits to her. Gertie had long ago broken away from her people and her original tenement home, and had a horrible little room of her own.

She might have been able to get more out of Lawton Carling if she had known how to go about it. She wasn't much of a grafter. She was sweet and pleasant—and wanted, awfully, to get out of her environment. Lawton had no idea of helping her out. He liked her best where she was. Surreptitious visits, stolen love-making with the glamour of the forbidden were what Lawton wanted—a little East Side girl, only seventeen, to whom he could steal away to meet at night.

THEN Gertie found out that there was going to be a baby. The father of the baby was Gil the Wop. She was sure of that. When she told Gil, though he did not deny his paternity, he disappeared out of Gertie's life as sleekly as he had entered it. After all, why blame him? Didn't she know anything? So Gertie told Lawton that it was his baby. What else could she do?

"You've got to take the baby," Gertie said. "I can't have a baby hanging around—I can't take care of it, and I'm not going to leave it on a doorstep or at one of these hospitals and have God knows what happen to it."

Lawton had a thought, then. His aunt, Mrs. Webster Carling, because she had more money than she knew what to do with, and no children of her own, had already adopted two boys. Why shouldn't she adopt Gertie's baby—his baby? Of course! That would solve everything. Mrs. Carling was close-mouthed about things. Why, nobody even knew the two boys were adopted. Nobody would have to know. He promised Gertie he'd take the baby. He spoke to his aunt. Luckily he was her favorite relative.

Gertie was eighteen when the baby was born. The baby was a girl, and Lawton took it to his aunt as he had planned. The aunt liked the baby, a pretty little thing with light hair and curiously dark eyes. After all, she wanted another child, had intended to adopt one—a girl, too. No use asking too many questions. Lawton's baby? What of it? The baby probably had better blood than you'd get if you adopted a child in the usual way. So the daughter of Gertie Markin of the East Side alleys and of Gil the Wop, became little Lois Carling.

As for Lawton, he had had his lesson. He stayed away from the East Side thereafter. But women cannot learn, it seems. Gil the Wop reappeared and Gertie went back to him; and after Gil there was Franky Heinz and then Black Kelly—but never mind.

Jerry liked vaudeville. He liked talking to the other actors on the bill, watching from the wings the other acts as they went on. Within an incredibly short time he took on the color of the theater. The jargon of vaudeville became his own. He exchanged the clothes of the East Side for the snappier, racier habiliments of the three-a-day.

He tired of Angie Lee after a little. She'd done her share, got him started. After all, she was a rotten performer. He accused her of carrying on with a juggler in an act that

preceded them, and when their bookings were up, he left Angie and went out as "a single."

His "single," with songs and clogging, didn't go over especially well, wasn't given an important place on the bill; but at least he was doing something on his own. He never thought much of the life he had left behind him. Occasionally he recalled Gertie, and once he almost sent her a post-card, but what was the use of bothering with Gertie? A nice little thing, but out of his life. Common—no good, if it came to that. She'd never got out of the East Side. What if he had cared for her, once? He was well rid of her. He didn't want any women clinging to him, holding him back, now that he had got a start.

He met Florine Day in Davenport. Florine had a single too, but it had a good place on the bill. Partly because she thought they really could succeed together, but mostly because she had succumbed to Jerry's charms, she suggested that they put on an act together. Jerry saw that Florine had good material. She sang well, danced splendidly. She had had several years of musical-comedy training. She was a fairly pretty girl but a little too thin and was starting to wrinkle around the eyes besides, though the wrinkles didn't show from the front. As a double they could get a better place on the bill, more money. They worked up some amusing patter, and Jerry wrote a song for them. At "Ward and Day" he and Florine stayed together a year. Then he tired of Florine. She had taught him all she knew, and she was starting to get whiney if he looked at other girls. So he dropped Florine and went into a single again. It was a better single, this time. He knew now what people wanted. He stayed on the road another year.

At twenty-five he was back in New York with a determination never to leave it again. He had some songs ready for the publishers and sold half a dozen, on which he received small royalties. Then, through Hilda Brenning, whom he met at the theatrical boarding-house at which he was staying, he got a small part in a legitimate play. He grew dissatisfied with this, so he added the duties of assistant stage-manager to his others.

Now he was learning about the "legitimate" theater! He shed his vaudeville habits as quickly as he had attained them, and took, instead, the manners and ways of the new world. He was feeling his way now, using all his selective abilities. Everything wasn't right just because it was Broadway. There were Broadway styles that were right, and Broadway styles that were wrong. He had thought, once, that, if you were on Broadway, that was the end. Now he saw that you could be in a show playing right in town and still be a "ham." Oh, well, he was young enough to learn.

He met Drella Gebhardt, the wife of Max Gebhardt, the producer. And through Drella he was able to gain Max's interest and attention.

DRELLA fell in love with him, of course.

That interfered with his plans a bit, for he didn't want to drop Drella, and he didn't want to be annoyed by her. Drella was all right in her way—too attractive, certainly, for a man like Max Gebhardt. She was a slender, dark-eyed woman in her late twenties. She had been in the chorus when Gebhardt married her, and she had felt that, in marrying a theatrical producer, she had done pretty well for herself. Now she was bored with what married life offered her and was looking around for such romance as she was capable of attaining when she met Jerry. Here was a handsome young fellow, tall, slender, a bit sallow perhaps, but with a sensitive face and burning eyes. Drella did not know that Jerry knew anything about women. He looked so young. Why, he hadn't been on Broadway long—had been out in the sticks in vaudeville, had come

ings were
single."
clogging,
't given
at least
wn. He
had left
Gertie,
ard, but
Gertie?
. Com-
She'd
at if he
ll rid of
nging to
had got

Florine
place on
ut they
stly be-
charms,
act to-
ood ma-
ly. She
comedy
l but a
wrinkle
wrinkles
ble they
l, more
ng pat-
em. As
yed to-
ne. She
he was
t other
nt into
le, this
wanted.

York
again.
blishers
received
Bren-
board-
e got a
ew dis-
ties of

"legiti-
habits
d took,
e new
using
wasn't
There
t, and
le had
Broad-
at you
town
e was

Max
Drella
nd at-

course.
it, for
didn't
as all
ainly,
was a
twen-
Geb-
at, in
done
bored
and
s she
erry.
tall.
th a
did
about
he
been
come



On Your Birthday Send Mother Flowers

Flowers are Nature's murmuring messengers. They tell the story that stumbling words can never

quite express. Clasp them tenderly, as once she held you long ago, Mother will understand.



Your florist can telegraph fresh flowers to Mother, though she may be half-a-world away.

*1 Page
2400 00
Mills Ad Co.*

Fortify for Fire Fighting

IMPROVED

Pyrene

EXTINGUISHER



October 3rd to 9th
REMEMBER the dates.
National Fire Prevention
Week

Observe it by making the
decision to play safe—work
safe—live safe. Never "trust
to luck"—with Fire.

Be one of those whose homes
are protected—not by chance
—by **PYRENE**. Be ready at
all times to meet that unfore-
seen emergency.

Improved **PYRENE** is ready
at all times. It works quickly.
It works surely. Women and
children can operate it with
perfect ease and positive
accuracy.

Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Pyrene

**KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE**

Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented)
with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers.

The dawn of a new day
in Radio Speakers

The Tower Cone



THE most beautiful Cone in America!

With those mechanical niceties that
insure finer tone and volume, this Tower
Speaker virtually revolutionizes present
day conceptions. The double-drive unit,
the acoustically perfect non-warping
Cone, the eight connections from unit to
Price Cone, the free-edge construc-
tion—these basic features
establish Tower Speaker supremacy.

\$9.50

On Sale from Coast to Coast.

TOWER MFG. CORP. BOSTON, MASS.

from the East Side originally. Jerry was careful to let her think that his adroitness was innocence. He avoided her attentions as best he could. Finally he found that he couldn't avoid her any longer. Max was his friend. Still, after all, he wanted to get ahead and he couldn't help it if Drella Gebhardt was a fool. He couldn't very well go to Max and tell him about his wife. That would end it and he wasn't ready to get out yet, for Gebhardt had too much that he wanted. So he carried on with Drella.

Oh, well!

Jerry was sure that it would be easier to get rid of Drella after she had tired of him but when Drella proposed that they run away together and let Max divorce her so that they could marry, he was dismayed. Of course, he didn't want to marry Drella Gebhardt. He couldn't learn any more from her. As the wife of Gebhardt she could be of valuable assistance. As his own wife, she would be an impossible burden. The affair dragged on for a year before Jerry was able to terminate it. By that time, however, he had learned many valuable things about the production end of the business.

He was nearly twenty-seven when he got in with the Brander brothers, and his actual success dated from that time. If Miriam Brander, the unmarried but not too young sister had an idea that a marriage with her brothers' young associate would be advantageous all around, Jerry dispelled her illusion, though not until he had put the business relation on a pleasant social basis. He had met Miriam Brander at a party after a Broadway opening, and though he had been glad enough to meet her family as soon as he knew who she was, and hadn't minded encouraging her in an indefinite, careless way, he didn't intend to go further. A nice girl, but after all, she was from rather ordinary people, and even now her relatives were all of the theater. Too old, too. Certainly not the kind of a girl he wanted to marry.

JERRY rose rapidly in the theater during the next three years. He was sorry when the Branders failed, but did not feel that it was in any way due to him. In fact, he felt that he had done just the right thing in getting out when he did. After all, a man's got to look out for himself. Jerry played some fairly important leads, doctored a few plays and learned a great deal more about the production end of the business. He made a few friends, but they were mostly of the theater. He learned about restaurants, how to order a dinner, not the kind of dinner he had known when he was a singing waiter on the Bowery, what to say to people, something about books and music.

When he was thirty, he produced his first play, "Searing Irons," and followed this with "No One Else." He made money out of both, and gave up acting altogether—he really never was much of an actor—and became more involved in the production end. He continued to make friends, to use them—that is, to rise with them or over them when the opportunities came. Women still played an important part in his life, and if the lines around his mouth became a little sharper, they—the women—didn't seem to notice or to mind.

In his middle thirties Jerome—he became Jerome now—gained a reputation as a successful play-producer. He had half a dozen winning plays. Men of the theater considered his judgment excellent, took his slightest words seriously.

At forty Jerome was a decided success. He had an elaborate suite in a Broadway office-building. He had a private secretary and a reception girl who spent her entire time making appointments with people who were always crowding the outer office, or who kept him from seeing the people whom he didn't want to see. After all, you can't be bothered with everyone. He had got ahead! There was no doubt of it. Selfish? Why shouldn't he be selfish? Hadn't he done the whole

thing alone? No one had ever cared anything about him excepting idiotic women—the kind that always follow men about. They didn't matter. Why, if he hadn't done everything for himself, he'd still be a waiter down on the Bowery.

He visited his parents occasionally. He had seen to it that they had moved away from the East Side, years before. His sisters were married—as all nice girls marry—young. He had helped one of his brothers get a start in business, had given financial assistance to another. He supported his parents, for he was the richest of the relatives. Of course he did not live with them, but had an elaborate bachelor apartment in a studio building near Fifty-seventh Street.

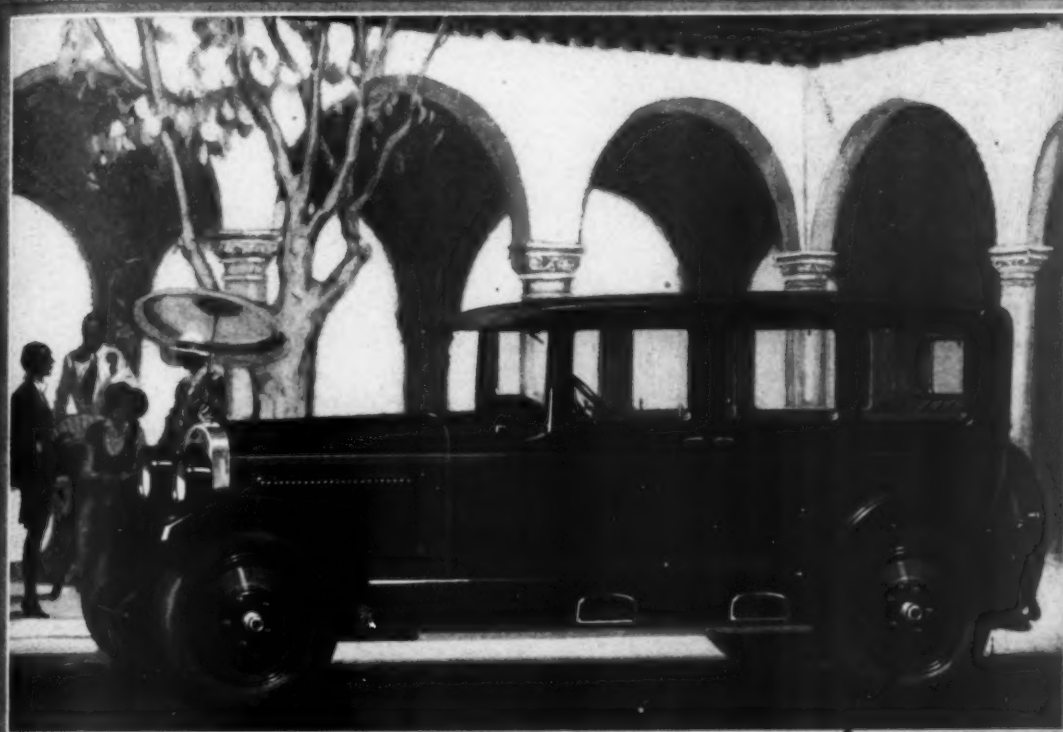
A Japanese servant, who knew how to cook and prepare excellent drinks, took care of Jerome and his apartment. Jerome was proud of his apartment, his servant, his wines, his car. He entertained his friends frequently and rather elaborately.

HE had definite social strivings, now. For a while he had contemplated marrying Phyllis Durant, a popular screen star, but had decided to get out of it at the last minute. Phyllis had a good job, a good reputation, but he had learned that her people were absolutely impossible, and he knew that blood was important. Of course there were cases—well, like his own—where one is a "sport" and deviates radically from the rest of the family. He wasn't what his family had made him, was nothing like any of them. He had made himself. Absolutely! But then, he was one in a thousand. When he married, he wanted a girl who already had things—and who had good blood, too. Association, education—they were both necessary, even enough, when a fellow was ambitious—like himself; but blood—he decided that was the most important thing of all to look for in a wife. When he married, it would be a fulfillment. His marriage would be the reward, the keystone, the finishing of the pattern of his career. Phyllis Durant had nothing except the surface culture that environment had given her.

He went with Mrs. Teddy Shoals for a while—the Shoals had a real place in society—and extricated himself only when Mrs. Teddy became vehemently affectionate. Besides, Teddy was over six feet tall; no use starting anything. He definitely wanted to marry, though. He wanted a family—even wanted to carry on the name of Jerome Ward. He wanted to buy an estate out in the country, Great Neck, perhaps, or up in Connecticut. That's where successful people were going—not just theatrical people, but bankers and novelists and artists, the kind of people he wanted to know. There's no use going into a thing like a country place without a wife. A wife—that's what he wanted—one with family and breeding. He looked around.

Jerome Ward was forty-one now. His hair was thinning a little on the top, and there were permanent slight brownish circles under his always bright eyes. He still dressed immaculately in the newest but always the most conservative fashions. He did everything exactly right, with, of course, the necessary carelessness that means years of being accustomed to things. Oh, the right sort of girl would get a pretty fine man, in Jerome Ward, no doubt about that. He still had charm, the careless charm of twenty years ago accentuated now by a full knowledge of its existence. He knew a dozen women who were eager to marry him, who tried to make opportunities toward this end. He wanted something more than mere marriage. He wanted a marriage that would give him a real position, such as he felt he deserved.

He had come a long way. He looked back with amazement to the boy he had been on the East Side. Jerome Ward, who owned half a dozen plays on Broadway, was a power in the theatrical life of the day—and yet had been born on the East Side, had been a singing waiter in one of those curious



NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Values

The NEW Special Six 4-Door Sedan with 7-Bearing Crankshaft Motor—\$1315

f. o. b. factory

World's Smoothest

Type of Motor

With Rubber Insulated

Motor Supports—standard

Nash practice for

some time—Making

for Notably Quiet and

Vibrationless Performance.

New Crankcase "Breather"

Preventing Crankcase Dilution.

New-Type Motor Muffler

Deepening Operative Silence. Full Force-feed Lubrication.

Motor Heat Control by Thermostatic Water Regulation

New Winged Radiator Cap

Double Filament Headlights

Four-wheel Brakes

Five Disc Wheels

Gasoline Filter

Air Cleaner

Oil Purifier

New Instrument Board

with Indirect Lighting.

All Instruments in

Single Panel under Glass

Including Hydrostatic Gas Gauge.

Seat Upholstery of Genuine

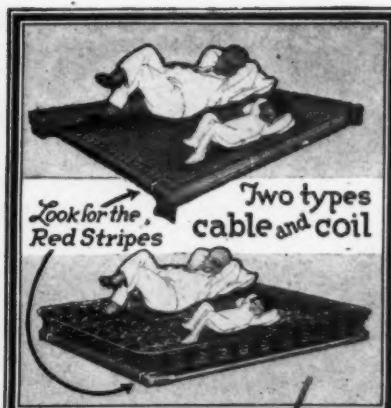
Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet.

New Duotone Body Colors.

Oil Screen "Agitator"

Preventing Oil Coagulation

in Coldest Weather.



Look for the
Red Stripes Two types
cable and coil

NO other bed-spring has the patented features which make the Way Sagless Spring so everlastingly comfortable and restful. The genuine has red stripes on frame—it pays to look for them.

Get all the facts—write for Way booklet.

Way Sagless Spring Co.

855 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Burton-Dixie Corporation

New York, N. Y. and Kansas City, Mo.

WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO., LTD., Toronto

PARK HILL BEDDING, LTD., Winnipeg

Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.

Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Robert Bros., Los Angeles

WAY

Sagless Springs

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

Now!
Lowest
Prices
Ever!

\$300

AND IT'S
YOURS IF
YOU
ACT
QUICK!

GET THIS BARGAIN NOW! An Underwood new type; new platen; new fields—and a totally rebuilt—price per offered. This year guaranteed! Fastest terms ever—\$3 and 6's yours!

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free by return post. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., 2307 Shipman Bldg., Chicago.

Name.....
Address.....

old cafés that now had passed away altogether. Well, he had come every step of the road alone. By his own efforts he had achieved greatly.

At a house-party—Jerry was frequently invited to house-parties now—he met Lois Carling. Lois, at eighteen, was lovely. Blonde, just developing into womanhood, she had odd dark eyes and black eyelashes which offered a piquant contrast to her fair skin and hair. Lois was spoiled, a bit wild, selfish, self-satisfied. She had a dozen men at her feet.

Jerry fell in love with Lois immediately—or at least he convinced himself that it was love. He hadn't felt thus toward a woman before—well, not in a long time. He remembered vaguely that he had been stirred once by a girl he had known years before, on the East Side, a cheap little thing, lacking, of course, all of the qualities that he was able to appreciate in Lois Carling.

Jerry pursued Lois. At first she was indifferent, but it was more the indifference of habit than anything else. Indifference had been her pose so long. Because of what Jerome stood for as well as for his own charm, and his money—the Carlings had lost a lot of money since the war—Lois finally consented to marry him.

They announced their engagement just recently; the wedding is to be in the spring. Jerry has bought the old Downer place, just outside of Rye, and he's having it elaborately rebuilt, keeping to the original traditions and feeling of the house, but adding innumerable bathrooms and sun-porches, a miniature bar in the basement, and a swimming-pool near the sunken gardens.

OF THE FITTEST

(Continued from page 77)

them shelter, had borne no sons, no other daughters, even. Her father had found this intolerable. For the first time in three hundred years there was no Abner Kittredge growing up in Vermont; the name would go into the grave with him. That, to the flippant young listener, did not seem to matter particularly; but the speaker's voice grew tragic as she talked. Her father had never forgiven her mother, and he had always held it against herself that she was a girl. It was clear that she considered this attitude entirely just, and absolved him of all blame. He rarely spoke to her, and she kept out of his way as much as possible, adoring him dumbly from a distance. The highly unsatisfactory mother died, and the daughter took her place in the household as unobtrusively as possible.

"But—my word, I was an only child too, but my dad was crazy about me," interrupted the girl indignantly. "He was the best old scout in the world; I adored him. I suppose he did wish he had a son, but he never—"

The woman kept on with her recital, heedless of the interpolation, not even hearing it. The father derived a melancholy comfort in gathering ponderous notes for a history of his tribe; if it must die, it should live, at least, on the printed page; Kittredge women, who had married beneath them, could nourish their multinamed offspring on the legend of the Family. His notes collected, he started the actual work of writing; his daughter had never seen him so nearly happy. It was restoring the years that the locusts had eaten. Then came his stroke. All his right side—helpless as a babe. She had thought, for weeks, that he would die of grief and rage; the doctor had thought so too. Then, timidly, tentatively, aghast at her own daring, Agatha Kittredge had suggested that she might act as a sort of secretary for the carrying on of the great

He is still a young man—not forty-two yet—and here he is going to marry one of the most prominent *débütantes* in town. He has heard rumors that Lois Carling is adopted, but if the Carlings don't feel like explaining to him, if they were willing to accept her as their own—it's evident that the girl has blood and breeding; you can tell that by her manner, the toss of her head.

It's pretty hard trying to please Lois all the time. Jerome has found that out, already. She's capacious, changeable, full of temperament. But that's the way a woman should be, after all—a woman with good blood in her veins. Better than those girls who always fawned on him, and with whom he could have his way. You couldn't start anything with a girl like Lois Carling. Isn't he entitled to a wife like that? He has a great future ahead of him—more plays—more theaters.

He plans not to visit with his relatives quite so much—and to let them understand they aren't to pop in on him, unannounced. Lois rather makes fun of them—not that he blames her. . . . After all, he really hasn't much in common with them; they are, well, peculiar, and he's done enough for them as it is. He has made up his mind to stop talking about his boyhood. Of course he wouldn't think of denying his origin, but after all—

There's that Great Play he has long wanted to write. He is planning to get some clever young collaborator to write it with him and to put it on next year. It will give him just an extra—even if not needed—*cachet*, will please the Carlings, and Lois, too. After all, when you're marrying into a family like that, marrying the right sort of a girl—

work; could she not be the humble hand, motivated by his brain?

It took time to persuade him to let her try, much more time to convince him of her ability; but at length the routine was established, and she knew for the first time the sacred joy of being necessary to her sire.

The girl, watching her curiously while she talked, saw the lined, fallow face lighted radiantly from within. It was as if she were telling of an ecstatic love-affair.

But when the *opus* was hardly one-fourth of the way to completion, Abner Kittredge had died. Not suddenly, but slowly, rebelliously, bitterly, with time enough to go over his notes with Agatha, and to lay his commands upon her. She was to finish the History of the Kittredge Family. "And just at the end," she concluded tremulously, "after the preacher had gone, he called me over, and he put his hand on my head, and he said—he said in so many words, I'd been a comfort to him. He said it was most like having—a son."

AND now, in this bare cabin on the coast of Monterey, she was hobbling up the mountain of achievement. In a few months, unless the stitch in her side which had something to do with her heart got worse, or her hand got stiffer with rheumatism, it would be finished, and there was money enough, just enough, for the publishing. She was a thankful woman, and a blessed one. But she mustn't lose any more time. She addressed herself directly to the girl, now, telling her civilly that she didn't begrudge nursing her, seeing it couldn't be helped, but she'd be glad to have the place to herself again, as soon as might be. The man who fetched her supplies once a month, kind of a hermit he was, but clever (clever, in the Vermont idiom, of which the girl had never heard), would be along in a day or



Sedan, \$895 — De Luxe Sedan, \$1075
f. o. b. Detroit

Unseen Sources of Long Life

*An open book to the expert
And revealed to the Owner in terms of Service*

The basic sources of motor car value are not always apparent to the eye.

A motor car, like a house, may look more substantial than it really is.

But experts know. And Dodge Brothers Motor Car, subjected to their sharp scrutiny, has received the unqualified endorsement it so richly deserves.

Electrical Engineers, for instance, will tell you that Dodge Brothers starter and electrical equipment throughout, are exceptionally efficient and dependable.

Metallurgists will confirm the fact that in no other car built is so high a percentage of costly chrome vanadium steel employed.

Tanners will tell you that Dodge Brothers, for their leather upholstery, will accept only a distinctly superior grade of stock.

Upholsterers concede that you will rarely find mohair velvet of equal quality and taste.

Automotive Engineers point to Dodge Brothers one-piece chrome vanadium front axle—a valuable and exclusive feature; to the bearings—bigger and better than strict necessity requires; to the spring leaves and spring clips—chrome vanadium, every one; to the motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential, rear axle shaft—all made chiefly of chrome vanadium; and to numberless other examples of high engineering standards long ago established and strictly maintained today.

Sources of long life and dependability that reveal themselves to the owner in terms of upkeep dollars saved, and faithful service over a period of years.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

The one dentifrice approved by PYORRHEA clinics



At the first sign of bleeding gums

... give them this
real protection

REAL protection against pyorrhea requires the daily use of a medicated dentifrice specially compounded for pyorrhetic conditions.

Pyorrhicide Powder is prepared expressly for the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a germicidal and healing agent used by dentists in their pyorrhea work.

Pyorrhicide Powder has the endorsement of dentists because its unusual effectiveness in treating and preventing pyorrhea has been demonstrated in clinics devoted exclusively to the study of this disease.

Tests with thousands of pyorrhea patients in these clinics have proved that Pyorrhicide Powder is the *only* dentifrice that meets all requirements for home use in the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea.

Corrects soft, tender bleeding gums

PYORRHICIDE Powder relieves gum tenderness—heals bleeding gums—makes soft gums hard and firm. It thoroughly cleans the teeth and retards tartar formation. Cooperate with your dentist by using Pyorrhicide Powder daily.

A full six months' supply is in the economical dollar package. Buy it at your druggist's. Start this *real* protection against pyorrhea today.

Send for free sample and booklet on the causes and treatment of pyorrhea.



FREE SAMPLE

The Dentinol & Pyorrhicide Co. Inc.
(Sole Distributors) (Dept. 69)
1480 Broadway, New York City

Send me free sample of Pyorrhicide Powder and booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

so, and he could lead on a horse for her. Maybe he'd walk, and let her ride his own, though he was mighty choosy about his little old crow-bait mare, and the pack-mule was too mean; McDaniels couldn't even ride him, himself.

The girl was silent, seeming to submit to these plans, but the next morning, at breakfast, she begged to be allowed to remain. "I'm terribly weak, yet; I dare say I shall be for a long time. And I don't want to go back. I may not *ever* want to go back. Anyway, I've got to think it out, and this is the first place I've ever known that's quiet enough to think in! I won't be any trouble; I'll do most of the work, and that'll give you more time, and I promise not to talk to you. I'm sick to death of talking. And what I pay you will help with your publishing."

"I've got enough," said the woman dourly. "Well, then, it will help you afterward."

"I don't figure beyond that," she returned simply, a curious rapt look on her face.

But the girl continued to argue and plead, and the woman gave in, presently, as if to be rid of the distraction of discussion, and agreed to keep her presence a secret. The girl hid out-of-doors while McDaniels was there, and he was given a more generous order for foodstuffs, and went away good-naturedly pleased that the old lady was not so set on starving herself!

Thereupon the regular, noiseless routine of their lives went forward. The newcomer kept her word about helping, though she preferred the more vigorous activities outside to the puttering affairs of the tiny house; yet she proved an astonishingly good cook in a careless, slap-dash fashion. "Always made messes in chafing-dishes," she explained, "and cooked on camping-trips." The foot became normal, and she grew rapidly well and strong again, and able to go for long hikes into the mountains, but she always kept definitely away from the main trail.

The woman worked tirelessly, thankfully adding the extra time which the girl's assistance gave her, but it seemed to the observer that she was gradually losing strength. She pressed her hand to her left side often, and when the enveloping summer fogs rolled up from the ocean, she suffered pitifully with her rheumatism. Her eyes troubled her, likewise; it was evident that her glasses should be changed, but she would not brook the suggestion of a trip to Monterey.

HER boarder, noting the scowl and squint, persuaded her to let some of the notes and records be read aloud to her; and at mealtimes, occasionally, the writer would talk earnestly of the beginnings and the branchings of the Kittredge Family. She expressed herself vehemently as to the rouge and lipstick which her guest continued to use, and as to cold cream as a substitute for good soap and water; and when it came to ordering a carton of cigarettes through McDaniels, she was adamant.

"He'd think it was for me, and I should never be able to look him in the eye again. Order them yourself, and tell him who they're for, or go without."

The girl went without, and was sulky for three days, but in the main she grew gentler and more content. She had been there almost three months when she came plunging into the living-room in the middle of a forenoon.

"Miss Agatha! How long have I been here?"

"Hush!" said the woman, warningly, hunching a shoulder against the interruption.

The girl stamped her foot furiously as she had done on the day of her arrival. "Tell me! How long have I been here?"

The pen ceased its travel across the foolscap page, and the woman looked up. The girl was as pale as it was possible to be, with her out-of-door tinting and the dab of rouge, and her eyes were wide with terror. "Why, it was early April," she said, staring. "I was just coming to 1812, I recollect, and—"

There was a frightened moan, and the girl dropped spinelessly into the rocking-chair. "I've lost all account of time. . . . I haven't thought. . . . I haven't realized—" She began to sob, stormily, tempestuously.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" the woman demanded sternly. "Want to ruin my morning? What's the matter with you?"

"I'm going to have a baby!"

THERE was an instant of stunned silence, and then the woman said firmly: "Well, then, you'll have to get away. You'll have to get away, fast's ever you can, next time McDaniels comes. He'll have to let you ride Lizzie. You can't stay here—that's sure and certain. I couldn't take care of you. I wouldn't know what to do for you"—a shamed tide of virgin modesty mounted to her sparse gray hair—"no more'n one of those squirrels out yonder!" She was emphatic. "You must get away from here."

"Oh, I'll get away from here, all right enough!" It was a cry of pure hysteria. "I'll get away from—everywhere, out of the world!"

Weeping, one arm crooked childishly across her eyes, she stumbled out of the house and went running down the rocky trail.

The woman hobbled to the door and called after her sternly, but there was no answer, and presently the sound of her head-long descent died away. Agatha Kittredge went back to her writing, but she could not concentrate upon her work.

It was hours before the girl came creeping back. "I'm a coward," she muttered, not meeting the other's gaze. "I thought I could pitch myself over the cliff, where we pushed my horse, but I couldn't. I've made a mess of living, and I haven't even nerve enough to die." She went to bed without supper, and the woman heard her crying bitterly in the night.

She was quiet in the morning, and passively agreed to go out with McDaniels on his next trip, three weeks or more away; and as the days passed, the other, watching her silently, observed a gradual change in her expression and demeanor. Several days before the hermit was due, she waited patiently for the historian to finish a chapter and then told her gently that she had made up her mind to stay for the present. "It will be all right for a couple of months, yet, I'm sure. I'm perfectly well; I've always been awfully strong. And I've got such a lot of thinking to do. I've never thought, very much, all my life. Now I'm trying to make up for lost time." She was unshakable in her determination to stay, and McDaniels came and went without hint of her presence.

From that time, an observer less deeply immersed in her own affairs than Agatha Kittredge would have seen a great and significant change in young Mrs. Drexel. Instead of her former restless roaming, she sat for long hours in the sun, so still that birds and squirrels came fearlessly close to her, and she was increasingly gentle and considerate with her hostess. The older woman, on her part, when she spared her a glance or a thought from her engrossing task, treated her with a sort of embarrassed, awkward tenderness. "I guess you oughtn't to lift much of anything, nowdays," she would say, brusquely; and: "You needn't to get up so early, mornings, if you're not a mind to."

for 1927...

Astounding New Prices
Greater Beauty
Finer Quality

Impressively Combined in 19 Brilliant Models

Look at this Standard Equipment!

"One Shot" Centralized Lubrication . . . Oil
Purifier . . . Air Cleaner . . . 4-Wheel Brakes
. . . Thermostat Heat Control . . . High-
Pressure Motor Lubrication . . . New Type
Easy Steering . Self-Adjusting Spring Shackles



Standard Six

	NEW PRICES	REDUC- TIONS
Touring ..	\$ 945	\$ 35
De Luxe Touring.	1005	35
Coupe ...	1035	35
De Luxe Coupe..	1125	45
Sedan ...	995	130
De Luxe Sedan ..	1095	140
Roadster .	1135	

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Special Six

	NEW PRICES	REDUC- TIONS
Touring..	\$1145	\$45
Sport Touring	1295	45
Coupe ...	1195	65
De Luxe Coupe..	1285	85
Sedan ...	1295	95

All Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Big Six

	NEW PRICES	REDUC- TIONS
5-Passenger Touring ..	\$1545	\$60
7-Passenger Touring ..	1645	60
Roadster ...	1695	60
7-Passenger Sedan ...	1795	260
20th Century Sedan ...	1495	155
Metropolitan Sedan ...	1595	360
Coupe	1675	

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

These great cars are now on display—See them!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND; Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

One day the girl asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope, and spent a long time over the composition of a letter, and after it was finished, she hummed softly as she went about making supper, and blushed when she found the other's gaze upon her. "It's funny," she said, shamefacedly, "the way it—gets a person. We were so terribly modern in our set, or we thought we were. But now—"

McDaniels, unaccountably, failed to come at the appointed time. This was not serious from the point of view of supplies, as they had a good store of everything needed, of which the hermit was well aware, and supposed them to be for one person only. But the girl had wanted to send out her letter, and the time had come when she felt it imperative to make arrangements for going back to civilization.

"Must be sick-a-bed," the woman declared. "Faithfullest man-creature I ever knew, all my born days. Well, he'll be along soon, or he'll send somebody."

"Unless he's dead!" The girl's eyes darkened at the thought.

"Even so, the folks at Pfeiffer's know about me being here, all soul alone. Clever folks, they are. They'll send in, if anything's happened to him."

"I suppose I could walk it, by going very slowly, but I'd hate to risk—"

"Guess you'd better wait," the other counseled. "He'll be along, or send. You'll see."

BUT almost another month passed without word. There was an anxious look in the girl's eyes, and the woman, uncomfortably aware of it, buried herself deeper in her writing. She admitted, now, that she was on the home stretch; a few weeks of uninterrupted toil, and the work would be ready for the publishers.

Then, one night, the girl awoke, coughing. There was an acrid smell of smoke in the air. She sat up and called the woman, who awakened at once and hurried to her.

"What is it? You sick?"

"No; I smell smoke. It's not in the kitchen." The woman had started that way. "It's from outside."

"You haven't been burning trash?"

"Not for a week."

"Then it's a forest fire." She dragged on a wrapper and thrust her feet into her shoes and went out on the doorstep, the girl following. "That's what it is, sure's gun's iron. My Lord—just smell it!"

"Do you—can you tell if it's coming this way?" Her teeth were chattering.

"Can't tell yet. Don't seem to be any wind. That's what plays the mischief, McDaniels says. Well,"—she looked sharply at her companion,—"no need for us to get scared. They're out fighting it a'ready, I'll wager you. Whole country turns out, here in the West, to fight fire. *Have* to, to save their property. Now, we'll get back to bed, and off to sleep, and like as not, come morning, it'll be out." She was propelling the other before her. "My land, how they do fight fire, out here! They cut a break, and they back-fire, and they beat it out with wet sacks. All the ranchers, they fight fire, and their women make coffee and sandwiches and carry 'em as near as they dast." They were back in the bedroom. "Now, you cover up warm—no sense your taking a chill, all things considered." They put out the candle, and each pretended to the other to be asleep; but at dawn they gave over the mockery and dressed and cooked breakfast, and ate a few bits between their trips out of doors to watch and sniff and listen. The fire, beyond any question, was coming their way.

"But it's a long ways off yet," the woman insisted stoutly, "and the wind may change, any minute! And I'm looking for McDaniels, today, without fail. He'll re-

member me here, all soul alone, first thing. We'll pack up, so's to be ready."

The girl had nothing to take away with her, and presented her saddle-bags to her hostess. She accepted them thankfully and stowed in them the manuscript and the notes and records. "There!" she exulted. "Snug as a bug in a rug!" Her courage and cheer were unflagging.

"Miss Agatha, couldn't we get down to the sea?" the girl wanted to know.

"Yes—same way your horse went!"

"But surely, there *must* be some way to climb down?"

"Well, if there is, I don't know it; and wouldn't we be a likely pair!"—her glance was grimly humorous—"to tackle a thing like that? And supposing we did get to the bottom without breaking our necks, then where'd we be? Miles from nowhere, on the coast, off the trail! Even if we did get down alive, we could never get up again."

"But even that would be better than—" She whispered it.

"It would, sure and certain," the other agreed briskly; "but we don't have to figure on that, not yet awhile!"

The day wore on, with the pungent smoke coming inexorably nearer; sometimes bits of charred leaves fell in the open space before the cabin.

The oddly assorted companions waited on each other with insistent courtesy, urging food and rest; there was now a loyal, protecting chivalry between them.

"Anyway," the girl said once, unsteadily, "even if I don't—get out of this, it's been a wonderful experience. It's been the best thing that ever happened to me in my whole—jazzzy—life. I think I've—grown up!"

"You've been real good company," the other returned with rare warmth. "But don't you get scared! We'll get out of this. You mark my words. The Lord wont let my life-work go for nothing!" Her spare, plain face was rapt. "The Kittredge Family wont be let to die!"

"And my baby must be born!" the girl said pinkly, valiantly. "You know, I never thought I wanted one. Ronnie did, at first."

But it's different now. I *do*. Oh, I do! And it isn't going to live my kind of a life and be my kind of a person—I know that! Her expression was new, half-ashamed, half-proud. "Ronnie's going to be crazy about it. I hope, for his sake, that it's a boy, though it wont really matter. His sister had a baby girl, and I remember how he—" She broke off, musing, forgetful of her unfinished sentence. "You know, I've always laughed my head off at stories about women like this—'taking tiny careful stitches—the Madonna look in her eyes'—" She laughed now. "I certainly haven't taken any stitches, and my eyes are probably as hard-boiled as ever, but it certainly *gets* you, just the same!" Her vocabulary was not equipped for situations like this. "I've written to Ronnie. I'll mail it the minute we get to Pfeiffer's and I'll wait for him at Carmel. He'll come! You might think he'd keep his grouch, but he wont." She was proudly confident. "He's not that kind."

A NIGHT of dreadful forebodings followed, and a dawn of terror, but at ten o'clock, faint but heartening, far down the trail, came a hail.

"What'd I tell you?" shrilled the woman, exulting. "Now, then, what'd I tell you? McDaniels!"

In five minutes the hail sounded again, appreciably nearer. The woman answered it with the full power of her lungs, but the girl was crying unrestrainedly. They both broke, now, at the certainty of rescue as they had not broken in the hours of torment. The woman wiped slow tears away

with her lean knuckles, but the girl sobbed luxuriously, kneeling beside the bed in the bare little room. It was only the woman, therefore, who met the hermit. He radiated relief at sight of her.

"Hello, there!" he called gladly. "Well, I figgered you'd know I'd come to fetch you out," he said complacently. "But then, on the other hand, you might 'a' lost your head and started off, wrong way. Say, I guess you knew there was some good reason, my missing my reg'lar trip? I was down with the flu—flat on my back, three weeks. I like to died. Not any too peart, yet." He was watering his mare as he talked. "But I didn't fret about you. I knew you had plenty grub." He looked up at this point and saw the girl standing in the doorway, and his amazement was ludicrous.

THE woman made a brief explanation, but he continued to stare blankly as his mind slowly took in the unwelcome facts of the stranger's presence and condition.

"Well, but—good gosh a'mighty!" he exploded suddenly. "I dunno what we're going to do about this! Lizzie, she wont carry double. Trained her not to—before I rented her out to summer campers. Didn't want a passel of young ones straddling her at once. My Lord!" His face lengthened distressfully. "I never suspicioned there was two of you here!" He took the saddle-bags from the woman and fastened them securely to the mare's saddle, shaking his head, muttering to himself.

The woman and the girl looked at each other, aghast.

"Oh, my Lord!" Miss Agatha gasped. "I never thought—I never thought of anything except just that you'd come!"

"I supposed, of course, that you'd have two horses," the girl said accusingly, "and that we could—"

"Well, I'd oughter brought two, of course," he admitted, wretchedly, "but they was so skurse—everybody out fighting fire—and I can walk as fast as Lizzie can—faster, sometimes."

His unhappy gaze went from one to the other. "Couldn't either of you make out to walk, I s'pose?" he questioned gruffly.

"I can—try," said the girl unsteadily. The woman pressed her hand to her left side, and her words came jerkily. "I'm worse crippled up with rheumatism than ever I was in my life, McDaniels. And my heart's worse, lots worse. I guess I could make out to hobble downhill, but I don't believe I could make a mile, after we get to the level, not if I was to die for it!"

The man took out a red bandanna handkerchief and mopped his face, from which the sweat was streaming. "Now, listen," he said. "I'll start back afoot, fast's ever I can leg it! Lickety-brindle! I'll send back another horse from Pfeiffer's—long before that, I'm hoping,—just as quick as I come on any of the boys. But it may not be in time. I got to tell you the truth. It may not be in time." His miserable eyes moved from the gaunt woman to the girl, and came back to the woman with stubborn loyalty. "Miss Kittredge, I figger you got the first chance. It was you I come in for. Miss—young lady," he addressed the girl with painful embarrassment, "I'm sorry, I'm *mighty* sorry, but it was her I come for. I guess maybe you better start walking, taking it easy, seeing how—how you make out; and I'll get help back to you fast's the Lord'll let me!" While he spoke he had been swiftly propelling the woman toward the mare, and now he helped her into the saddle. "Just give Lizzie her hand." He spoke again to the girl, but without looking at her. "You take it as easy as you can, young lady. I'll go lickety-brindle!" The childish word sounded ludicrous, offensive, in the face of such tragedy. He ran stumbling down the trail.



The Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use. See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair. Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant. It is NO LONGER a matter of luck. The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because its hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh

effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. That is why discriminating mothers everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure it. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair

and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



**Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo**

More than a Shampoo,
it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 263M-42
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name

Address State

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

Don't Be Ridiculous!

IF you leave the delicate lining of your throat unprotected you're almost as silly as this "snow-bird." Cold air, dust, germs, striking your throat cause coughs and colds. It's dangerous. Why take the risk?

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, and refreshed.

Two kinds: S-Bs (licorice) and Menthol (orange box). Keep a box handy always.

5c

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



The woman kicked her heels against the little mare's sides and she started briskly downward. "I'm sorry—sorry—sorry," she said hoarsely, "but I guess this was the way it was to be!"

The girl ran after, caught at the mare's bridle, then dragged herself up behind the rider. "It's absurd that she won't carry double at a time like this! She can and she will! I'll make her!"

Lizzie stood stubbornly still. The girl tore a switch from a clump of laurels and lashed her furiously, but she did not move. The girl slipped to the ground, sobbing with rage, and the animal went forward, docilely, at a good pace, the girl panting beside. After a few moments she climbed on again, and again they stood inexorably still in the trail.

"You see?" The woman shook her head. "It's the way McDaniels trained her. You could beat her till she died." She looked down at the other's crimson, tear-stained face, and her own softened swiftly. "Look here—while we're on the down grade, I'd

as lief let you spell me." She clambered down with difficulty. "You ride on a piece. I'll hang on to the straps."

"I'm ashamed to let you—but I'm afraid not to." The girl continued to cry. "It's too horrible—too horrible—after everything. . . . I can't bear it. I can't bear it!"

In five minutes she insisted that the woman ride again, and herself trudged unsteadily beside the mare, still weeping stormily.

"If we were men," she gasped, "if we were men, we'd match to see which one got the horse! It's so senseless, crawling along like this! We'll both be—" She shuddered away from the word. "And one of us might be saved!"

"I guess we're in the Lord's hands," said the woman piously.

"The Lord's hands!" She laughed shrilly, bitterly. "We're in this mess because we put ourselves here! You're here because you're crazy—crazy over your moldy old manuscripts. And I'm here because I was a silly, spoiled, selfish beast!" She began to cry again, wildly, with mounting hysteria.

Greater than "The Salamander"

"CHILDREN OF DIVORCE"

In our next issue begins a novel of high society in America, as true as it is daring, by the one American novelist qualified to write it—

OWEN JOHNSON

"And it isn't fair for me to have to die now, when I was going to begin all over again, and be different, and make it up to Ronnie! It isn't fair to make me die, so my baby can't be born! It's murder! It's murder!" There was madness in her eyes, and she clutched at the woman, trying to drag her out of the saddle. "Listen! You listen to me! I'm young, and you're old, and you can't live very long anyway, and who cares about your musty records of dead people? My baby must be born! My baby must have a chance to live. My baby—" She was pulling with savage strength, and suddenly the rider grew limp and slid to the ground.

"All right," said the woman flatly. "You swear to me, as God is your witness, you'll finish up those two last chapters about my father—there's the notes, and all I've told you—and publish it, and you can take Lizzie and go!"

But the girl, turned milk white, was staring at her in horror. "I didn't mean it," she whispered. "I didn't mean it—not a word. I didn't know what I was saying. . . . I'm ashamed—ashamed. I was off my head for a moment. Try to forget—" She was urging her to mount again, striving to lift her into the saddle.

"Well, maybe you didn't mean it, but a good deal of it was true," the woman said tonelessly, pressing her hand to her left side. "You go on, fast's ever you can, and I'll wait here for McDaniels or whoever he sends. And you hurry—it's getting worse! I tell you, there's no time to lose!"

THE girl shook her head. Her eyes were clear, now, and her voice was steady. "No. If I did a thing like that, I couldn't go back to Ronnie. He wouldn't have me! No. You get on, and give the mare her head, and I'll follow, as fast as I can. Please, Miss Agatha!" She was curiously gentle.

"You keep your solemn promise, about the History of the Kittredge Family!" A burning bit of leaf fell on the woman's hand. "Ouch!" she said fretfully. "You get on!"

The girl choked, coughing with the acid smoke, but she shook her head again, stubbornly. "I don't wonder you have a pretty low opinion of me, but if you think I'll ride away and leave you alone—"

"I'll make it some way, I promise you!" said the woman stoutly. "Look where we are! Don't you see where we've come to? Recollect this place? It's where we pushed your horse over. I'll sit right down here"—she walked to the cliff—"and rest and take it easy till somebody comes. And if they don't—" She broke off sharply. "Take care! She'll get away from you, and my manuscript'll be lost!"

A twig, pink with heat, had fallen directly past the mare's nose, and she plunged and snorted with terror.

The girl soothed and calmed her, leading her toward the woman. "We'll wait—together," she said very quietly.

The woman stared at her for a long instant as she got painfully to her feet. "Well, then," she said shortly, "if you're set on being such a fool. I saw, first time I laid eyes on you, you hadn't any sense! You remember your solemn promise! The Kittredge Family—"

The girl screamed and sprang toward her, jerking Lizzie with her, but she was not swift enough. She stood listening then, wide-eyed and pallid,—as she had once before—to the sound of breaking brush and rattling stones. After what seemed a very long moment, she heard a distinct splash.

She continued to stand there until a bright spark fell on her shoulder and smudged a hole in her shirt. Then she climbed blindly into the saddle, sobbing bitterly, and gave the little mare her head down the trail.



Indulge Caprice in Fragrance

SPARKLE on Monday, be tranquil on Tuesday; Wednesday, frivolous and gay. Be poised as a duchess on Thursday, but lightly charm Friday away . . . For these and the other days, Houbigant has a different perfume to meet each mood. One assumes a Houbigant odeur just as a frock is put on—to fit time, and place, and the manner of the moment.

Mon Boudoir is the odeur of luxury; Subtilité is sophisticated and mysterious, Le Parfum Ideal, a truly Parisian perfume. Quelques Fleurs is dancingly vivacious—Le Temps des Lilas, the very breath of Springtime! One may have powders, rouge, and other toilettries, all keyed to the favourite of the hour. And each is in the glorious tradition of Houbigant.

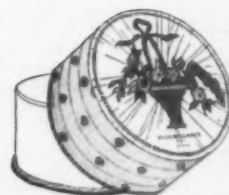
In how many ways may one use perfume? Nearly all are described in the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper," which we would like to send to you. Please write for it. We will also send five sachets, perfumed with Houbigant odours.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., 539 West 45th Street, N. Y.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL



Houbigant Face Powder—odeurs Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Subtilité, Mon Boudoir and Le Temps des Lilas; five true tones—\$1.50.



Sachet—richly perfumed with Houbigant odours; an enduring fragrance for frocks, lingerie, and costume accessories—\$1.75.



Houbigant Soap—thousands of sun-opened flowers yield their perfume to be concentrated in this creamy soap; in Houbigant odours—75c.



Quelques Fleurs Skin Lotion—the skin is kept soft, white, and fine-textured with this lotion—\$1.00. Houbigant Brilliantine—not too heavy and not too light—just right to keep the coiffure smooth, smart and delicately perfumed—in jars—\$1.75.



Houbigant Perfumes, in purse-size bottles—quarter ounces—help one to decide upon a final favorite. Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal and Le Temps des Lilas—\$1.00. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—\$1.25. La Rose France and Quelques Violettes—\$1.00.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only



Cool, refreshed, velvet smooth!

A shave will *feel* as
smooth as it *looks*
if you quickly heal
the tiny

UNSEEN CUTS

Even the sharpest razor leaves literally hundreds of tiny unseen nicks in your skin. Yet they can be quickly healed! . . . At the first touch of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac your skin tingles with the rush of healing circulation.

Then, the tingling over, your face feels cool, refreshed! Used daily—Pinaud's Lilac actually toughens your skin—without in the least coarsening it.

You'll like its clean, lilac odor! At all drug and department stores. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



**ED. PINAUD'S
LILAC**

{ *Lilas de France* }

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 86)

be growing older. "These boys," he was accustomed to say of the latter, "whose first reading was the Armistice."

Vizately added a final word, sighed, put down his pencil and looked at the clock. The big room, gray with the light of a December day, seemed suddenly still after the silent conversation of his thoughts. It was past noon. Time for him to glance at his mail and make ready to go out to lunch. He went over to the table where his black chambermaid and valet, Matthew, had piled his letters, and going back to his desk, sorted the envelopes. Bills and notices he put to one side; personal letters he slipped into his pocket. But the fifth letter he opened immediately. The envelope head showed that it was from Stephen, and Vizately never delayed the reading of one of Stephen's rare communications. As he read this one, his big wrinkled face expressed various shades of emotion.

"Last Ditch Ranch, Lost River, Wyoming, December Fourth.

"Dear Hugo:

"Just a line to tell you, and warn you, that before very long you'll probably catch a glimpse of my heroic countenance. Possibly from now on you'll catch a lot of glimpses. That's one consolation in an otherwise none too cheery prospect.

"Too many things have happened to me out here, and I have just about sold out—I've sold practically all my stock and my two lower places, leaving only this ranch in the hands of Laplace to do what he wants with so long as he keeps it for me as a headquarters for future vacations and camping trips. But I'm done with the West as a rancher—at least for a while. Not that I have failed; I haven't. Strange as it may seem, and despite my father, I've made money; but I see nothing more to do. The cattle business is ended for a while and I'm getting too many neighbors I don't like, so I've accepted an offer of my father. Much fatted calf—although, as you know, Father does not express the fatted calf motif very gracefully. Perhaps I'll become a prince of finance. Who knows? Don't sneer or call me Judas Iscariot. I can't be idle, and I haven't got a talent. I wish I could see my way to go into politics, but I don't see how you can do that and maintain your integrity unless you are brilliant. Perhaps I'll discover something satisfying for my leisure hours.

"Mercedes has been back since October. I think she loves this country as much as I do, but, like myself, she does not find enough to occupy her entire year, so she's trying dancing again. Undoubtedly, however, she's looked you up by this time, so you know all about it.

"Good-by, my giant of criticism; I'll see you shortly after Christmas.

"Stephen."

VIZATELTY shook his head. "That's not true," he said to himself. "There's a whole lot more. Stephen's one of the most obstinate men living. And that's silly about Mercedes not having enough to do. All young women happily married have enough to do." He counted the months. "Almost two and a quarter since she's been back, and I haven't caught a glimpse of her." He went over to the telephone and called up a man named Fraser, a theatrical agent.

"Do you know a girl—Mercedes Garcia—who used to be in the Irrationalities?" he asked.

"Yes, she's been in here several times looking for a job. She was in here last a week ago."

"What's her address?"

"Wait a minute."

The voice returned. "She's in a boarding-house on Forty-sixth. Here's the number."

IT is a difficult task to choose a name for a new automobile, especially nowadays. It is easy enough to call it after yourself, but as Mr. Londreth justly said: "The Londreth" might mean something in Philadelphia amongst a limited number, but outside of Philadelphia it wouldn't mean anything at all."

"There's the Ford," objected Mr. Anthony, his advertising agent. "The Dodge—dozens of 'em."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Londreth dryly, "I've heard of them, but if you'll notice, they're better names than Londreth. Short, and usually with what I think you call in your lingo 'a selling suggestion.' Ford—what's that make you think of?"

Mr. Anthony's high forehead, the forehead of a dreamer, wrinkled.

"Rivers," he replied.

"Exactly, and crossing them. Crossing anything, anyhow. And Dodge—what's that suggest?"

"By golly," exclaimed Mr. Anthony with the enthusiasm that so annoyed his employer, "of course! You ought to have been in the advertising business yourself, Mr. Londreth. The psychology—"

Mr. Londreth waved a weary hand. "I've heard of that too," he remarked. "I pay you to put it into practice, not to tell me about it."

"Well," said Mr. Anthony, somewhat subdued, "let's see. Let's think what kind of a car it's going to be. All that's decided, isn't it?" He began to check off on his long and nervous fingers the attributes of the as yet unborn dragon. "Beauty—solidity—conservatism—performance—ease of control. Cost that will appeal only to the upper classes. A—um—what you might call a slight touch of snobbishness, if I may say so."

"I'd like to call it 'The Quaker Girl,'" interposed Mr. Londreth musingly.

Mr. Anthony laughed. "You're joking, Mr. Londreth?"

"Yes," said Mr. Londreth, "I suppose I am, although, so long as I am doing it, and so long as it is going to be the best car of its kind in the country, I might just as well be patriotic. Those Midwestern fellows make me sick with their motorcars. They're the only product they beat us in anyway, and now I'm going to show them they can't even do that."

Mr. Anthony looked troubled. "I've gone over the field pretty thoroughly, Mr. Londreth," he sighed, "and I can't find a single appropriate name that hasn't already been used. Philadelphia's the worst place for finding something that's both catchy and dignified I ever saw. Independence, Liberty Bell, Rittenhouse, Schuylkill, Delaware—not a one of them will do." He resumed his spaced declamation. "For women only—mouse-gray upholstery—solid silver fittings—"

"It's all a rather bad joke, anyway," interjected Mr. Londreth moodily, as if no one were speaking but himself.

He stared out of the plate glass windows of the eighth-floor offices that sheltered his private suite. These conferences with Anthony annoyed him. Why couldn't the fellow leave him alone? He had told him just what he wanted, and what more was there to be said? If this sort of thing kept up, he would send Anthony back to the unimaginative advertising of banks and real-estate projects from which he had taken him, and hire some younger man, as his son James had advised him to do in the first place. Anthony was probably too old for a job like this. And such a job! Mr. Londreth sighed.

Why, considering his well-known hatred of motorcars, had a moribund motor-company been wished upon him in payment of a bad debt? And why, having been wished upon

him, had he found it impossible to unload it upon some friend?

Mr. Anthony was repeating "Ladies only" slowly. "Ladies only. That's the clue I've been working on, Mr. Londreth, and that's the right one."

"Sounds like a wash-room," murmured Mr. Londreth.

"Ladies on— I have it, Mr. Londreth!" Mr. Anthony suddenly smacked the fist of his right hand into the palm of his left. His long face was illuminated.

"Don't be so damn' noisy," snarled Mr. Londreth.

Mr. Anthony failed to hear the rebuke. "It must be a French name," he announced jubilantly. "A French name. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Why must it be a French name?"

"Because, Mr. Londreth, it's been my experience that whenever you want to attract a certain class in America, if you'll give a slightly foreign twist to a thing, it's as good as sold already—particularly where ladies are concerned. French names for most products; Latin names for new diseases." He grinned.

"French names still?" inquired Mr. Londreth. "I thought they'd got over that!"

"Not a bit of it. Not a bit of it. Study the advertisements of any magazine." Mr. Anthony was silent for a moment. "Rochambeau?" he said explosively.

"No," retorted Mr. Londreth.

"Fond du Lac?"

"Too near another good car."

"Verdun?"

"It isn't a tank."

"A lady's name, I think," reflected Mr. Anthony. "A lady's name—" His face suddenly brightened again. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Round, stately, easy to pronounce, and exotic—Pompadour. Just the right touch."

"She wasn't a very good woman," observed Mr. Londreth dubiously.

"All the better—all the better." Having convinced himself, Mr. Anthony was proceeding to convince his public. "Think of the thrill the ladies who ride in that car will get!"

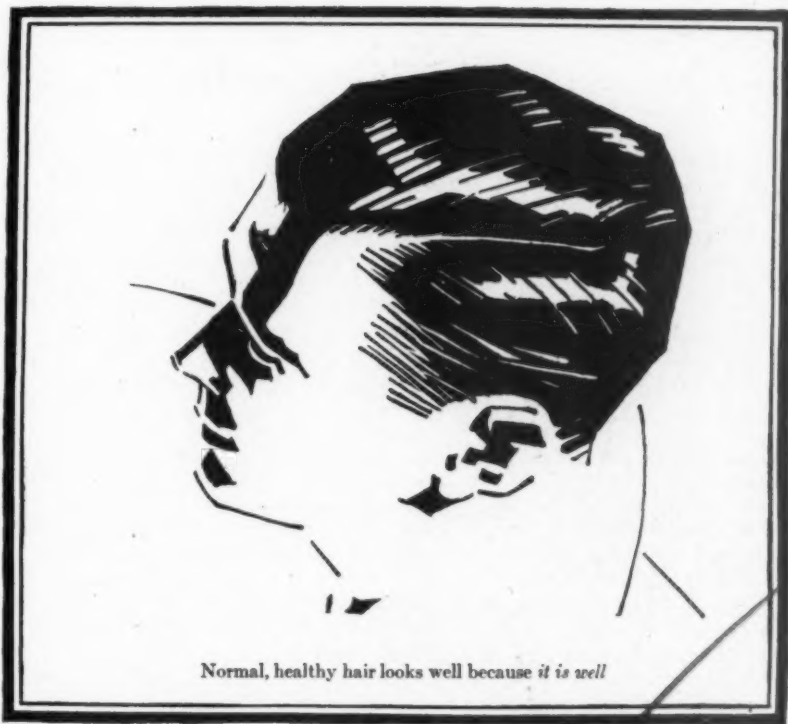
Mr. Londreth nodded. "Perhaps," he said dubiously. "Perhaps. All right, anyhow; but you're almost too imaginative."

AND so, a year earlier, the Pompadour had burst upon an innocent world. There was not the slightest need for it—or her; with such a name the pronoun is confusing. But as Mr. Anthony said,—Mr. Anthony now being constantly in the company of younger and more lively publicity men,—the secret of modern success is no longer to produce something that people need,—that's all been done,—but to create a need for the unnecessary."

Entirely restored to Mr. Londreth's confidence and supplied with unlimited money, he started a campaign that in the twelve months that followed made the Pompadour "a needed unnecessary" in almost every ambitious household along the Eastern seaboard.

The Pompadour grew like a large rich truffe, and it was into the care of its further growth and glorification that Stephen was thrust upon his return late in December, three weeks or so after Vizately received his letter. Stephen had deliberately avoided Christmas with his family. There was a chance that from now on there might be a great many other Christmases in their company, and a man had best seize his opportunities while he had them; so he had stayed for a week in Chicago with friends, and it was very near the New Year when the train bearing him drove of a dull and frosty afternoon into the smoke and rusty brown of his native city.

Mr. Londreth was expecting Stephen—he had already written him his plans for him; and as it was a Saturday afternoon he had



Normal, healthy hair looks well because it is well

Does your hair need help to make it vigorous?

MOST men suffer from one, or both, of two common hair ailments—*dandruff* and *thinning hair*.

Neglected, they can result only in complete loss of hair.

Yet all that is needed to overcome them and keep the hair clean and strong is a moment's special care each day. Even long established cases yield to this simple treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle, with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

You will feel the difference in your hair the very first time you use this

treatment. After only a few days the change in its appearance will astonish you!

For Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine does the two things needed to promote hair health—destroys dandruff infection and stimulates active circulation, which nourishes the hair at its very roots.

Keep Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine near your toothbrush and make its use as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug stores and department stores. Look for the large signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

A Personal Service for PARENTS

ARE you, perhaps, faced at this very moment with the serious problem of selecting a school for your son or daughter or some young relative, one which will carry out your aims for them with due regard to their individual traits and temperaments?

In making this selection, you have only family tradition and your own personal knowledge and that of friends, which is obviously limited. Perhaps you long for the assistance of some one who has made a study of private schools to give you impartial advice and comparative evaluations.

The Director of The Red Book Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college men and women. During the past five years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school and camp information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once but many times, over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds in every part of the country. Our associate director, lecturer, explorer and all-round authority on outdoor life, has traveled 16,700 miles by automobile and visited and reported on 425 private camps for boys and girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, and the South.

The catalogues and confidential reports on these camps and schools are on file in our office. An interview can be arranged at anytime by writing two days in advance. If you live at a distance, fill out the application for information or write us a detailed letter about the boy or girl and the kind of school you wish. Please note all the points given below. Your letter will have personal attention. You incur no obligation in making use of this service, either immediate or in the future.

The right environment during school days has often proved the deciding factor in a young life. It is obviously impossible for parents individually to learn much about any adequate number of schools so that they may select the institution best suited to deal with a particular child and make the most of its individuality. We have this information, the close personal knowledge of schools their equipment, educational ideals and the personal qualifications of those who conduct them. We are glad to put it at the disposal of our readers.

Please remember this is not a paid service, either to parents, schools or camps, but merely one of a great magazine's many ways of serving the American family.

*The Director, Department of Education, The Red Book Magazine,
33 West 42nd Street, New York City*

Please send me information and catalogues about boarding schools (Please Check) for

Boy, aged..... years. Girl, aged..... years. Grade in school.....

Now attending School

(Name of School)

Health..... Religious Affiliations.....

Location of school desired (name states).....

Fee (Approximate fee for board and tuition for school year.) \$.....

(School fees range from \$600 to \$1300 per year according to location and advantages.)

Remarks:.....

(Type of school desired and special features)

Please send catalogues and information to

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address.....

waited for Stephen in the alcove of his library. He was reading the latest book by Mrs. Asquith, and although he deprecated her as a woman, he was taking her seriously as a historian. The alcove was filled with the scent of good cigar-smoke and leather bindings.

"Well, Stephen!"

"Fa-father!"

"Your mother will be back for tea."

"Go-good."

"Have a cigar?" For fifteen years Mr. Londreth had been offering Stephen cigars, and for fifteen years Stephen had been doing his best to refuse them.

"And so you've really come back to settle down, have you?" Mr. Londreth, who never smiled in more than one part of his face at a time, allowed his eyelids to crinkle. "I thought you would some day. There are just two things that always happen: all Philadelphians always come back to Philadelphia; all Londreths sooner or later go into business."

Stephen opened his mouth and then shut it again. What was the use of arguing with his father? From now on he would argue with no one. He was only glad that his father was not asking him personal questions, that he had not mentioned Mercedes, of whose absence in New York and her supposed activities there, Stephen had notified his family a month or so earlier.

"Ye-yes sir," he said.

Mr. Londreth crossed his legs.

"I've already written you," he said, "that I have a job waiting for you in Pompadour Motors. It will be in the advertising department under Anthony. Of course you've had no business experience, but you used to be able to write pretty well in college, and you have imagination."

"Cou-couldn't I be-begin by sweeping out one of your banks or the trust company?" asked Stephen hopefully.

Mr. Londreth darkened, suspecting humor. "They're not my banks, and I've never been in the habit of pushing my family at the expense of my friends; and as to the trust company, James is sufficient there." He sat forward as if to prevent all discussion. "If you don't mind," he said, "you'll take my advice. I have had considerably more experience than you. I'm offering you a good position, with a good salary, and plenty of opportunity for advancement, and what's more, I'm putting you in line to take over, when I die, an end of my affairs that has suddenly become most important. You ought to jump at the chance. It's considerably more than a man of your age who, for ten years or so, has done exactly what he wants, usually gets. The Pompadour is making amazing strides; and advertising"—here he was quoting Mr. Anthony—"is possibly the greatest modern work a young man can undertake." He sat back in his chair. "You can do what you want," he concluded, "but that is all, personally, I have to offer."

Stephen was staring at the carpet.

"A-all right, sir."

Chapter Seventeen

MERCEDES had lied to Stephen in the three letters she had written him; the one written in October, in which she had said that she was well and happy and seeing her friends and had a job offered her for the following week; the one written early in November containing the same news; and the one written late in November, in which the only difference had been that the job so long promised had apparently materialized. She had created in Stephen's mind a vision of herself busy, glad to be back again in New York, preoccupied with dancing and that mysterious world of the theater which he knew so little about. And not to be outdone, he had answered in the same vein.

He had told her of the round-up and the sale of his cattle; he had told her the gossip of the country and the ranch; and finally he had told her of his decision to come East. "This may not be forever," he had written; "I would like to find something that would give me a month off every summer, perhaps two, so that I can get a breath of Wyoming air. You must always come out with me then. We must find some method of life that will take account of our conflicting interests. I shall have to be in Philadelphia for a while, but perhaps I can take an apartment in New York for you, and we can spend the week-ends together. Would that suit you? At all events, I will see you shortly after New Year's and we can talk things over."

HE was astonished that he could write so coolly when, with every day, he felt less cool. The thought of the suggested week-ends made his breath come quickly. But what could you do in the face of the distant little notes Mercedes was sending at such long intervals?

Mercedes was sending these distant little notes at such long intervals because at the moment there seemed nothing else to send. To tell Stephen what actually was happening to her was impossible, because, if she did, he would either come on at once to see her, or else send her money, and she dreaded either of these possibilities. The one thing that just then she could not bear to contemplate was charity from anyone, especially Stephen. He must continue to think of her as the successful young dancer, choosing with deliberation, from the variety offered her, the engagement she desired. When eventually he did see her, it must be when she was on the way toward a career that even he would respect; she would be inaccessible, a separate personality; if he wanted her, he would have to woo her again—a wooing much more difficult than the first. Then she had been too cheap, too easily taken. And even with all this accomplished, there was Stephen's own career to consider. They might be lovers in marriage, seeing each other when they could—she knew that any number of professional women had to live that way with their husbands; but never, never again would she be merely Stephen's wife until she could bring him some solid accomplishment that would make as heavy as gold in her pocket her own personality.

But between what you are going to do and what you do there is always, unless you are exceptionally lucky, a considerable lapse of time, if nothing else. And this is especially true if you are a minor dancer and have, even for a short time, definitely left the imprisoned world where you were keeping locked step. Mercedes discovered this with sickening rapidity.

She arrived in New York during the first week of October, in what was a spell of exceptionally hot weather, and her first fortnight was to some extent a nightmarish and not altogether successful attempt at readjustment merely to climate and environment. She could not understand herself. So much that she had loved and that had once stimulated her she found now ugly and frightening.

The air was languid and wilted; the crowds hurt her eyes accustomed to big spaces where you looked across uninterrupted miles; she was dazed by the constant noise and movement of machinery, the rudeness and ruthlessness everywhere met with, and for the first time in her life, she missed the cruel protectiveness of a man.

After she had paid for her railway journey, she had exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars left, and her Scotch-Presbyterian inheritance sent her to a boarding-house where she had once stayed for several months early in her stage experience—a narrow, gloomy brownstone mansion with high iron-railed steps and, inside, dark halls smelling



THE UNKNOWN BEAUTY

She's just a living symbol of America's charming womanhood. Nowhere in the world is beauty as radiant—as varied—as abounding—as in these United States. And nowhere are there beauty aids as rich in value as Tre-Jur's.

And now— a Tre-Jur compact at 50¢

We once said that when a greater value in quality compacts could be found—Tre-Jur would show the way.

Meet— "The Little One"—

Your heart's desire in Beauty Aids!

Light and slim, and two-inches in girth, is its lovely silver-finished case. Slipping handily into the smallest purse—the social equal of the finest bag. An aristocrat in its quality of powder—an inspiration in its delightful scent. Ample in its contents—amazing in its price of 50¢ (Refills 35¢).

And may we introduce two more Style notes in Compact Fashions for Fall? The TRE-JUR "THINest"—truly the thinnest Compact ever designed. Gracefully convex in rich, gunmetal finish—a large mirror and a bountiful measure of powder. Single, \$1—Double, \$1.50.

The TRE-JUR "POURCE SIZE TWIN"—in friendly size, for the little purse—containing powder and rouge, at the price of \$1. Each compact brings you the quality of cosmetic for which Tre-Jur is famed—scented with that exquisite perfume, Jels' Memoirs.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10¢—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 West 18th Street, N. Y.



"Thinest"
Single \$1 Double \$1.50



Tre-Jur Lipstick—50¢
To make its acquaintance
is to make a lifelong friend!



"Twin" \$1

TRE-JUR

The name Tre-Jur in toiletries

is your promise of money's most



A fact no woman can afford to overlook

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blemished skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

There is one fact, however, which many women overlook—the absolute necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin. Remove this protective oil and the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

The soft, luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, yet its action is so gentle the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. These results are possible only because of the Resinol properties in this delightful toilet soap—those properties which give its rich color and distinctive fragrance. It's the soap that makes and keeps skins lovely.

If little irritations are already present, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all druggists.

Free—Send this coupon today

Dept. G-6, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

of cooking, upon which gave, always shut, numerous doors that hid airless, agonized self-centered lives. Mercedes would have loved a large porcelain tub filled with cool green water, and she dreamed of breakfasts with belated melons—one of her most earnest passions, seldom satisfied in the high countries of Wyoming; but she put these thoughts aside as absurd, and engaged the smallest room the landlady had, a room which had no other view than the grimy back of another house not thirty feet away.

The landlady recognized her and greeted her with the wan, limp smile with which an overworked guardian of purgatory might greet a long succession of ghosts, some of them sent back to do further penance. "You working with some show now, dearie?"

"No," said Mercedes, "but I expect to soon. I've been away." She was going to add that she had been with the Irrationalities, but that seemed a statement too glittering and boastful under the circumstances.

The landlady looked at a slim hand, now brown with the sun.

"I hope you get on well with your husband, dearie? He treat you right? So many of the young girls who come here have such troubles. You wouldn't believe it."

Mercedes flushed and continued to take her belongings out of her suitcase. "We get on finely," she said shortly, "but he's a rancher and so can't come." She was astonished at her desire for reticence; she could remember a time when any proffered sympathy, no matter what its motive, would have appealed differently to her.

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon when she was through with her unpacking, and nothing could be done until the next day; so she washed, changed her clothing, and called up her friend Miss Tourneur on the telephone of a drug-store just around the corner on Sixth Avenue. During her absence she had had only one letter from her former roommate, and that had been sent from the apartment they had both occupied. Now she was disappointed and lonely out of all proportion when a strange voice, a man's voice, informed her that Miss Tourneur was no longer there, and gave, vaguely, an address farther downtown. Mercedes called the second number, and this time was more successful. Miss Tourneur's rich and drawling accents greeted her.

"Hazel, is that you?" stammered Mercedes eagerly. "It's me—Mercedes Garcia. I'm back in New York."

"Who?"

"Mer-cedes Gar-cia."

"Merced—well!" Miss Tourneur drew in her breath. "Honey! As I live! My little blue eyes! Whatcha doin', sweetheart?"

"I've just this minute stepped off the train."

"I only got back two hours ago."

"Grand! Look—when can we meet?"

"Whenever you say."

"What's your hotel?"

"I'm not at a hotel; I'm at a boarding-house. You know, Mrs. Tatnall's on Forty-sixth Street."

Miss Tourneur's voice was puzzled.

"Isn't that big green-eyed fellow you married with you?"

"Ste-Stephen? No—why? I'm looking for a job."

"Because I thought if he was, we might all four meet somewhere after the show."

"All four?"

"Yes." There was a little laugh. "Y'see—Oh, well, I'll tell you about it when we meet."

"Can't I come alone?"

Miss Tourneur hesitated. "Three's such a poor party. Wait a minute."

Mercedes heard the sound of discussion, and then once more her friend's voice.

"Look, honey, I haven't got a minute just now. I'm in a new show—'The Dancing

Dandelion'; it opened a couple weeks ago, and it's a wow, a regular knock-out. Y'see, I had a row with Aronson. Him with all his millions, too! Well, anyway, honey, I got to go out and eat, so's to be at the curtain, and afterwards, well—Bernie here, that's the fellow I'm engaged to—well, y'see, I've got an engagement with him, honey, and he wont let me off. You know how men are. I guess that husband of yours is just the same way." Miss Tourneur's drawl took on a slightly accusatory tone, its owner no doubt realizing a certain ungraciousness of statement. "You ought to let people know, honey, so they'd be expectin' you. Well, I tell you what to do; you come down tomorrow morning about twelve o'clock for lunch, will you? Just come right up. You aren't hurt, dearie, are you?" The genuinely kindly voice was filled with concern. "Honest, honey, I just can't help myself. I'm doin' the best I can. I'm awful glad to see you. Really I am."

"Certainly I'm not hurt," said Mercedes cheerfully. "Of course not. For lunch then? Good-by."

SHE hung up the receiver and walked slowly out into the stifling, shadowy street where hundreds of other human shadows seemed to be moving in time to the crash of elevated railways and the hooting of taxicabs. Never before had she known what real loneliness was. She had tasted security and the habitual command of a more fortunate class, and now her former independence frightened her. She turned listlessly into the first cheap restaurant she saw and ordered a meager dinner she could not eat. Afterward she went to a motion-picture theater without noticing what the billboards said and saw, in the hot darkness, mountains and lakes and forests and men like the mountains and lakes and forests and men she had just left. She almost expected at any moment to see Stephen, tall and splendid on his iron-gray horse, ride into the scene.

The next morning, however, she awoke in a more cheerful mood. At least she had an engagement to punctuate the day, and she foresaw speedy employment and a rapid renewal of the numerous acquaintanceships she had left. She ate hungrily the unappetizing breakfast Mrs. Tatnall brought up to her, and dressed herself with the utmost care in a dress of corn-colored silk that she knew became her mightily. Under her tan she was a trifle pale and worn-looking, but she corrected this, so she imagined, by a liberal use of rouge and powder. She felt fairly gay once more, and courageous and confident as she stepped out into the hot asphalt-smelling hour of ten o'clock. She would go right away to the offices of the Irrationalities, and she imagined the pleasure with which they would welcome her back, and her own pleasure at the sight of Aronson's dark, slightly mocking smile. She created for herself a satisfactory scene in which an impudent office-boy and an indolent blonde of a type she detested greeted her with indifference, questioning her right to penetrate to the sacred precincts of "the Chief," but becoming immediately smiling and apologetic once she mentioned her name—"Miss Mercedes Garcia of last year's show. And hurry up, please."

The offices of the Irrationalities were on a side-street just off Broadway adjoining the theater which sheltered their productions; and Mercedes, wedged into a corner by a fat perspiring man and a woman overly scented, was shot up in a smothering elevator to a bare waiting-room. Along one wall of the waiting-room sat a score or so of people—mostly young women—and along another wall, divided off by a railing, sat half a dozen other people, all young women, all playing on typewriters, their indifferent backs constantly obliterated by the passing of lounging youths.

Mercedes walked immediately over to the railing and attracting the attention of one of the lounging youths, demanded to see Mr. Aronson. "I'm Miss Mercedes Garcia," she said, smiling.

The announcement seemed to drop into empty space. The lounging youth pushed back a lock of black, heavily greased hair that had fallen over his eyes, and regarded Mercedes indifferently.

"Whatcha want to see him for?" he demanded. "Gotta appointment?"

Mercedes recovered some of her former aplomb.

"If it was worth telling you," she retorted with sweet acidity, "it wouldn't be worth telling him. You just take my name in and see."

But she discovered an unfamiliar annoyance with a world where impertinence was the small coinage of admittance.

The young man was not impressed.

"Mr. Aronson aint here," he said. "Still in Europe. Wont be back for two weeks." He started to turn away.

Mercedes leaned over the railing. "Send my name in to Mr. Erntz, then," she ordered. "And look here, Reginald, you pay attention to what I say, or I'll have you fired in just three-quarters of an hour. That'll be eleven-twelve. I'm no two-a-day from the sticks looking for a job; I'm Miss Mercedes Garcia of the big show, and what I want from you is a little ordinary politeness."

"Aint I givin' it to you?" asked the young man unexpectedly and with a neurasthenic quaver in his voice. "Aint I doin' the best I can? Gee whiz, what you girls want? My goodness, I'll send yer name in to Mr. Erntz." He turned away indignantly and disappeared through a door.

In a few minutes he was back, evidently impressed at length but against his will by Mr. Erntz's reception of Mercedes' name. Well, you never could tell. Apparently this "sheba" had some importance, after all, although she didn't look it—just a little black thing.

He led Mercedes through two other offices in which were more stenographers, into an office whose walls were covered with signed photographs and posters, and where at a crowded desk sat a mature young man in silken shirt, an electric fan on a bracket above him. The mature young man had a completely bald head that looked cool and shining in the hot morning, and this impression of coolness was added to by an unlighted cigar he held between his lips. His black eyes and round fallow face were as expressionless as his forehead.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said, half arising. "Sit down. What can we do for you? Hot, aint it?"

MERCEDES, though still shaken by her preliminary struggle, smiled bravely and sank into a chair drawn up to the desk. The mature young man wheeled his own chair about and crossed his fat legs, elegantly clad in gray flannels.

"Well," he said with a smile that seemed to have nothing to do with any other feature but his mouth, "where you back from?"

"Wyoming."

"Golly, that's a distance. Wasn't you one of our spring brides?"

Mercedes laughed. "Yes."

Mr. Erntz made a comic face.

"Quit him?"

"Who?"

"Your husband?"

"No."

"That's a record. What're you doing back here, then?"

"I'd like my old job again."

Mr. Erntz's face became suddenly solemn. He shook his head sadly. "Child, child," he said. "I was hoping you weren't going to say that. There's no such thing with us as an



Auto-Intoxication

—self-poisoning that is robbing so many men and women of the health that should rightfully be theirs!

THE pace of life has quickened since this century began. The motor car saves time and steps—but puts a strain on mind and nerves. And fast as we drive our cars, we drive our brains still faster.

To crowd in all the tasks—and pleasures—of this day, we skimp on sleep and rest. We trust too much on nervous strength. We eat too hastily—and too well. We take our exercise by spurts.

Regularity is the first rule of health, but we are neither regular in sleep—nor exercise—nor diet. We are no longer the normal, simple-lived human beings Nature intended.

All too often our bodily functions need prompting. All too often food remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and giving off poisons—causing intestinal toxemia, more commonly called Auto-Intoxication.

How Auto-Intoxication affects the health of nearly everyone

The poisons of Auto-Intoxication are spread through the body by the blood. These poisons not only lead to intestinal disorders, but they have a harmful secondary effect upon the central nervous system. They make men and women listless and irritable. They cause headache, mental

dullness, dragging fatigue. And just because headaches, that "tired feeling," or jumpy nerves seem trivial things we take them too much for granted—we do not get at the cause as promptly as we should.

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication, for few of us can lead lives that would keep our poison-clearing processes in perfect order.

Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. It is the approved way to relieve and prevent Auto-Intoxication—for the best results are accomplished by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in preventing this self-poisoning, where the first step is to clear the intestines of the waste products that are at the root of so many of our modern ills. You ought to have Sal Hepatica in the house always.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
New York

SAL HEPATICA is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.



Sal Hepatica



FOR COFFEE LOVERS Who Fear Caffeine



There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. A coffee all may drink at any hour and to their hearts' content.

Not mock coffee, but real coffee—a rare and delightful blend. We simply open the pores and remove the caffeine. That is the source of all coffee's harm.

Caffeine is tasteless and odorless. Its removal does not affect the flavor or aroma in the least.

This coffee is called Kaffee Hag. The finest hotels now serve it. In countless homes it is the favorite brand.

Learn what it means to you and yours. A coffee you need never fear or stint. A coffee you can drink at night and sleep. Children can enjoy it.

This coupon with a dime will bring a 10-cup package to you. Get it for some coffee lover who cannot drink caffeine. Clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG

1579 Davenport Ave., Cleveland

Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamp)

Name.....

Address.....



WRITE THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for School information. Be sure to state whether for boy or girl, age, location desired. Address Director, Department of Education, 35 W. 42nd St., New York City

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish clothes and hats at great savings and earn money besides.

Write for Free Booklet Mail the coupon today for a Free Booklet which describes the courses of the Woman's Institute and tells how this great school has helped to solve the clothes problem for over 250,000 women and girls.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 20-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....

(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



old job. We're different every year. You ought to know that." He leaned forward, his elbows on his chair. "Besides, I never in my life saw such a year for girls—never. It's getting to be a nuisance picking 'em. The show doesn't open for a month, but we've been rehearsing since September, and there just isn't a place—not a place. Why, we've got a list of extras that would fill that wall. October's no time to come back looking for work."

Mercedes' heart stopped beating and then caught up with itself.

"But Mr. Erntz—" She took hold of herself. "I thought being with the show so long, and—"

He smiled wearily. "Yes, sure, we've never let a girl down in our lives if we can help it. That aint our policy, and believe me, kid, I'd give you something in a minute if I had it, but I haven't, and that's flat. The best I can do is to put your name down in case there's an opening here or on the road. You should have let us know, but last spring you was going for good." He paused. "Not that a good many girls don't say the same thing." His left hand swept the desk impatiently. "But we can't run an asylum for discontented wives, can we? We got to keep on going, even if our girls do marry. You shouldn't ought to have taken marriage so seriously to begin with. Besides,"—he peered at Mercedes narrowly,—"marriage, no matter how you take it, is aging. A girl like you shouldn't have married at all."

"Why not?" asked Mercedes faintly.

"Well, because, kid,"—Mr. Erntz smiled once more,— "to be perfectly frank, you haven't got either the face or the figure for it. That is, you haven't got the face or the shape that'll keep on getting you a job whenever you want it—see?" He raised an extraordinarily white hand. "No, don't get red-headed. I'm not knocking your looks. You're a whole lot better-looking than most, but it aint showy, as you know. It don't get across the footlights. There's a lot of men'd do a lot for you, but they would have to see you near, first. If I was you, I'd never get farther away from a man than the width of a table. Why'd you leave your husband for, anyway?"

"I didn't leave him," reiterated Mercedes. "I came East because I want to work. And I know how to dance. What else have I been doing with you for the past five years? Don't I know how to dance?"

"Fairly well." Mr. Erntz nodded. "Fairly well, but no star. There's lots of girls that can dance better than you, kid. How old are you?"

"Going on twenty-four."

"Well, you see, that's bad. Unless you are a real good dancer by that time, there's not much hope for you. Kid, if what you say is true and you haven't had a disagreement with your husband, my advice to you is to go back to Kansas, or wherever it is he lives, and stay with him. It may not be as interesting, but it's a blame sight more profitable."

MERCEDES stared out of the open window back of Mr. Erntz's cool, denuded head; window and head swam before her eyes. She winked vigorously to keep back her tears, and leaned across the desk. "I'll do anything, Mr. Erntz," she said, "if you'll give me a chance. I'll work night and day. I'll make myself a good dancer. I know I was lazy and stuck-up, but I won't be any more. I swear I won't, Mr. Erntz. Mr. Aronson always liked me."

The round, expressionless face regarding her exhibited emotion for the first time. A pained grimace passed over it. Mr. Erntz patted Mercedes' hand.

"Yes, I know he did, and you weren't lazy—you were a pretty good kid. A first-class kid. If there weren't so many girls—Honest, sweetheart, the world's filthy with

'em. It must be the war. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you notes to Haddon and Bertheim and the other shows, although I'm afraid you'll find 'em just like us, and you keep in touch with us. Something may turn up. Of course you'll get some sort of a job."

"Yes, of course," agreed Mercedes bravely. Another lounging youth entered with a message.

Mercedes arose to go.

"You come around some day and we'll have lunch together," suggested Mr. Erntz, "and when the Chief gets back, he'll want to see you too."

"You're awfully kind, Mr. Erntz," said Mercedes quickly.

The veil dropped over Mr. Erntz's face.

"That's right," he said vaguely.

He left Mercedes in a spiritual vacuum in which she departed awkwardly and thoughtfully.

SEVERAL new ideas were forming themselves in her mind and none of them was cheerful. Putting together her former experience of the stage—a very limited experience, after all—with this experience through which she had just passed, she began to have some perception of the disheartening intangibility of the dramatic world. Theatrical cordiality, even from a source as genuinely kindly as Mr. Erntz, was not to be relied on. She saw, too, the vast difference between eighteen, inexperienced, and "going on twenty-four," not too brilliantly endowed. Youth was the asset sold. Personality, unless very striking or accompanied by intensive training or knowledge, amounted to nothing.

People who start with a due sense of their own unimportance, the most valuable gift there is when combined with harder traits, particularly ambition, but fatal if not so combined, become easily depressed. Like the heroines of many fairy-tales, Mercedes in a limited way had found life too surprisingly acquiescent until her meeting with Stephen. Stephen had been her first serious reverse, and he had thrown her back, at least temporarily, into the vague and dejected questioning that had so frequently beset her girlhood.

She was crossing Forty-second Street on her way to Hazel Tourneur's hotel by the time these pessimistic reflections had reached an apex, and realizing suddenly how hot it was, and how faint she felt, she walked on to a drug-store, and entering its cool sharp-smelling shade, ordered with the feminine instinct for the indigestible, a chocolate nut-sundae. The concoction and the rest seemed to clear her brain. "The trouble with you," she told herself, "is you're too soft. You're spoiled. Nothing very serious has happened. You thought you'd walk right back into your old job, and you didn't. That's all. You have a whole lot better chance than most people. You're a baby, my girl."

It was with her chin tilted back and a color in her cheeks that she paid her check and proceeded on her journey. She crossed Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue with the same determined light-heartedness, and by the time she came to the hotel that sheltered Miss Tourneur, her future was once more plainly outlined in her mind. Before long she would find the engagement she wanted, and when she did, nothing would stop her. She would work and study beyond the record set by any previous dancer, no matter how energetic. She wished Aronson had been back. She felt that he would have given her a job anyhow. But no matter; she would show these people; she would show Stephen—Oh, Stephen! His cool brown face and that slow smile of his! What a distance Wyoming was away!

Hazel, found in her fifth-floor sitting-room clad in a negligee of straight falling magnificent lace that left the awed spectator wondering what was beneath, flung herself in

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Mercedes' arms with a warmth that added to the latter's growing cheerfulness. New York wasn't such a bad place, after all.

"Honey! Look! Sit down. Let's have a look at you. Gee, I've missed you, kid! Look, we'll have a little drink. I'll order some ice and orange-juice. My goodness, honey, you've got an awful rough coat of sunburn on, haven't you?"

"I thought that was fashionable," grinned Mercedes.

"So it is," agreed Miss Tourneur. "Look at me." She opened the negligée and showed a delicately bronzed pair of shoulders. "Atlantic City," she said. "I didn't go any distance this summer. But honey, it's got to be done right unless you're one of these tennis players. You got to take some care with it, just like everything else. Bernie says it's all right for young fellows—they don't mind any kind of skin; but for a man of his age, he likes women as he's been used to."

"Who's this Bernie, anyhow?" demanded Mercedes, stretched out on Miss Tourneur's divan, her feet crossed.

Miss Tourneur bridled. "I'd have written you," she said, "if you'd ever shown any interest in me. But I don't know—things do happen so quick back here. He's Bernie Welling, honey—Bernard Welling. You know, you must have heard of him—the stock-broker." She settled herself more comfortably in her chair. "We're goin' to get married," she continued, "just as soon as I can get round to it. Probably sometime in December. Look, honey, you'll have to be my bridesmaid. He's awful sweet. And I do think widowers make such nice fiancés. He just showers me with jewels, and look at this apartment." Miss Tourneur swept with a beaming hand the gray-and-blue sitting-room, with its imitation French prints, its pretty imitation French furniture, and its glass-topped tables strewn with photographs, boxes of candy, a vanity case or two, and flowers, some of them wilted, and numerous other appurtenances of a careless and hurried life. "Alice, my maid, is awful negligent," she murmured, half self-consciously. "Love's an awful curious thing," she reflected.

"So long as they don't get the better of you," Mercedes agreed; "that's the point."

"Isn't that the truth? A regular fight! Gee, I had to tell Bernie some things to begin with. I guess he was used to Maud Culheart and girls like that."

Mercedes yawned and stretched her arms.

"I don't want to see one of them ever again," she observed. "A man, I mean. I just want to dance."

"Well, you can't help seein' 'em, dearie," objected Miss Tourneur wisely; "they're awful numerous. And you're goin' to see Bernie right away, because he's coming up to lunch." Her blue, somewhat colorless eyes rested with a real tenderness on the slim silken-clad outline of Mercedes stretched out on the divan. "My golly," she ejaculated, "I wish I had your figure. Aren't you getting on well with your husband, honey?"

An eagerness to make a confidante stirred in Mercedes—it would be a great relief; but the same uneasy reticence that had restrained her the day before with her landlady restrained her now. Stephen under the same circumstances would have held his tongue; so would she.

"Certainly I am," she retorted bluntly and cheerfully. "I had a letter from him this morning. He's coming on just as soon as ever he can, but it may be several months yet."

BERNIE lived up to type. He looked exactly as Mercedes had expected him to look; he talked just as she knew he would talk; and in his hard gray middle-aged eyes, when he looked at her, there was an expression she recognized. She disliked him at once. His hands were unpleasantly

Below—
Close-up of a violet
smooth skin.
No "age-lines" or
coarse pores.



Above—
The lines and coarse
pores, worse than
birthdays to betray
a woman's age.



Now - a fine "hard-milled" soap that fairly caresses your skin

What girl does not long for a skin with rose-petal tints and texture? Everybody admires a lovely complexion. Beauty inspires the kneeling courtier . . . leads on to love and happiness.

Advice of Skin Specialists

If you go to a reputable dermatologist—a physician who knows all about skin and treatments for it—he will be sure to tell you that water and the right soap should be used every day to keep your skin youthfully fresh and smooth.

But be sure you use the right soap—one that is firm, not squalid; one that cleanses the pores but does not clog them.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face, your hands and the delicate skin of your

neck and shoulders. Cashmere Bouquet is "hard-milled," which means that each cake is put through special processes which make it firm and hard—not the least bit squalid. Its lather is all lather. There is no undissolved soap to crowd into pores, stay there and cause enlarged pores and then—blemishes.

An Indescribable Fragrance

Cashmere Bouquet has a lasting, dainty fragrance—a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips. Rinse in warm water.

Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

A Book of Beauty Secrets

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.



COLGATE & CO., Dept. 880
581 Fifth Avenue, New York
I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Let it RAIN !

Lead paint sheds water like a duck's back

"EVERYBODY talks about the weather, but nobody *does* anything about it."

Mark Twain was wrong. Decidedly. But he plied a pencil, not a paint brush. For painters, who work with an all-lead paint, will tell you that a lot has been done about the weather.

Rain, snow, sun—all the causes of weathering and deterioration, are turned aside when they strike the protective film of an all-lead paint.

This superior paint protection has been used for centuries. And still today in Dutch Boy pure white-lead, all who live in houses have the same sure and truly economical means to "do something about the weather."

Boards can't warp and decay when protected with Dutch Boy white-lead paint. Made from the metal lead, Dutch Boy white-lead is impervious

to moisture. Spread over any surface, it forms a tough yet resilient film that will not crack with expansion and contraction. Instead, this long-lasting paint film wears down gradually and evenly, making repainting easy.

Those who like fine things will appreciate another side of this all-lead paint. It can be easily tinted to any desired color. That means you get just the tint or shade you want. And this paint holds its color indefinitely.

There are several other economy sides to Dutch Boy white-lead. It can be mixed in any desired quantity—a half pint or twenty gallons. It can be bought in small or large amounts—1 pound tins up to 100 pound kegs. It goes far. One gallon covers, hides, protects, from 550 to 650 square feet of surface. And it can be used for almost any kind of painting job—

a chair or your whole house, inside and out.

Ask any good painter. Or if you wish helpful information ready to refer to at all times, send for this

34-page home-owner's paint guide

"Decorating the Home" it is called. Full color illustrations show unusual outside and interior effects. Easy-to-follow paint formulas, 50 color chips, and many money-saving handy hints alone are well worth a letter.

Just address your request to our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch. Any special questions you may have will also be gladly answered by the color and paint specialists of this department.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway • Boston, 131 State Street • Buffalo, 116 Oak Street • Chicago, 900 West 18th Street • Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue • Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue • St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street • San Francisco, 485 California Street • Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue • Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

Every pail or keg of white-lead bearing the Dutch Boy trademark is a guaranteed all-lead product.



Dutch Boy White-Lead

Makes an All-Lead Paint

soft, and yet at the same time unpleasantly gripping.

"You're just the girl I've been wanting to meet for years, Miss Garcia," he said. "She's a sort of little ward of ours, Hazel, isn't she?" He cocked his head on one side and stroked his short black mustache. "And you're right, Hazel. She's just as pretty as a little speckled pig under a brand new painted wagon. What? Eh?" And then he laughed explosively and neighingly. Five minutes later he was saying: "Oh, look here, don't call me Mr. Welling, will you, baby girl? Call me Bernie. That's my name—little Bernie Welling of Fifteenth Street, East." He sang the last phrase.

And twenty minutes later, having had three cocktails and two glasses of sherry, lunch having been served in Hazel's sitting-room instead of downstairs in the hotel dining-room, he was staring at Mercedes tenderly and promising her any sort of job any time she wanted it, meanwhile patting Hazel's arm with an absent-minded conciliatory left hand. "But with the right people. How about 'The Dandelion,' Hazel?"

"I guess so," agreed Hazel a trifle faintly. Mercedes took a deep breath.

"It's mighty—it's awfully kind of you," she said, "—you and Hazel." She stressed the connected names. "And if you happen to hear of anything good, let me know; but I think I've got something sure with the Futilities—that's Haddon's show, you know."

"Know?" Bernie snorted. "Know? Why, I gave Haddon his first start when he was a kid selling tickets. Just you mention my name to him, sweetheart. Or I'll write him a note. That's better."

"Thanks." Mercedes' gratitude was a trifle dry. She couldn't leave too abruptly—that would hurt Hazel's feelings; and yet she was aware that her presence was accomplishing the same result in another fashion. She felt that the day had become very hot again, that she had eaten too much, although she had eaten very little. She wished Hazel would throw out her wilted flowers. She wondered why it was that never before had she found Hazel's talk so inane and rattle-headed. It was like the pouring out of some tepid spigot. Why did people have to say, "Look," between every third sentence, and what was the use of saying, "Honey," all the time? But at once she was ashamed of herself. Hazel was so kind, really, and warm-hearted, and willing to be of help. Well, but was she? Could anybody quite so disconnected be a real friend to anyone? She had not taken up any too eagerly the suggestion that she try to find a place for Mercedes in "The Dancing Dandelion." Women were good friends up to the moment a man appeared on the scene, and not one minute longer. There were signs that Hazel was already making up her mind not to see too much of her former roommate in places and at hours when Bernie might be present.

Toward three o'clock Mercedes said good-bye and started back to her stifling little room. She was feeling once more shrunken and faded. Suddenly she spied an ancient hansom cab lolling by the curb. She scurried across the street. "Drive up through Central Park and back again," she told the driver breathlessly. She would spend five dollars with all the joy reckless expenditure can give those who by nature are timid about money.

Chapter Eighteen

MERCEDES continued her discoveries. She discovered that although you may have many acquaintances in a large city, most of your friends don't live there unless you've met them somewhere else. She confirmed her opinion that male acquaintances were much more willing to take pains over you than female acquaintances, but that if you hap-

pened to be by profession a little dancing-girl, there was always something about the pains your male acquaintances took that left you uncomfortable. She discovered that promises were easily made but even more easily forgotten, and that for the most part their origin lay in some sort of self-glorification and sense of power on the part of the promiser.

The weather grew cooler, and she found the actual conditions of her life more bearable. The uncanny adjustment of the human body to conditions that seem incredible was taking place. Mercedes became used to noise, to rudeness; she no longer suffered from the feeling that no rational creatures would tolerate for a moment such conditions as she saw about her. She also became what she had never been before, but what sooner or later almost everyone connected with the stage becomes, a connoisseur of theatrical waiting-rooms and agencies. She had chances, of course, at several undesirable jobs, even an opportunity for a small part in a second-rate company that was going on the road, but she told herself that to accept any of these offers would be worse than nothing. To do so would be to take a step backward, to label herself at once as defeated. She had not returned to New York for that purpose. Better to wait, if it took a year.

Mr. Aronson, upon his return, proved a disappointment. He was gentle, smiling, but indelible. Mr. Erntz, seen twice again, was as coolly bald, as kind and as vague as ever. Mr. Haddon of the Futilities, Mr. Bertheim of the Nonsecularities, Mr. Rosenkrans of the Furbelows—were even more unsatisfactory. Mercedes had letters from Mr. Erntz that let her in to see all the latter three directly, but beyond that there were no results.

THE coolness of the shortening days began to have a tinge of frost in it, and October ended in cold winds that made Mercedes feel better. November was occasionally wrapped in the thick fogs of the Atlantic. And then one afternoon, a gray damp afternoon in the third week of the latter month, while she was walking along Forty-eighth Street, she ran into Charles Hastings. He was strolling along, aloof, casual but observant in his usual manner: charming, languid, well-dressed and distinguished. And Mercedes, noticing his casualness and aloofness and distinction, realized how much she liked him.

"My dear," he said, "I am most definitely glad to see you. Had tea?"

Mercedes shook her head.

"Come along, then. We'll turn in here."

A fusing caused by the darkness and warmth of the little tea shop lit with candles, the unfeigned sympathy that lay in Hastings' eyes, made Mercedes feel suddenly weak and wanting to cry, and before she knew it, she was telling him her troubles. Not about Stephen, but about her difficulty in finding work. Hastings, gifted of men, listened in complete silence until she had finished.

"Why didn't you look me up?" he demanded.

"I never thought of it," answered Mercedes truthfully.

"Your eyes are red," said Hastings with the brutality in small matters he exhibited toward all women. "Fix yourself up, and then I'll take you down to see Max Schlerkin of the Empire Pictures. He's just around the corner and will probably be there now. I've helped him with money and in countless other ways, and he'll do what I want."

"The movies?" asked Mercedes, tremblingly applying a powder puff.

"Yes—they may be the very start you're looking for. At all events, try them."

He led Mercedes along Forty-eighth Street and down Madison Avenue, and presently turned into an office-building. An elevator sober and impressive moved with

TRADE **YALE** MARK

saves your property
from becoming



Burglary insurance may reimburse you in cash. But it will not return the cherished valuables that money cannot replace. Adequate protection—YALE protection—will prevent your property from becoming loot.

The Yale No. 192 Rotary Bolt Deadlock, the Yale No. 10 Steel Bar Deadlock, the Yale No. 44

Automatic Deadlatch—all are physically able to outmatch the housebreaker—all are cannily designed, sturdily built, shock-resisting guardians of life and property.

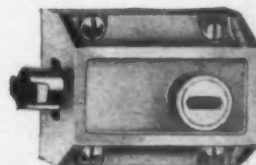
Go to your dealer. Select one of these Yale Locks and enjoy proper protection. Send for booklet, "Yale Guards Your Treasures."

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.



No. 10 Deadlock



No. 192 Deadlock

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE



Yes—"the woman pays" —for this kind of carelessness

Do we pay a price for everything in life? . . .

One thing is certain. We pay, and pay dearly, for what sometimes seem like minor blunders. Social errors, personal crudities—the lack of *savoir faire*!

Yes, the woman pays a costly toll in popularity, who neglects the niceties.

In combating Bromidrosis (perspiration odor) and Hyperidrosis (excessive moisture), you have a peculiar physiological condition to deal with. The perspiration glands under the arm are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement, nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

This results in a disagreeable odor which you may be sure is always perfectly apparent to others even though you yourself are quite unconscious of it.

And as for the moisture—you do not need to be told how ruinous those half circles of stain are to your appearance and your clothing! The best dry cleaning cannot take them out, once in.

Avoiding underarm odor and moisture is not a matter of cleanliness—soap and water are utterly powerless here.

Physicians advise that the only effective way to handle this condition is to control the perspiration in troublesome spots—underarms, palms, etc.

They all agree that this is absolutely harmless in such limited areas. Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says, "We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as under the arms, feet, forehead, etc."

Modern medical science now provides a corrective upon which you can absolutely rely for safety and effectiveness. *Odorono*! *Odorono* is an antiseptic liquid used by millions the world over, who want relief from the distress of perspiration. Physicians and nurses depend upon it in hospitals.

You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a tell-tale trace of odor; never an unsightly stain! You'll need no other protection for your clothing.

Start the twice-a-week *Odorono* habit now. Its regular use means an underarm comfort you've never enjoyed before! Get a bottle at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and \$1, or sent by mail postpaid.

Note: We have a pamphlet giving opinions of the best medical authorities on the harmlessness of limiting perspiration. We will gladly send it to you free—check coupon below.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, 810 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
Canadian address, 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER
810 Blair Avenue,
Cincinnati, O.

- ☐ Please send me sample of *Odorono* and booklet for which I enclose 5c.
☐ Please send me, free, pamphlet of medical opinions.

Name

Address

dignified speed to the fifth story, and Mercedes and he entered an immense reception-room as dignified as the elevator. Mercedes remarked the difference between the quarters of the newer art and the worn and careless precincts of the older one to which she was accustomed. Paneled walls of oak went up to a ceiling of chaste plaster-work, delicately tinted; on long tables of oak, piles of magazines, even rare magazines that had to do with gardens and art, were neatly arranged. Spacious leather chairs were drawn up to the tables, and on these, not daring to touch the magazines, rested briefly a few thoroughly alarmed people. At two desks close together near a heavy door that led inward, sat an exquisitely groomed young man and a beautiful bobbed-haired young woman. Mercedes in her ignorance might have mistaken these for minor motion-picture "stars," had not Hastings approached the young man and given him his name in the polite but not eager tones with which one tells such things to an office-boy. The young man disappeared and reappeared.

"Mr. Schlerkin is in conference, sir," he said, resuming his seat, "but he will be through in a short time."

Mercedes and Hastings waited. The beautiful young woman scratched her head with a pencil. "Five minutes have gone by," said Hastings, "and Mr. Schlerkin has finished his conference, which probably never existed. —Will you tell Mr. Schlerkin," he observed directly to the resplendent office-boy, "that Mr. Charles Pointer Hastings, whom he knows very well, will either be admitted at once or else will leave dangerously angry."

"Yes sir," replied the youth, and disappeared again.

Hastings grinned. "I don't know about the other movie companies, but in this particular one you can never see anyone until they've had a conference. It's impressive, but annoying. Here we go."

Mercedes looked at him with eyes wide with admiration. He seemed a smiling Ali Baba at whose words impossible doors flew open.

THEY followed the office-boy down a long hall to an end room even more impressive than the reception-room, not so large, of course, but richer. A log fire burned in a high carved stone fireplace; a big lamp shed a golden glow; on a central table were books in tooled leather covers, photographs in silver frames, a huge silver vase filled with soft red roses. Behind the central table sat a dark man, vague, gentle, tall, completely bald, even balder than Mr. Erntz, and apparently completely uninterested. Hastings had told Mercedes that twenty years before, this man had been an immigrant who could not speak English.

Hastings began to talk at once in the gay matter-of-fact voice that seemed to break the spell of almost any neurasthenic magic.

"Max," he said, sitting down and pointing Mercedes to a chair, "this is Miss Mercedes Garcia, in private life Mrs. Stephen Londreth, late of the Irrationalities and the wife of a great swell in Philadelphia. A tearing swell, Max. She's tired of her former job and wants to try your game. She is pretty, young and talented. If you want any more information, she weighs about a hundred and twenty pounds and is twenty-two years old."

The enigma spoke with surprising submissiveness and a slight lisp. "All right, Pointher." He scribbled a note on a slip of paper and handed the note to Mercedes. "Hand this to Miss Wykoff tomorrow morning at nine o'clock," he said, "and she'll fix you up. —Don't go, Pointher."

"Yes," said Hastings sternly. "I've got to. Painters are busy men. If you'll cut your conferences shorter, maybe next time I'll stay a minute longer. Good-by."

d Mer-
ception-
Mercedes
quarters
careless
she was
went up
delicately
f maga-
at had
neatly
s were
ese, not
l briefly
le. At
vy door
groomed
d-haired
morance
or mo-
ngs ap-
him his
es with
ice-boy,
d reap-

sir," he
will be
The
er head
one by,"
has fa-
y never
in," he
office-
fastings,
ther he
dang-
disap-

about
his par-
until
pressive,

es wide
ing Ali
ors flew

own a
ore im-
not so
burned
g lamp
le were
ographs
ed with
ble sat
pletely
appar-
g had
re, this
uld not

he grey
break
agic.
ointing
ercedes
ndreth,
e of a
swell,
b and
young
infer-
d and
s old,"
sub-
right,
slip of
ercedes
mors-
e'll fit

got to
your
I'll stay

He led Mercedes back along the hall, through the waiting-room, and down the elevator and out into the street, now filled with gray dusk.

"It looks easy, doesn't it?" he said. "But it isn't. Thousands of girls would like to have stood in your shoes. You've really taken part in a miracle—a miracle of gratitude and the knowledge on my part of how to handle Mr. Schlerkin. And now I've got an engagement at my club, so if you don't mind, I'll not see you home. But I'll come to see you very soon, and you must come to see me very soon. And if things don't go right, tell me. Will you?"

Mercedes nodded. She found difficulty in speaking.

Hastings touched her lightly on the shoulder as he turned away.

"Dear little Mercedes!" he said.

(In the next installment of Mr. Burt's fine novel of the East and West in America an extremely dramatic climax appears. Be sure to read it in our forthcoming November issue.)

THE CURSE OF THE AUGUST GIPSY

(Continued from page 79)

"Oh, look!" exclaimed his tormentor. "Doesn't he look funny! Why, Walter! Your eyes are getting worse by the minute!"

With a snort, Mr. Peters turned and walked blindly down the street to the Athletic Club. He had a luncheon engagement there, and the reading-room was cool and dark. Coolness and darkness and solitude were all that Mr. Peters craved just at present.

But as he entered the clubhouse, he realized that solitude was out of the question. The daily luncheon contingent had already begun to assemble, and in the whole lot there was not a tender heart or more than a gill of human kindness.

It began. "Hey, Walter! You've left your headlight burning. You'll wear out your battery!"

"What's the matter, Peters—got a cold?"

"Suppose some one took your calendar away from you, how would you know when to begin sneezing?"

"Say, did you ever try this inoculation for hay-fever? It worked wonders with Ed Sweetser."

"What is it, some sort of nasal trouble or other, Walter?"

"You look terrible!"

"Don't laugh, boys! The poor devil is sneezing."

"Come on, now, Walter! Give us a good one, with a tiger on the end for Princeton."

Mr. Peters pushed his way through the group to the dining-room.

"Has Mr. Anderson come yet?" he asked of the head-waiter.

The dignified retainer regarded Mr. Peters for a second before answering. Then a half-smile flitted over his face. "Yes sir," he said, "Mr. Anderson is up in the ladies' dining-room, and wants you to join him there. By the way, Mr. Peters," he added, "did you ever try rubbing beet-root on your forehead for that cold of yours?"

But Mr. Peters was halfway upstairs before the question was finished. He'd beet-root somebody before the day was over!

MR. ANDERSON wondered if Mr. Peters would mind if he brought his young niece to lunch. She was in Dyke for the day and did so want to see the Athletic Club, and she wouldn't mind if Mr. Peters and her uncle talked business every minute of the time so long as she had a nice, cool piece of watermelon.

Mr. Peters looked at Mr. Anderson's niece. She was a very pretty young lady,



Send the Coupon

Let us send you a full 10-day tube. Note how teeth lighten and gums become firm when those dingy film coats go.

They've Stopped

Spoiling attractive smiles now with cloudy teeth—you whiten dull teeth and Firm the Gums remarkably this new way

HERE is a way to whiten cloudy teeth that leading dentists of the world approve. It marks a new era in tooth and gum care. It is changing the tooth cleaning habits of the world.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be amazingly lighter; your gums firmer and of healthy color.

In fairness to yourself, please try it. Just send the coupon.

Teeth disfigured by film. The health of gums imperiled

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions

breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film and Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

FREE Pepsodent

Mail this for 10-Day Tube The New-Day Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 788, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name..... Address..... Only one tube to a family 2153A

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

London Office:


49 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd.

137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

2X84-168 C 48751 810 62
Lawrence C. Stambin

CIRO



DOUX JASMIN

THE TRUE FRENCH INSPIRATION OF CIRO, THE SUPREMACY FINE JASMIN PERFUME—MEMORABLE AS THE FRAGRANT FLOWER ITSELF

- BOUQUET ANTIQUE
- PARFUM MASKEE
- CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE

GUY T. GIBSON, INC.
565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
CIRO, PARIS, 20 RUE DE LA PAIX

and although Mr. Peters' interest in pretty young ladies was merely academic, he saw no reason in the world why she should not join the party. In fact—

Now, although Mr. Peters realized that he was no longer a figure to stimulate feminine interest, he would have preferred to have been at his best, such as it was, in the presence of this fresh young thing. He resolved to exert all the will-power that lay within him to fight off the more unbecoming evidences of his weakness. He felt that he should do this for his own dignity.

And then they sat down at a table that had, in its center, a large bowl full of golden-rod. It was not until he felt his nose begin to tremble like a rabbit's that Mr. Peters noticed the fatal weed. Then it was too late.

"Take that away!" he demanded of the waiter.

Mr. Anderson and his niece looked bewildered.

"ONE STRIKE AND OUT"

Of course Mr. Peters is a baseball fan, and there is nothing he likes so much as to be present at as many games as possible during a World's Series unless it is a game of the home-town nine. What happened at one such game will be told next month by

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

"I—have—hay—fever—chow!" exploded Mr. Peters.

"That's interesting," said Mr. Anderson. "I have just been reading an article on hay-fever. The doctor who wrote it said that hay-fever is almost entirely mental, that—"

Mr. Peters waved for time out. Five terrific sneezes in a row shook the glassware on the table. From behind his napkin Mr. Peters caught a glimpse of the fair young lady. She was laughing. And when she laughed, she threw back her pretty head and showed two rows of small white teeth. She looked as if she hadn't enjoyed anything so much since Punch and Judy.

"Now, if you could just get yourself in hand," Mr. Anderson was saying, "and pull yourself out of this state of mind—"

Mr. Peters excused himself and muttered something about going home to lie down. As a matter of fact, he went home and oiled his two favorite revolvers, "Snow White" and "Rose Red."

(They held a common funeral service for the victims in Dyke on the following Thursday, and it took the procession half an hour to pass a given point. The Dyke Gazette-Recorder ran an editorial beginning: "We view with alarm the tendency of our fellow-citizen Mr. Walter Peters to destroy those of his acquaintances whom he for one reason or another dislikes. This was an amusing vagary at first, but after all, Dyke has its position to maintain in the Ohio census; another wholesale aversion on the part of Mr. Peters, and we will drop into seventh place.")

THE ARDMORE ELOPEMENT

(Continued from page 62)

"What does he say for himself?"

"Not a word, not even of denial. He's got a clever lawyer who's ordered him to keep his mouth closed."

"Just how did you come to pick him up?"

"Through Manning. I told you being an amateur detective was Manning's hobby, and that he's been very keen on this case of the Shadow. Manning learned about Jackson through overhearing the talk of a couple of men who'd had too much to drink, and he phoned the tip in to me first thing this morning."

Clifford was thoughtful for a long moment, then remarked: "Commissioner, could I borrow you for about an hour sometime tomorrow to help me in a little matter I'm interested in?"

"Surest thing you know, Clifford," was the hearty response. "It'll be a pleasure to reverse the old order and work under you for once. When do you want me, and what's the job?"

"I don't know myself as yet. I'll have to telephone you later."

"You'll find me a good subordinate," smiled Thorne, "who'll follow orders without asking questions."

ONCE more Clifford returned to his apartment and to the reconstruction and consideration of his case. That germinal idea which he had at first seen as fantastic he now saw as the reality. He believed that, chiefly by reasoning, he had the outlines of the only possible truth. But even so, he had nothing more than theory, suspicion. He had no slightest evidence that would convince Ardmore; the jealous husband would regard Clifford's theory as sheer craziness.

He had to have concrete evidence—have it quickly—and get it and present it before Manning sailed in some thirty hours.

How to get that evidence?

None of the ordinary, or even extraordinary, methods of detection would serve him here. His only hope was in some daring procedure that had no kinship to police routine. So at length he decided to risk everything upon a method he had now and then found of value on previous occasions. This was to build up a thoroughly realistic, emotional, dramatic situation, plunge all his characters without warning into the situation's very middle, and hope that in their swift reaction to the shock of the crisis, all the truth and mystery would leap unsuspectingly from their lips.

For such a dramatic situation what would afford a better theme than the elopement which Ardmore had believed in and feared from the very start? Yes, whatever might be the truth about that suspected elopement, he was going to turn the Ardmore elopement into a seeming reality.

All that night Clifford sat studying the emotional qualities of his *dramatis personae*, and carefully planning the details of the enforced elopement which was now scheduled for the following day.

AT eleven o'clock next morning Clifford's stage was set and waiting the entrance of his chief characters, all of whom were unconscious that in the coming action they were but the puppets of a playwright's brain. His stage was the sitting-room of a suite of three rooms at the Hotel Grantham, whose manager, an old friend, was giving aid to Clifford in arranging stage properties and one incidental character.

Clifford's device for bringing on his chief characters was comparatively simple, although that device had required some very adroit telephoning which had kept his characters isolated and alertly at home, and the

ending by hand of four carefully timed letters. These letters were all forgeries—most excellent forgeries, for Clifford had had them executed by a master who had once resided at Sing Sing.

At ten forty-five on the minute Mrs. Ardmore had received a note in Manning's hand urgently pressing her to see him upon a matter of immediate importance at exactly eleven o'clock in Room 1243 at the Hotel Grantham. At ten forty-five Manning had received almost identically the same note in Mrs. Ardmore's handwriting. Two or three minutes later Mr. Ardmore had received a brief note from Miss Manning enclosing an intercepted note addressed to her brother in Mrs. Ardmore's hand—the intercepted note breathing loving impatience for the moment set for their elopement and referring to Room 1243 at the Grantham. And a few minutes earlier Miss Manning received from Clifford himself, acting as Mr. Ardmore's representative, so he wrote, an intercepted letter of the same passionate substance addressed to Mrs. Ardmore in Manning's handwriting.

His play written, his stage ready, Clifford anxiously awaited the appearance of Miss Manning in the hotel lobby where he had asked that she meet him if interested in learning the truth of the planned elopement. Miss Manning was so prompt that it was obvious she had started the moment she had received her letter. There was a gleam in her dark eyes, and her tall, handsome figure was almost stiff in its erectness, but otherwise Clifford could only guess at her feelings.

"I have a room adjoining Twelve-forty-three," said Clifford. "I suggest that we go straight up to it. From it we can see and overhear, and judge whether there is really anything in this affair calling for interference."

She nodded her agreement; she seemed to have very few words. Two minutes later they entered a bedroom adjoining Room 1243. All about the room were pink tea roses in vases, and on the bed, in an opened box, lavender-tinted orchids breathed forth their exotic and erotic essence.

At sight of this fond tribute of the lover, Miss Manning gave a little gasp which she quickly choked down. Clifford led her to the door opening into the sitting-room, which was ajar half an inch.

"We'll wait here," Clifford whispered.

In tense silence they waited, eyes fixed into the sitting-room. Across the room was a door opening into a second bedroom, which bedroom was also garlanded with flowers that seemed the going-away tribute of an ardent lover to the woman with whom he was about to escape into happiness. Behind that door, which was also slightly ajar, stood General Thorne and several men from Headquarters, and also young Ardmore with one of Clifford's men.

Now that all his preliminary work was done and his curtain was ready to rise, Clifford awaited the beginning of his action with a suspense far above that felt by any playwright on an opening night. For Clifford could not foreknow just how his characters were going to react to the stimuli he had supplied, and although he hoped for revealing drama, he had no certainty how his play might come out.

He and Miss Manning were kept peering at the empty stage for no more than a minute or two. Mrs. Ardmore was the first to enter. She was very pale, walked restlessly to and fro, seeing nothing, twisting the white gloves she had removed. Just as, thought Clifford, might any young wife behave who was about to run away from her husband.

After another moment they saw Manning enter. He closed the outer door and came toward Mrs. Ardmore with a lovely smile and arms outthrust. Clifford read possible lurking behind that lovely manner, but he



THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS OF MARJORIE MOSS, the lovely English dancer at the Club Mirador, New York, says: "My finger tips must be as smooth and shapely as the daintiest care can make them. Cutex keeps them exquisitely groomed."

This dainty liquid SHAPES YOUR CUTICLE

It is the method to achieve perfect ovals and lovely half-moons used by beautiful women everywhere.

Shaping the cuticle—rounding it into perfect ovals—is for many women the most difficult part of the manicure.

It grows up tight over the nails, hiding the Half-Moons—splits, and its nice smooth curve is lost in a few days of neglect.

For this essential, Northam Warren has perfected a dainty antiseptic that softens the cuticle and smooths away its roughnesses so you can shape it in lovely ovals. It is Cutex. Use it once or twice each week. Follow, yourself, the method that beautiful women everywhere depend on.

DIP an orange stick in Cutex. Twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Work carefully around the nail base—gently freeing the rim and pushing it back into lovely ovals—revealing the dainty half-moons. All the untidy dead skin wipes easily away. Pass the wet



MARIE REGNIER

This fascinating French actress says: "On my dressing table I never fail to have a complete Cutex outfit. Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps my nails shapely."

stick under the tips. Then smooth just the least bit of Nail White under them.

Rinse your hands again. For a lovely brilliance there are a number of splendid Cutex polishes to choose from—Liquid, Powder and the new Nail Brilliance.

Cutex Sets are from 35c to \$5.00. Separate preparations 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see special offer. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. R-10, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London.

Mail Coupon with 10c for Introductory Set



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. R-10,
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, Orange Stick, Cotton and helpful booklet.

.....
.....
.....



Today both men and women want smooth hair

2107 People tell how they keep their hair in place

If your hair is unruly you must use something to keep it from getting out of place.

Yet you need not experiment! Today you can use the dressing that more people rely on than any other! . . .

When 2107 people were asked what they used to keep their hair in place, the dressing which they overwhelmingly preferred to all others was—Stacomb.

From Coast to Coast you will find that people who want their hair to lie in place, yet never to look greasy or sticky, rely on this remarkable dressing.

Let us send you, free, a generous sample. Stacomb will suit any type of hair, because it comes in two forms. You may prefer it in cream form—in the attractive jar or the handy tube. Or you may prefer the delightful new Liquid Stacomb.

But in either form Stacomb, you will find, is totally invisible on your hair, pleasant to use, and really keeps your hair in place—all day long.

Stacomb never leaves your hair dry and brittle, either, as other wetting with water makes it. Stacomb is actually beneficial, because it tends to prevent dandruff. At all drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER—Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. P-36, 113 West 18th St., New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New Liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO., INC.

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CASH or CREDIT

DIAMOND IMPORTERS

We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct by mail—a great saving to you. Our Diamonds are "quality" goods, blue white, perfect-cut, personally inspected by our expert buyers.

SEND FOR CATALOG

Over 2,000 Illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearls, Moss, Hand engraved cases, Fancy ring ends, Silver dial, High grade 14-Karat Gold, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination.

TERMS: Goods delivered on first payment of one-third of purchase price, balance in equal amounts, payable weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, as convenient.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

WEDDING RINGS

No. 22—The "Star" 14-K white gold, \$7.50. Set with Three Diamonds, \$22.50. Five Diamonds, \$32.50. Seven Diamonds, \$42.50. Nine Diamonds, \$52.50. Twelve Diamonds, \$67.50.

Wrist Watch—14-K white gold band engraved case, Fancy ring ends, Silver dial, High grade 14-Karat Gold, etc. \$10.00 down and \$1.00 a week.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

MAINTENANCE NO. 952—21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Feet. Gold filled 14-K. \$55

ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND, 21 Jewels, 8 Adj. \$55

ELGIN'S "BUNN SPECIAL" 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Feet, Gold filled 14-K. \$50

HOWARD RAILROAD WATCH, 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments, 25-Year gold filled case. \$80

All Railroad Watches sold on convenient credit terms.

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO., INC.

THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. E-241
106 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

believed that other watching eyes would not. "Eileen, my dear, how I've hungered for this hour! My dearest—my dearest!"

She evaded his attempted embrace. "I don't dare stay here long!" she gasped. "We must hurry—we must hurry!"

"Even so, darling, we have time to begin with a kiss. Think of the kisses you've given me—don't begrudge me one more kiss at such a moment!"

"No! No!" Again she evaded him. "We have no time to waste. Quick—what are your further plans for going?"

"The possible changes you wrote me about? There are no changes. The plans stand exactly as I told you. And now, darling, the kiss."

"But your letter said—"

BUT it had been no part of Clifford's dramaturgy that these two should be left alone upon the stage long enough to discover that they were both there through a trick. His man in the second bedroom had been carefully instructed, and at Mrs. Ardmore's last sentence, as at a cue in a play, he released the quivering Ardmore, who burst out upon the stage. His wife clipped off her sentence, and drew back with a gasping cry. Manning stiffened, and his face went expressionless.

"So—at last I've caught you two!" cried Ardmore, his slight figure shaking with the wild passion of his jealousy. "I've suspected all along—and now I've caught you!"

"Henry—Henry!" breathed Mrs. Ardmore, aghast; and then wailing to Manning: "Oh, why didn't you hurry with what you had to say? I was afraid he might follow!"

"Of course I followed! And I've been watching and listening. I had to know the truth, and now I know it—that you two have been secret lovers all the time since your broken engagement—that you two are starting to elope together now!"

"Henry!" gasped the stricken Mrs. Ardmore. "Oh, Henry!"

Clifford held his breath in his suspense, eyes fixed on the immobile Manning. How Manning would react to this situation, that was the crux of all further development. Clifford had figured that Manning hated Ardmore; and that in addition Manning was at bottom a man who had the impulses to flaunt his conquest and to taunt any man whom he appeared to have bested.

The next moment proved his estimate correct. Over Manning's handsome face spread an ironic, baiting smile.

"Now that you have found us out, Ardmore, can you honestly blame any woman, especially your own wife who knows you so well, for preferring me to yourself?"

"Then you admit everything?" cried Ardmore thickly.

"Since you've caught us, what else can we do? I love Eileen—Eileen loves me."

"I knew it—I knew it! And I've suspected all along that your sailing tomorrow with your sister was just a blind—that instead of your sister, it was my wife who was going to sail with you!"

"The Falcon's Nest"

This magazine is famous for its tales of nature in the wild places of the world. And it has never offered its readers a more original or all-around better tale than this one, which is scheduled for early publication. It is by—

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, Jr.

Manning saw how deep that idea of elopement had cut into Ardmore's writhing soul. "Of course we were going to elope. And why not? You surely didn't think Eileen could stand you any longer. And perhaps we were not going to wait for tomorrow! Perhaps, as you say, that business of sailing was just a blind. Perhaps we were going to elope today. And I don't see anything that a cast-off husband can do to stop us."

The astonished Mrs. Ardmore here came to frantic life. "Henry—Henry," she gasped. "It's none of it so—what you suspect—what Mr. Manning says! None of it!"

"Eileen, don't lose your nerve just because your husband has unexpectedly appeared," Manning said soothingly. And then gnawingly to Ardmore: "As of course you know, Ardmore, it's the usual thing for a wife to go to pieces and deny her intentions when her elopement is thus interrupted."

"I understand, and I don't need you to explain to me, Manning!" Ardmore turned to his wife. "Don't waste lies on me. Go on with him; I'm not going to try to stop you. And it'll do you no good to turn back now. Even if you don't elope, I have the evidence for a divorce or at least a separation—and I shall start suit and have it!"

"Henry, you—you wouldn't do that?"

SHE sought to clutch him appealingly, but he fended off her hands. "Henry, you're all wrong!" And then with the convulsive effort of one whom desperation drives to the thing that she has most feared doing, she cried: "Listen, Henry—here's the God's truth. Except for the first few times I saw Mr. Manning while you were away, I've not once seen him because I've wanted to. I've done what I've done because he forced me to! I couldn't help myself!"

"Eileen, Eileen," Manning soothingly put in, "don't let your panic drive you into statements obviously unbelievable."

"The first few times I saw him while you were gone, Henry," her words rushed on, "it was because I was lonely and he'd always seemed a gallant gentleman to me. Then I found I was caught. He let me know that he held a lot of my love-letters to him which I had written these last few months. He demanded that I do as he ordered, or he would see that these letters got to you. I was afraid of you, Henry—afraid of what you would do. So I gave in, and did as he told me. But those letters were not new letters, Henry. They were my old letters written to him three years ago when we were engaged. He had carefully kept them—started this new friendship with me—and changed the dates of those letters to the present. Only the dates are forged; the letters themselves are genuine—I was sure you wouldn't believe my explanation of the altered dates—and so—and so I was caught! That's why I'm here now, Henry—that's why I've seen him before—I've not been able to help myself!"

"My dear, my dear," Manning besought her, "don't waste your strength so! Even if your story were true, don't you see that your husband is not believing you?"

"Of course I'm not believing any such story!" furiously cried Ardmore. "Fresh dates forged upon old love-letters—that's the silliest lie any guilty woman ever thought of to explain away her guilt. I'm through with you, I tell you—go on with Manning. Forged dates—bah!"

"But it's God's truth, Henry!"

"If it's the truth, then why did you wait till this very last minute to tell me?"

"Because I knew you wouldn't believe me! Because I knew you'd take it just as you're taking it now! And I loved you so much that I'd do anything, pay anything, rather than lose you this way!"

"Still just the talk of the woman who's been caught!" cried Ardmore.

"It's only surprise and fear, Ardmore, that make her talk like this," Manning explained in her defense. "Eileen, my dear, forget your fears and do not deny our love. Remember our plans and hold on to our dear dreams of happiness."

[It was at this moment that a fourth actor walked upon the stage. This was a colored porter in the uniform of the Grantham Hotel. That is, he was a porter for about one minute; in reality he was a very clever actor whom Clifford had first seen in the negro production of "Shuffle Along." Clifford had drilled him carefully in his tiny part.

He entered with a wide gold-toothed grin. "It's leven o'clock, Mistah Manning, when you said Ah was to come up fo' you. You an' yo' lady's jes' got easy time to make the Florida Limited. I got all yo' otheb baggage already checked. I got a taxi waitin', an' now I'll jes' take down the bags you said you wanted in yo' train."

From behind the shelter of a broad armchair the pseudo-porter picked up two traveling bags and walked out. Those two bags were the instantly recognized property of Mrs. Ardmore and Manning; in the stealing of them care had been taken that choice should fall upon bags of unmistakable identity.

This business of the porter and the bags was Clifford's final touch of verisimilitude to his plot of an enforced elopement. At this final touch there were exclamations from the three in the sitting-room, but Clifford could clearly catch none of them. These last few minutes both his strength and whispered warnings had been required to restrain Miss Manning, in whom wrath had been swiftly mounting toward the point of explosion. At the business of the porter and the bags the explosion came.

"My God—my God—let me go!" she shrieked out, struggling against Clifford's hand. Miss Manning flung herself wildly into the sitting-room, Clifford just behind her. More correctly, Clifford had pulled the trigger of her emotions and sent her hurtling into his drama as a perfectly timed bomb. A figure of raging and flaming fury, she paused before Manning.

"So you'd double-cross me, would you!" she panted. "So you were going to drop me, to run off with another woman! Oh, I've heard and seen everything these last five minutes! And if you think—"

"Listen, Christine," cried out the astounded Manning. "It was all only fooling on my part—just kidding Ardmore—"

"Of course you'd try to lie out of it!" she blazed at him. "But after what I've seen, do you think I'll believe your lies? Oh, I've suspected for years that some day you yourself would fall for one of the pretty female fools whose head you'd turned and who you've made fall for you! For years I have been expecting you to try to run away with one of your pretty fools, dropping me because I was just a wife who'd grown stale to you! But if you think I'm going to stand for any—"

"Stop, stop, Christine, you're—"

"Oh, I'll stop you, all right! Before I'll let you throw me down for another woman, I'll smash you before all the world!" She whined pantingly to face Clifford and Ardmore. "Who do you suppose this great lover, this adored man of all rich and silly women, really is? He's that great police mystery, the Shadow!"

"Christine—"

"Yes, the daring, mysterious Shadow, who defied all police guards and defied all modern locks," her lava-hot words continued with their eruption. "And how do you think this daring master thief managed his great robberies? You've just heard the story Mrs. Ardmore told about her old and legitimate love-letters being made present-day illegitimate love-letters by having new dates forged

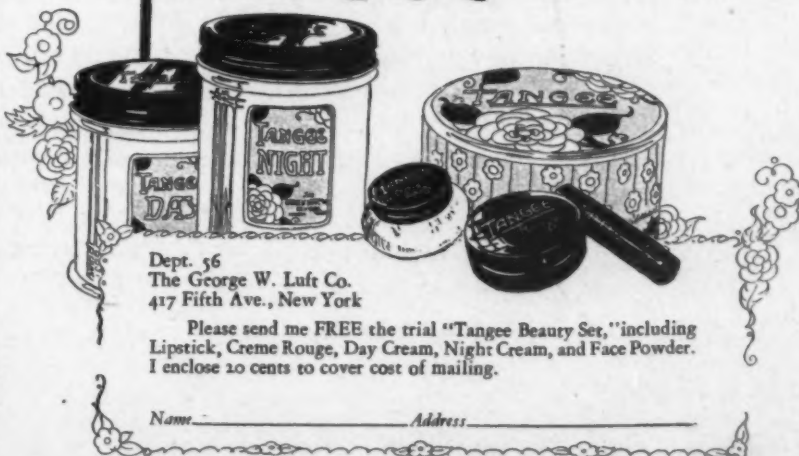


The woman who is endowed with lovely natural color, and the one who owes hers to Tangee, are alike the envy of all others—for no one can tell which is which.

Tangee's astonishing property, of changing color to blend with each type of complexion, distinguishes it from other make-up—and likewise distinguishes the woman who uses it from those who envy her beauty. Lipstick, \$1; Crème Rouge, \$1; Rouge Compact, 75c; Face Powder in Peachblow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, \$1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin and give you the true basis for lovely color. \$1 each.

TANGEE



Dept. 56
The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name _____ Address _____

ARE YOU CARRYING THE FLAG?

CARRYING the flag is the first duty of responsible citizenship. It is the practical aspect of an ideal Americanism. It is in peace what fighting for the flag is in war. Carrying the flag is that form of active loyalty which is nobler and more constructive than following it.

In the theory of our national life there are many ways of carrying the flag and quite as many ways of shirking that sacred duty. We carry the flag when we serve the nation, when we extend its power and influence, when, by our individual pride and conduct at home and abroad, we win the esteem of the living millions beyond our borders.

We know little of the world who never follow the sun around it. Out to the sea in ships and overland to the peaks in a blazing western sun. They who so travel the distances, who explore the forests, the plains and mountains, who greet the East and West with a human kinship, are carrying the stars and stripes to their greater glory. The world's travelers are the flag carriers of every nation.

We would all be carriers if we cast our moorings more often and wandered far afield: "Staying-put" is the creed of the dolt and dullard. Nothing in nature stays put. The flowers of the earth and the stars in the sky are ever living and dying. The tide of human life forever ebbs and flows. We grow only so long as we travel, so long as we seek and are curious of life. The world abandons those who cease to look upon its living face.

When we travel over our own land or through the lands of other peoples, the experience expands our natures, deepens our insight, enchants our vision and bejewels our minds and hearts with the treasures of the past. We return to our homes laden with riches of which nothing can despoil us. We possess a fortune in our own right which no wind or weather, no financial calamity, can depreciate. Intelligent travel is a tower of strength every day throughout the years. It is the most liberal educator within our grasp. It is what makes the difference between those who really live and those who long to live but seldom find the way.

If we spent one-fourth our lives in objective travel the remaining three-fourths would be a hundred times more beautiful, more contented, more successful. Let us carry our flag to the ends of the earth!



Conrad's seas and Kipling's India *Maps bring them closer as you read*

Special maps to order

If you desire a special map, consult Rand McNally & Company. Already made up to suit your requirements are special maps of many kinds, in addition to the regular standard maps. These special maps range from the Rand McNally Territory maps for jobbers and distributors, to the Rand McNally Language Maps for students of philology. If the map must be made to order, whether it is intended for use in an advertising campaign or to illustrate a book of science, Rand McNally & Company's many years of map experience insures satisfaction. Write for descriptive booklet.

Rand McNally Maps
for every purpose

School Maps	Climatic Maps
Auto Road Maps	Economic Maps
Political Maps	Ethnological Maps
Commercial Maps	Historical Maps
Radio Maps	Mileage Maps
Population Maps	City Guide Maps

IN Conrad, Kipling, Hearn, Loti, Hudson, Keyserling—in many of the books you read, how much depends upon climate and location!

The events of the day—the Riff, Syria, Tacna-Arica, Tripoli, Muscle Shoals, Miami, the proposed Great-Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway—to understand them you must know the position of these places on the globe.

Without maps and the knowledge you have gained from them, your books, your daily newspaper, your favorite magazine, would lose half their meaning.

In these days of widespread distribution of manufactured products, no large business can be intelligently conducted without extensive use of maps.

They are needed to plan sales campaigns. Traveling representatives need

them to lay out their routes in advance.

Motor touring, one of America's most popular summer pastimes, would be difficult, even dangerous, without detailed, accurate maps for the motorist's guidance.

In all forms and stages of education, maps are indispensable. They are indispensable, too, for army and navy operations, and above all, for flying.

The task of making and supplying maps therefore becomes one of immeasurable importance in any society.

To hold foremost place in the performance of this task is both a distinction and a responsibility.

Rand McNally Maps, Globes and Atlases are always scientific, accurate and up to date. Obtainable at leading booksellers', stationers', or direct.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY Map Headquarters

Dept. J-184

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago
Washington

San Francisco

270 Madison Avenue, New York
Los Angeles



Enjoy
your
trip
without
worry
about
lost
baggage

HOW much do you stand to lose if your baggage is lost in transit, stolen or destroyed by fire or other accident? Tourist Baggage Insurance will assure the safety of the investment represented by your personal effects.

**Insurance Company of
North America** Founded
PHILADELPHIA 1792

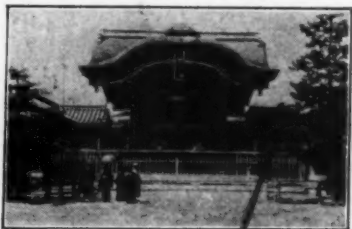
"The Oldest American Fire and
Marine Insurance Company"

Insurance Company of North America
Sixteenth St. at the Parkway
Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. R. R.-10

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Wants information on Tourist
Baggage Insurance

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



Lovely architecture, quaint customs, strange peoples

•• Orient •• Round the World

The only fortnightly service
Round the World plus the
fastest service to the Orient

SEE 22 ports in 14 countries. Enjoy this glorious 110-day trip, visiting Honolulu, Japan, China, Manila, Malaya, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and California.

Magnificent President Liners, luxuriously appointed. Outside rooms with beds, not berths. A world-famous cuisine.

Sailings every Saturday from San Francisco (every two weeks from Boston and New York). Likewise a sailing every twelve days from Seattle direct to the Orient without call at Honolulu. Full information from any ticket or tourist agent or

Dollar Steamship Line Admiral Oriental Line

Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco
1519 Railroad Avenue South, Seattle
604 Fifth Ave., 25 also 32 Broadway, New York

to them. Mrs. Ardmore's story is true to its last word, for I myself did the forging—though the poor fool was really set for eloping today with my husband. Why, he's been secretly engaged in this same way over a dozen times—of course he couldn't marry—and again and again—

"Stop, you fool—stop!" Over and over Manning had been shouting these words frantically at her. But at this moment he got a hand across her mouth, and the eruption ceased. Clifford did not seek to interfere in their family affairs.

"You fool, you," cried Manning, "don't you see that all this is just a trap, and that you've walked straight into it! What made you think I was going to elope—what brought you here?"

She glared defiantly at him, still shaking with her fury. But she handed him the intercepted love-letter to Mrs. Ardmore in his writing. He glanced at it, then violently pushed her from him.

"Fool! Couldn't you see that this letter was a forgery?"

"A for—forgery?" she breathed unbelievably, yet with sickeningly ebbing wrath.

"Yes, a forgery! And this elopement—I never even dreamed of an elopement until Ardmore broke in here ten minutes ago. The whole thing is just a trap. I tell you Mrs. Ardmore and I had no thought of elopement!"

"He's right—he's right!" gaspingly broke in Mrs. Ardmore.

"A forgery, Christine—a trap—and I think I know who is behind all this." His eyes turned blazingly upon Clifford.

CLIFFORD saw that that part of his drama was ended in which he was merely an off-stage figure controlling his puppets through the invisible wires of their surprised emotions. The time had come for him to assume a speaking part in his own drama, and he now stepped forth into the center of his own stage.

"You are entirely correct, Manning," he stated with quiet grimness. "All four of you people received letters. All four letters were forgeries. You are not the only one, Manning, who can use forged love-letters for his purposes. At last caught by your own trick, Manning—I hope you like the ironic justice of that! Yes, this entire business of the Ardmore elopement has been just a trap, a trick, to force you all to tell the truth about this Ardmore situation and to tell the truth about yourselves. And that trap, Manning, has got you hard and fast!"

From Manning's left armpit an automatic flashed and covered Clifford, including Ardmore and his wife in its menace. "Not much you haven't got me, you cheap imitation detective!" he snapped out. "Christine, lock all the doors. I'll keep these three quiet till we can give them each a sniff of chloroform—and then we'll make our get-away!"

Mrs. Manning sped obediently toward the hall door. Clifford looked over Manning's shoulder and beyond him, and cried sharply: "Now, General Thorne—get your man!"

"Think I'd fall for that old trick of trying to make a man look around and forget his gun!" Manning sneered contemptuously.

But even as he finished his defiance, his two arms were seized from behind and the weapon torn from his hand by officers from Headquarters. Before him stepped Commissioner Thorne, his whole figure tense with devastating anger.

"I've heard and seen everything! So, Manning—you are the great Shadow! You, the man I thought was my friend! I see now why you have cultivated my friendship—you figured no suspicion would ever be directed at a man who was a friend of the Commissioner. By God, for your having made use of me as an officer—"

"You're wrong, General!" Manning broke in. "All that's happened here is entirely



OPENING early in 1927, the Royal Hawaiian, Hawaii's most beautiful hotel, is ideally located upon Waikiki Beach. American plan. Reservations are now being made. 18-hole golf-links. 20 acres of gardens. Splendid tennis courts. Land and water polo. Motor-ing over perfect roads. Horseback riding. Swimming and surf-riding.

Information and rates may be obtained from A. BENAGLIA, General Manager, Honolulu, Hawaii, of the MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY, 215 Market St., San Francisco; 516 West Sixth St., Los Angeles; 814 Second Ave., Seattle; 146 South Dearborn St., Chicago; 50 East Forty-second St., New York.

Royal Hawaiian Hotel

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

**121 days \$1250 to \$2900
ROUND THE WORLD**

ss "California" sailing Jan. 19
7th cruise, including Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 17 days Japan and China, Manila, Java, Burma, option 18 days India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Riviera, Europe stop-overs.

23rd Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 29; 62 days, \$600 to \$1700.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

EGYPT AND MEDITERRANEAN

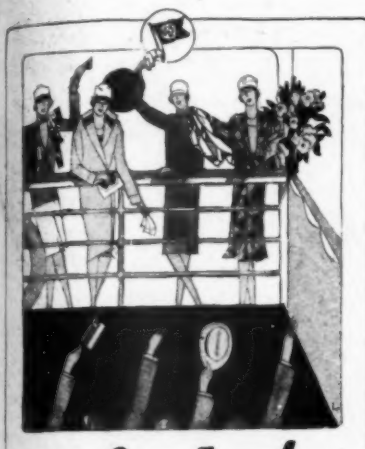
A different Cruise by the magnificent
TSS "PRESIDENTE WILSON"
(20 knots—Oiler) sailing from New York Jan. 5, 1927 and Boston next day. Rates from \$200 include hotels, guides, autos, shore visits. Stop-overs: Algeria, Marseilles, Egypt, Athens, Corfu, Naples, Sicily, Riviera, Genoa, Delmatia, Venice, etc. (Regular sailings to Mediterranean and Adriatic ports.)

Address all tourist offices
The American Express Co., 65 Broadway, N. Y.
(Managing shore excursions and cruise arrangements)
COSULICH LINE OF TRIESTE
(World Famous Cuisine)
Phelps Bros. & Co., General Agents, 7 Battery Place, N. Y.
(84 years of Ocean Travel)

Travel Plans

Planning the details of a journey is a pleasure for some people—for others it is a tiresome job. No matter which way you feel about it, you'll need the valuable and helpful information which the travel organizations advertising in THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE are prepared to give you.

If you prefer to have your trip planned for you, the tourist companies will make all your arrangements from the moment you leave your home until you return to it. On the other hand, if you want to make your arrangements personally, the steamship and railroad companies and hotels will gladly give you information on routes, and rates free of charge. Call at their offices or write them.



Lucky! to go to Europe in the fall

WISE TOO. The rush is over. London and Paris are at their best. The weather is moderate. Better accommodations abroad and cheaper. And they are doubly wise who go on United States Lines ships. For at no extra expense they make sure of the highest standard of travel-comfort in the world and the best cuisine on the North Atlantic.

S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON

Swift, steady, beautiful—a luxurious home on the sea. First, second and Tourist third class to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. LEVIATHAN

Flagship of the Fleet and most famous ship in the world. First, second and Tourist third class to Cherbourg and Southampton.

S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and

S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The latest Cabin (one-class) ships on the North Atlantic. To Cogh (Queens-town), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. REPUBLIC

The famous cruise liner. A Cabin ship without first or second class distinction to Cogh (Queens-town), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

Get complete information from your local steamship agent or write to the address below

United States Lines

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Chart of Rates	
FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN \$265 and up	S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT \$145 and up
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON \$210 and up	S. S. REPUBLIC \$140 and up
SECOND CLASS	TOURIST THIRD
S. S. LEVIATHAN \$147.50 and up	From \$95-Round Trip \$170 up depending on ship and destination
S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON \$136.25 and up	

misleading! And you know I'm not the Shadow. You've already got the Shadow under arrest, and besides, I'm nothing like the police description of the Shadow."

"General," put in Clifford, "here's about what we are going to find out concerning that prisoner down at Headquarters—and we'd have found it all out right now if Mrs. Manning had not been choked off by her husband. Remember, Manning gave the tip that led to Jackson's arrest. Jackson is Manning's own man, paid to stand for arrest and a few weeks in jail—this as Manning's final and absolute insurance that he'd get out of this country without rousing suspicion concerning himself or meeting with any slip-up. Had Manning got safely away, Jackson, after a few weeks, would have produced a perfect alibi for every charge."

TIME was later to prove the full accuracy of this deduction made by Clifford. "As to his not fitting the police description of the Shadow," he pursued, "I'll come to that in a minute."

"General Thorne, Mrs. Manning's confession of her husband's methods was suddenly cut off, but I believe I can supply everything she left unsaid. —Mr. Ardmore, you listen carefully to all of this. The trick Manning used on Mrs. Ardmore, of forging new dates on innocent old love-letters to make them compromising—that same trick Manning has doubtless used on the dozen and more young women Mrs. Manning has said he's been secretly engaged to. He chose his intended victims with the greatest care: young women who were very susceptible, who had money and position, who could be easily frightened. He led each young woman into an ardent love-correspondence, legitimate and innocent at the time on the girl's part; he held these letters until after the girl was happily married—then he began to exert the terrifying pressure of the love-letters with forged dates.

"And how has Manning pulled off his robberies? The answer is simple. Manning hasn't done it. Manning has forced the frightened women to rob themselves. As a specimen, take the robbery of Mrs. Ardmore's jewels two nights ago. Mrs. Ardmore, didn't your robbery run something like this? Mr. Manning has for some time been demanding those jewels as the price of his silence and your happiness; you finally gave in and agreed to rob yourself according to his directions. Before you went to the Gardners' ball, you had every detail prepared. When you returned from the ball, where hundreds had seen your jewels on you, you dismissed your car, slipped quietly into the house, wrapped up your jewels in a number of small thin boxes which you addressed to Manning. Then you slipped out and down the street to the mail-box, into which you dropped your packages, and then you slipped back into your own shadowy doorway. Here you tore your clothes to give evidence of violence; then you poured chloroform from the vial Manning had supplied you upon the handkerchief also supplied by him; then you made the noise of a struggle and during it rang your bell. Then you applied the handkerchief to your face. And then you fell and were found unconscious by your servants. Isn't that a fairly correct outline of the robbery, Mrs. Ardmore?"

"Why—why, it's exactly how it all happened!" cried the amazed young wife. "How did you know?"

"Having a clue to Manning, that robbery was easy to reconstruct. And did not Manning order you to describe your assailant as short and slight?"

"Yes."
"A picture of his exact opposite—another measure to avert suspicion from himself. General Thorne, you see how Manning himself started the misleading legend about the Shadow—and just about how he has man-



Cruises to the Caribbean

A LUXURIOUS vacation at sea—the sapphire sea of the tropics—dotted with coral islands crowned with stately palms and fringed with quaint cities slumbering in the sun.

With the enjoyment of travel perfected by essentials such as outside rooms, comfortable beds, food that is equal to the best served in first-class hotels ashore and the character of distinctive service that makes "every passenger a guest."

Great White Fleet Ships sail on Cruises to the Tropics twice every week from New York and New Orleans. You can plan to be gone from 11 to 24 days, confident in the knowledge that your vacation begins when you step on board.

For every detail has been arranged in advance for your comfort and well being—your hotel accommodations, special motor trips ashore, railroad journeys, sight-seeing jaunts, are all planned by a staff that lives in, and understands, the countries you will visit.

—And remember that your room and meals aboard, your amusements and accommodations ashore—everything is included in the price you pay for your ticket.

Write for booklets and Cruise information about fascinating trips to Havana, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; the Panama Canal Zone, Costa Rica, Guatemala and the Colombian Ports.

Address
Passenger Traffic Department
United Fruit Company
ROOM 1438 17 BATTERY PLACE
NEW YORK CITY

Great White Fleet



ance, surrounded by his police escort, Manning made his exit from Clifford's stage—which was also his final exit from the great stage of society where he had been a star for so many years.

Clifford now turned his back upon the world, which were being guarded by Thorne's men, and faced the pair whose marital complications had led to the Shadow's exposure.

"Mr. Ardmore, my part in your case is ended. I hope that you now understand everything."

"Yes—yes—" gulped the still astounded young husband.

BUT Clifford's part in the case was not quite over, after all. He had saved the Ardmore marriage from one danger. But the part of a true friend, even though only a friend, required that he should try to save the marriage permanently. Clifford felt this further duty and so his manner became more, impressive, almost sermonizing.

"Then if you understand everything, Mr. Ardmore, you must understand that except for your temper, your jealousy, your lack of faith, your lack of all self-control, this situation of yours would never even have come into existence, for Mrs. Ardmore would have had no reason to have the fear that brought on your situation. Without the fear which they can play upon, Manning and his kind would have no victims. You and Mrs. Ardmore are really fine people; yours should grow into a rich and solidly happy marriage—but there is small chance of this ever coming about unless you have learned a great lesson from this experience."

"Yes, I've learned!" young Ardmore choked out. "If only I could make Eileen believe that I've learned, that I'm going to try—"

"Henry, I do believe!" broke in young Mrs. Ardmore with an ecstatic cry. "I already believe!"

Her arms wide, she flew to her husband. They clung to each other as if both feared

they might let escape this returned happiness that they had so nearly lost.

Then the pair remembered their gratitude and both turned. Ardmore held out an impulsive hand.

"Mr. Clifford," he cried out vibrantly, "I can never thank you enough in words! I'm going to show you my thanks by making good as you want me to make good!"

Young Mrs. Ardmore was clinging to Clifford's other hand. "I heard you say you were a friend—a professional friend," she breathed quaveringly in an awed whisper. "You saved me when I couldn't find the way out—you've saved my love, my happiness; I shall thank you all my life!"

There was more of this from the two; then Clifford and General Thorne followed the ecstatically happy pair out of the room.

"What you've just done has all been so wonderful, Clifford," Thorne marveled, "that it's still beyond me to understand how you first thought of it and then did it all."

"It was really all very simple, General. There were only two possibilities. I picked one of those possibilities on a hunch. I've been playing that hunch from the very beginning—playing it strong and playing it the only way I thought it could be successfully played. My hunch happened to be right and my method happened to work. That's all there is to it, General."

"Just as simple as that!" snorted the General. "I wish I had you back in the Department playing your hunches for me as you used to. Any chance of coaxing you back?"

Clifford eyed the happy Ardmore. "Come back to the old job of catching crooks? Not much chance, General. I'd rather do a constructive job such as saving those Ardmores for each other and their future children, than catch the cleverest crook that ever lived."

(The fascinating story of Clifford's next case in professional friendship will appear in an early issue.)

WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 53)

sleep before memory had awakened, he found for all the miracle of the first woman the first man had ever seen. She was most beautiful, the more beautiful for the hopeless infantile pathos of her utter slumber. Her eyelids were round upon her hidden eyes, and the lashes were long and curved. Her brows were petulant and her mouth pouting.

He turned from her, beating his eyelids together for clearer vision, and looked off from the mountain-side across vast plains broken with sudden hills and ridges. Beyond, the night lights of a city were still glowing in the dawn. Far off, far, far off, was a blue fragment of the ocean.

He viewed it all as from wings, for he could not see the narrow road; their car was a chariot upheld in the sky.

Chapter Six

SLOWLY he remembered everything, everybody. He was Blair Fleming, a married man. This was Valerie Dangerfield, a spinster. They had slept the night through side by side.

But not as the world would phrase it. The world would assume that there had been no record between them. Nobody would imagine or believe that they had sung comic songs or talked inanities all night. If he told the truth of their guilelessness, it would be laughed at as more ridiculous, more contemptible, than guilt.

They were in for it now. Upstairs, atop this mile-high mountain was his wife. With her was a pack of friends, who would joyfully believe the worst.

If a bugle had sounded its *tantara-tantara*

in his ear, he could not have been stung more quickly to the need of action to protect this girl from the consequences of her courtesy and her friendly interest.

IT was proof of an immense change in Blair that his first thought was for the protection of Valerie. Last night he had blamed her for getting him into a mess. He had looked down on her as a rash and merciless female gallant, who had, with no solicitation on his part, duped him into a scandalous mix-up.

Now she was an exquisite innocent who must be shielded from the storm of scorn and obloquy that would break about her more terribly than the storm that had wrecked itself upon this unbudging mountain. She was what no mountain to beat off a storm. She was something sweet and brave and joyous that would no more withstand a gale than a ewe lamb would. This lamb must not be left to perish.

He was the attorney for the defense again, and that was where he shone at his best. He had no skill in prosecution, but he was always fired by the willingness to defend almost anybody from the anger of the mob. This was what had brought down upon him the ferocious abuse that had thundered about his head. He felt no shame in his own heart for all the shame that was heaped upon him when he snatched some black sheep from the fangs of the law. The blacker the sheep, the fiercer his defense, for how could a black sheep be blamed for not being white? If his black had been selected, it had been selected for him before he was born. If he were black from the bog, Who had led his ignorant feet into the bog?

Laborless -and safer



THE toilet bowl must be kept sanitary. It is dangerous to neglect it. But there is no need to resort to old-fashioned scouring and scrubbing. Sani-Flush keeps the toilet bowl glistening white. It eliminates all the work. And it does a more thorough job because it cleans the hidden trap which no brush can reach.

All you need do is to sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow the directions. Then flush. You will see every mark, stain, incrustation vanish. Foul odors disappear.

Sani-Flush is a necessity in every home. Keep it always handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can, 30c in Far West, 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 2000 Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare this special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Branch Apts., 4300 Street
Dept. H-751 Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win approval in that line.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| —Architect | —Electrical Engineer |
| —Building Contractor | —General Education |
| —Automobile Engineer | —Lawyer |
| —Civil Engineer | —Mach. Shop Practice |
| —Structural Engineer | —Mechanical Engineer |
| —Business Manager | —Steam Engineer |
| —C. P. A. & Auditor | —Sanitary & Heating |
| —Bookkeeper | —Surveyor & Mapping |
| —Draftsman & Designer | —High School Graduate |

Name.....

Address.....

Freckles Secretly Removed

Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all drug stores 50¢ and \$1. Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

FREE COUPON

The Stillman Co.,
125 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY

MAKES THEM APPEAR NATURALLY DARK, LONG and CURLY. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. The all-time leader of eye cosmetics.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Liquid Form Solid Form

GRAY HAIR Bobbed or Long? Makes you appear years older. Then—

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair? B. PAUL'S HENNA

ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

COLORED Gray hair in ONE APPLICATION.

Returns youthful color so you can bob it. Bobbed hair takes years off your age, but not if it's gray. Not affected by salt water, perspiration, oils, tonics, shampoos, previous dyes. Does not stain scalp or rub off. Composed of Henna Herbs; Harmless. Easily applied at home. 14 shades. P. P. \$1.40. White Henna for lightening hair grown dark. \$2.25. Pilocarpine Hair Tonic (powerful stimulant). \$5.00. Free Advice—Booklet.

B. PAUL, Dept. 5-R, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Whenever the docket read, "The People vs. John Doe," the heart of Blair Fleming went out to John Doe. If the case were desperate, John Doe would probably come flying to the office of Blair Fleming for defense, and, when he could, he took the case. If his fee were uncertain or certain to be small, he fought the harder. The viler the criminal, the more eager he was that the wretch should have all the defense the law allowed. Hence he was hated and reviled as the Advocate of the Devil. But he would say that, since the Devil had an advocate in the ecclesiastical court, he certainly had a right to counsel in the secular.

Since it is part, too, of the true lawyer's nature to grow more and more convinced of his client's right to freedom, the more the opposing counsel piles up excuses for his punishment, so it was part of Blair Fleming's nature to feel his affection increasing with prosecution.

The impulse to love Valerie came to him, therefore, from no yielding to her beauty, her grace, or her commanding power, but from her helpless need of him.

As soon as he found himself her attorney, he began to love her. And in his zeal for her defense, he forgot his own interests were involved with hers. But that he was co-defendant meant nothing to him. Where he was concerned, he had always felt that the best answer to abuse was silence, the best rebuttal of evidence, to ignore it. He believed that "a lawyer who tries his own case has a fool for a client," and he did not intend to submit any brief for himself at all.

Instead of approaching Amy with lame excuses, he would attack her for proposing such an outing at such a time and nearly getting him and Miss Dangerfield killed.

He was wide awake now, and eager for action of some kind.

Perhaps it was still possible to escape from the trap of coincidence. If he and Miss Dangerfield could slip down the mountain and return to Los Angeles before they were discovered, they could build up a perfect alibi; he could explain to Amy over the telephone that he had given up the journey because of the rain, had worked all evening in his office and kept trying to get her cottage on the wire; the storm had thrown everything out of order.

But first he must start the engine. Then they could turn round and scud away. He opened the door quietly and squeezed out. The car was so close to the wall of rock that he could hardly crowd through.

He studied the road with dismay. It was still drenched and covered with mud from the hillsides. He lifted the lid of the hood carefully and found everything soaked. There would be no starting that drowned machinery till it had been towed to a garage and overhauled.

HE looked down the road. The most skillful driver could never let a car run backward and steer it round the curves.

Of course, they might walk down and hire somebody in one of the cottages below to take them to San Bernardino. But that would be simply collecting witnesses. He would perhaps be recognized. Even Valerie Dangerfield had remembered his portrait in the newspapers. There was no escape.

He walked up the road, rounded the ledge and inspected the rest of the climb. The highway was in a ruinous condition, and it mounted and mounted, slanting upward all ways and always, whipping back and back above itself, like a vast petrified python.

It would be a sorry task to climb, but climb they must.

He lingered a long while, preparing his opening address to Amy; the fierce judge who must hear his case. Then, with a groan of distress for Valerie and an almost audible resolve to see it through, by God, he turned

Play the HAWAIIAN GUITAR Just as the Natives Do

FREE \$15 HAWAIIAN GUITAR and Case

Only 4 Motions needed to play this famous instrument. Our Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

Play in Half Hour
After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary.

Free Guitar
Send Outfit in Genuine Seal Grain. You'll never be without a beautiful Hawaiian instrument. Write for Special Offer and full particulars.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 138, New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York

Turn Back Your Birthdays

Madame, this simple pleasant way—

Fresh youthful beauty of your face is yours for the asking. Beauty is dependent on the firmness of tiny muscles just beneath the skin-surface. Lack of exercise makes them weak, sags, droops, causing hollows, crow's feet, wrinkles and poor, saggy complexion.

KATHRYN MURRAY'S FIVE-MINUTE-A-DAY FACIAL EXERCISES

Exercise your face back to its former youthful bloom and contour. Thousands have turned to Kathryn Murray's Facial Exercises with amazing results. No massage, creams, strops, treatments. Just your natural beauty and Five-Minute-a-Day.

RESULTS GUARANTEED

Send for FREE book. Explains everything. Tells what to do to bring back the beauty and firmness of your face today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, INC.
Suite 1029, 5 So. Wabash Chicago, Ill.

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, eruptions on the face or body, blemishes, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WHITE TONE.

E. S. GIVENS, 417 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores—35c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone.

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

PARENTS giving serious thought to the education of their children should read "Gardens of Genius" on page 8. If you need help in selecting the right school, write for full details to the Director, Department of Education. Enclose stamped return envelope.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How?"

MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my case now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them on myself, only that I hear all right. The

Morley Phone for the DEAF

It is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. One can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand. WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 10 S. 19th St., Philadelphia



New Special Way To Shampoo Blonde Hair!

Even the most attractive light hair loses beauty with age. But Blondex, the new shampoo for blonde hair only, prevents light hair from darkening and keeps it beautifully attractive—always! It brings back the true golden beauty to even the most faded or darkened blonde hair. Leaves hair wonderfully soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. Nothing better for children's hair. It's a dye. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. It's all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Learn Accountancy and C. P. A. in 6 months. \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. No experience needed. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time. A. J. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience necessary. Training under the personal supervision of A. J. C. A. M. A. M. and a large staff of C. P. A. Examiners. The American Institute of Accountancy. Write for free book. "Accountancy," the Professional Accountant's Guide. Extension University, Dept. 1066-St. Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
RTE. 2-112 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort.

25¢ or \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal London



back to break the miserable news to his client.

He found her standing out in the road, awake, and enraptured by the view. Her untroubled delight in the morning convinced him that she was as innocent as he had supposed. She had not even thought of the penalty. But she had! For after paying the due tribute to the overwhelming grandeur of the landscape, she laughed:

"I've been trying to think up some good lie to tell your wife. Of course, she won't believe anything I say, but I want it understood that I take all the blame."

"You take? I take!"

She mocked at this: "She'll give you hell, of course, and you'll never hear the last of it. But she'll lay all the blame on me anyway; and that's where it belongs."

He tried to persuade her to let him be her lawyer and convince his wife that they were the victims of Amy's bad judgment.

"What do I care what she says or thinks," she snapped, "—or what anybody says or thinks."

THERE she was, back in her yester mood! The poetry and martyrdom of the night and the storm were gone, and she was again the incorrigible rebel who broke all written and unwritten laws and wrote her own as she went along.

"The only thing that really matters," she said, "is to get this damn climb clumb, and put some hot coffee inside and some clean clothes outside."

She had tried the lights and "ignition," and learned that the car was not to be thought of as a means of uplift, and that they must trust to shanks' mares.

Their eyes sweeping the mountain walls could descry no other motor alive upon the roads at this hour, after the havoc of the storm.

"Come along, then," said Blair, hooking her elbow in his.

"Not so fast, my man. There's more to this than meets the eye."

She went to the baggage-hold and lifted the lid anxiously. Fortunately it had proved water-tight, and its contents were the only dry things in the whole world so far as they could see. She lifted out his suitcase and her own luggage. He gasped: "Have I got to lug that stuff all the way up the peak?"

"You haven't, but we have."

"You'll never make it. We can send back for it."

"Yes, and it won't be here. No sir, when I arrive before that wife of yours, I'm going to look my best: a bad best, but my only."

He shook his head in despair. He had had murderesses to defend who refused his prayers to look woebegone and shabby, and had gone before the jury as if to a wedding-feast. They had always been wise.

But this was different. He pleaded:

"If we look a little storm-beaten, she'll have more mercy on us."

"Mercy? Women have no mercy on other women. You go on and look like the prodigal son, but I'm going to bring myself up to date if I have to stop by a wayside pool and take an ice-bath in it."

Fleming had long since learned to let women manage women, and he protested no more. He stooped and picked up his heavy bag and her light dressing-case, and began the long trudge. She immediately tore her luggage from his hand, and when he fought for it, would not let him recapture it.

They had a breathless wrestle, but she finally convinced him that she would consider it the opposite of a favor to take any of her burdens on him. She wanted neither the lost privileges nor the lost advantages of the weaker sex.

They set out briskly, and the sharp wet air was tonic. But the stairway of the mountain was almost as long and steep as Jacob's ladder to heaven. The roadbed was seamed with runnels, patched with gobs of



Home can be made comfortable and happy through Fireside Industries

Makes Lots of Money

"I don't need 'pin money'—
I have my own bank account!"

Mrs. Hazel Hamilton Perkins of Connecticut, didn't always have "her own bank account," as she says—far from it. To buy simple little things that all women must have, she had to pinch pennies. Now she gets whatever she fancies, within reason, and has a steady, growing income. Read her fascinating story—it carries a note of cheer:

Her Interesting Story

"I was left alone with two babies, with very little income. I had to scrimp until I was simply beside myself with worry. I read an advertisement about Fireside Industries and what their women were earning, doing delightful home work. I sent for your book and then set the outfit and started in. From the first I began to make pretty serious things that sold quickly. In my own home. Customers told their friends and soon I was overwhelmed with orders. From the start the directions were so plain that I hadn't a bit of trouble, although I had no natural talent for drawing or painting. This season I earned about \$1,000.00 and I gave but part of my time to this work. 'Fireside' has given me a fine income, and now I can see my way ahead."

All Have Same Opportunity

Mrs. Perkins took advantage of an opportunity that is offered to anyone. If you want to earn money or decorate wonderfully beautiful gifts for your own home, write for our FREE book—the one that started Mrs. Perkins on the road to financial independence. It will point the way to YOU. Send for it today enclosing 2c stamp to help pay postage.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 33-P Adrian, Michigan

Fireside Industries, Adrian, Michigan, Dept. 33-P

Please send me, entirely Free, your beautiful illustrated book telling about your plan. I enclose 2c stamp.

Name

Address

City State

Write in pencil—ink will blot

Ingersoll

PRICES REDUCED!



The New YANKEE

Now \$1.50

Reduction Applies to Entire Line



For Eyes Reddened by Weeping—Murine

Perhaps it's only a touching movie . . . or an affecting magazine tale. Whatever the cause, **Murine** quickly relieves the red, puffy, unsightly condition that invariably follows a good cry.

Just another reason for keeping **Murine** always handy. It's invaluable for refreshing eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust . . . and for relieving the eye strain caused by protracted reading or sewing. Used regularly each night and morning, this harmless, long-trusted lotion keeps eyes always bright and clear.

Our valuable illustrated book on Eye Beauty is FREE on request

The Murine Company, Dept. 29, Chicago

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Send only \$1.00 with Order

WEST WATCH & DIAMONDS

FREE—Special Gold 14 Kt. white gold watch and engraved case set with 12 genuine diamonds and 12 French Blue Sapphires; 15 jewels—worth \$39.75

FREE—Newest Design, Lady's 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting set with large size sparkling blue sapphire—worth \$10.00

FREE—Karatite Stone Ring, 14 Kt. solid white gold mounting beautiful hand pierced; set with 12 large genuine diamonds and 12 French Blue Sapphires—worth \$10.00

A full year to pay
All transactions strictly confidential
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Pay only \$1 to your order, and your choice comes to you parcel post prepaid on 10 Days FREE Trial. Then pay postman only \$1 more on delivery, and after free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

FREE "Royal Book of Gems"
Thousands of special values in genuine diamonds, watches and jewelry illustrated. Your copy sent immediately on request.
No interest, no extras

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ADDRESS DEPT. 171 170 BROADWAY N.Y.

mud, sown with stones that rolled and twisted the ankles.

There were fallen trees to clamber over or push through, and the grade was so cruel that their lungs were filled with needles and their hearts hurt where they pounded the aching ribs.

He made her pause again and again, offering his own exhaustion as excuse when she would not be checked. She felt that she must keep going and rush the height if she would make it at all. But he knew that it could not be rushed.

Her courage was as great in taking the punishment of toil as in facing the obloquy of gossip, but there grew upon her a mien of anguish, an ashen misery about the mouth, a glaze in the eyes that aged her a dozen years for every bad quarter of an hour.

Strangely, his heart swung to her more in her increasing uncomeliness than when he saw her at the musicale in her softest fabrics reclining at ease with a mellow light and a luscious music pouring upon her.

She would not, for all his prayers, let him carry her dressing-case.

The luggage was handy for sitting upon when they had to pause. And he prolonged every breathing-spell. But she was always the first to rise, and be off.

As the switchbacks turned and turned again, he tried to keep on the outside of the path, but this grew troublesome, and she was staggering along the edge of a broken stretch whence the bank fell away so steeply that hardly a tree found foothold below.

And here she grew a little dazed, and her legs were wobbly as a new-born calf's. When her foot struck a patch of treacherous clay and slid, she was sent spinning toward the brink.

As he clutched at her, his feet also skated beneath him, and they would have danced off into eternity if the suitcase in his right hand had not been heavy enough to anchor him.

They recoiled from the abyss of air and clung together in a great fear of what might have been. She did not take the clench of his arm amiss, and when she dared lift her eyes from their hiding in his breast, she looked up with a smile of such arrant delight in being alive, that, before he could debate the matter, his lips were already in search of hers.

It was an instinct of love, but the love for a plucky pretty child. Still, she evaded him by curling her head back into his bosom, and his kiss fell only on her hair.

She broke away from him and laughed: "It might be better if we could honestly say that there had been none of that in our little picnic. We'd have to swear it anyway, but it helps if it's the truth."

"Forgive me!" he groaned, adoring her and condemning himself.

"Am I God that I should start forgiving people? Fact is, I was beginning to be a little hurt because I had not even tempted you to a little salute in all this time."

"I've been tempted enough, but—"

"Oh, have you? Thank you! And now that you've paid me the necessary compliments that are the devil's due, let's just go on—and be the best of friends, as man to man. Yes?"

"Yes!"

"That's fine. And now—Excelsior!"

Chapter Seven

AFTER that, when the road was narrowed by heaps of stone or wash-outs or toppled roots of trees, she made no objection if he put his arm about her and gave her the help of his strength.

She even shared the seat with him on his big suitcase, for her own dressing-case was less adaptable.

She leaned against him, too, and let her head rest on his shoulder, as a younger

Why Mother you are looking younger every day



Sage Tea turns gray hair dark

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for only 75 cents, all ready for use, at any drug store. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous.

WYETH CHEMICAL CO., Inc., NEW YORK

ACCOUNTANCY

Training at Home WITH PERSONAL COACHING

Prepares you for the C.P.A. Certificate, or for the position as Chief Accountant, Cost Accountant, Auditor or Comptroller.

Write for our free interesting booklet which explains how you can secure this training in your spare time, and receive personal coaching by a professional accountant in your own community. Our guarantee protects you in case of inaptitude, sickness or straightened circumstances.

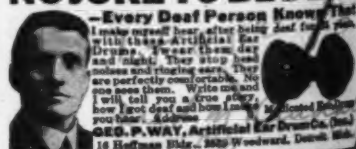
AMERICAN EXTENSION INSTITUTE
Dept. R. B. 10 2095 Broadway, N. Y.

Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



Every Deaf Person Knows That I made myself hear, after being deaf for 15 years, with P.W.A.Y. Artificial Ear Drums. These are perfectly comfortable. No one knows them. Write now and I will tell you a free story how I got deaf and how I got my hearing back. Address: P.W.A.Y. Artificial Ear Drums, Dept. 10 Hoffman Bldg., 220 W. Broadway, New York.

MAKE MONEY

Regular magazine rates in addition to cash prizes. Personal instruction in story-writing. Endorsed by Arthur Stringer, Nablo Barley, M. Montgomery, Walt Mason, Fred M.S. service. Booklet and Ability Test on request. NEW WORLD METHODS. Dept. R. B. 1120 5th St., San Diego, Calif.

\$200.00 FOR SHORT STORIES

might droop on the strong frame of her big brother. It grew harder and harder to keep from seizing her in his arms and satisfying his growing hunger for her love. But he made sure that there was nothing but fatigue and friendship in her soul and body.

The resting places were less and less far apart, and the rests longer and longer. The sun was up and at work now, and its rays strong in the wet air. Just across the bleak and jagged treeless sierra that marched in parallel with their own, a little to the east, lay the Mojave Desert, and there was a desert fire in the heat, save where the road turned for a space into the shadow of the mountain or ran beneath the huge umbrella of great cedars.

Their path was bordered now with flowers opening in the dawn, irises and roses hanging their blue silks and pink satins on the line, wild peas, purple-bonneted columbines. Where there were settled pools, lilies bent over and admired themselves.

If they had been less fagged, they would have delighted in the far-sown beauty of this living star-dust, but nothing could be beautiful to them save level land, a place to lie down and pant, water to drink, food, and shelter from the heat.

Again and again they halted to wait for their lungs to quit trembling and resume breathing, and for their hearts to behave less like the bobbins of sewing machines shuttling under needles of pain.

Now they would face the incredible night-eye view of the orange groves, the lemon-ranches, the checkered fields of plenty and beauty steaming in the sunlight and smothered in gorgeous miles of bloom and verdure to the violet sea.

Now their outlook was across the tops of trees too great to be the masts of man-made ships, into the grim and tortured heaps of rocks that lay in the oven of the Mojave winds, blistered by unmitigated suns.

VALERIE was dreary enough to moralize for once: "We're going up into the high and mighties now, where people's thoughts are all lofty and pure—if you don't care what you say. But when we start back, we'll come to a crossroads, and it makes all the difference in the world whether you turn six inches to the right or the left.

"I made the mistake when I was up here once before. I couldn't read the sign, or didn't notice it, or it had fallen over or something. Anyway, I took the back-road by mistake and landed in the desert. I had one hell of a time getting home at all, with a burnt-out engine and punctured tires and the varnish cooked.

"If I had only given the wheel a flip to the other side, I'd have drifted down into paradise and orange flowers and everything sun-kissed.

"There's going to be some important action up there at the mile-high lake, and when we start back, I wonder which road I'll follow. The signs will be hard to read, and once you start, you can't turn back."

He knew what she meant and realized that she was not so indifferent as she pretended to the ordeal they were approaching with such certain travail to such uncertain result. It was a fearful trial for a woman with another woman as her judge, and that other woman Amy.

He wanted to make some great declaration of devotion, some wild clarion-call of defiance to the dark powers of suspicion and cunning and philistinism.

But something choked him.

Valerie turned her eyes upon him and said with an amazing saintliness in her eyes:

"What a fool I've been not to see the easy solution! At the first camp we come to, I'll hire a driver to take me to San Bernardino. I'll arrange with a man to leave my car down and fix it up and send

it to my aunt's. He'll never know me, and you can tell your wife that I failed to show up and you were all night making the climb. You can give her the devil and sulk and bring her to terms and she'll never suspect."

"I'd rather die than send you back alone. It's not even to be considered. If you want, I'll go back with you and we'll take our chances on lying out of it, but—"

"No, thanks. I'm not going to let your wife tie me up in a pack of lies. I'd rather face her down and have it over with. After all, what does it mean, nowadays, that a man and woman were caught in a storm for a few hours?"

SHE struck out angrily, and they finally made the top of the mountain. They were still a long way from Arrowhead Lake, but they had reached the thirty-six-mile road along the mountain-tops that is called "The Rim of the World," and they could look down into the distant furnace of the Mojave Desert from the lush cool shade of a thousand pines.

Scattered about the woods were tents, and huts and little stores, unoccupied as yet, or closed and silent with sleep. Valerie and Fleming dogged along, hesitating to waken anyone.

At length they came to a camp where a zealous fisherman had already anticipated the dawn, driven his flivver to the nearest tumbling stream and whisked out a string of mountain trout.

He was trying to start a fire now with wet wood under dripping trees. His tent-flaps thrown back showed that he lived alone. He looked up in surprise at the sight of the two wayfarers, already so worn-out so early in the morning, evidently people of means and yet jaded as hoboes.

Blair and Valerie stared at the wealth of those silver fishes carelessly stripping the moss, and they knew how Lazarus felt when he looked at the table of Dives and wondered upward for crumbs. Their mouths would have watered with hunger if they had not been so taut with thirst. Their throats were dry as drumheads. They saw a great cooler of water near the tent, and for the moment it was more beautiful than mountain trout on a rainy morning.

The gaunt and famished beggars could have murdered the miser for food and drink if necessary; but the money that had been of so little use to them till now, might bribe the mercy of the hermit.

Blair set down his suitcase and approached him humbly. Before he could speak, the fisherman said:

"Car talked in the storm?"

"Yes!"

"Some storm, believe me, boy! You should 'a' heard the women and children squeal in the cabins round about. And rain! But the worst of it passed me by, and—say, you folks look about all in. Wont your wife come in and set down?"

Valerie was willing to sit down under any name. Her eyes rolled toward the water-barrel and the inviting cup—apparently of tin, but unquestionably of sterling silver studded with diamonds.

"He's yourself to the worter, lady. We got plenty of that, Gawd knows."

They drank like school-children, each pretending to have had enough, and catching at the cup again when the other seemed to have finished.

"How about a little breakfast, folks? I'd be more than pleased if you'd set in with me. I'm no great shakes on chiny and style, but my coffee—well, coffee's got to be good or I wont tech it. And these trout—nobody could spoil 'em."

Their glistening eyes accepted for them. The match caught in the shavings with a rush of glee, and red wings of flame went flying out of the wood.

But Valerie's eyes were caught by a crude



GIRLS! Be Successful In Art

WHY slave behind a counter or at a typewriter in some ordinary job at low wages if you have artistic talent at your finger tips that will raise you above the crowd and make you independent? Numerous artists work at home or in their own studios.

Fascinating Work

Magazine and newspaper illustrating, fashion-drawing, decorative designing and color harmony are fascinating branches of art for which women are peculiarly well fitted and which offer wonderful opportunities. Millions of dollars are paid out yearly to artists by publishers and advertisers. There will always be a tremendous demand for good art work due to the limited number who have talent for drawing. If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, don't fail to make the most of it and enjoy the good things of life.

The Federal Master Course

teaches, among others, the branches listed above. Lessons in each have been written and illustrated exclusively for the course by more than fifty nationally known artists, specializing therein. No other institution in the country has such an array of great artists as are on the Federal Staff.

The Federal Authors

include such famous artists as: Nersa McMein, Ed Smith, Fay King, Clara Brice, Fontaine Fox, Norman Rockwell and many others. If you desire to art as a career, choose nothing but a real complete course—the Federal Course, a proven result getter. You can study at home during spare time.

Send Today for "A Road to Bigger Things"

Every young woman with ambition and a liking for drawing should read this free illustrated book before deciding on her life's work. It tells about illustrating as a profession, about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course and shows remarkable work done by Federal Students. Just mail in the coupon below and we will send you the book free.



Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating,
10176 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send your free book "A Road to Bigger Things" to

Name.....Age.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

for Stenographers

VENUS PENCIL

No. 3822

Two Ready Points
and a Metal Point Protector

Soft, smooth, long lasting lead.
Ideal for shorthand.

Send for Box of 6 pencils 60¢
or \$1.00 per dozen

American Lead Pencil Co., 221 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

"BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGER TIPS"



A NEW
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
will not peel or discolor

A lustre lasting for days. A color correct in its shell-gink loveliness. This you get in the new HYGLO Liquid in no other nail polish made. The new HYGLO is waterproof . . . and it will not peel or discolor. Brushed on in a minute, to stay.

35c AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES

SPECIAL COMBINATION PACKAGE
Contains the new HYGLO Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, Manicure Stick, Emery Board and Nail White. Complete 50c.

Ask for the new
HYGLO
Liquid Nail Polish

SEND 10c FOR PURSE SIZE

HYGLO, 123 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.
☐ Enclosed is 10c for purse size package of the New HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish.
☐ Enclosed is 50c for the New HYGLO Combination Package.

Name _____

Address _____



A Sure Way To
End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

shower-bath suspended from a tree and evidently emptying into a wing of the tent.

The fisherman followed her eyes and laughed:

"A little contraption of my own."

Blair's eyes were on the flivver:

"I'm wondering if you could be induced to drive us over to the lake."

"After breakfast?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! After breakfast—after!"

"Why, I guess I could."

"I'd be glad to pay you for your trouble, of course."

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' of that. But the old Lizzie aint very good ridin' for a lady like your wife there."

"I'm not his wife, thank you, and your car is much too grand for the tramp I am this minute."

HIS eyes had shown how startled he was, and his case was gone in the presence of the riddle of this couple. But his Samaritanism remained.

"I'll run you over to the lake right after breakfast," he said.

Valerie kept staring at that shower-bath. She looked down at her shoes, wrecked completely, her stockings split and frayed, her skirts muddy and in disarray, her hands soiled, her face flecked with mud, her hair full of it. And there was her traveling-case loaded with things cleanly and beautiful.

After much hesitation she faltered:

"I wonder if you'd let me try that shower-bath, and change my clothes in your tent?"

The host was plainly frightened, aghast.

"That worter's icy cold, miss," he pleaded.

"I don't mind. I always take a cold shower after exercise. And God knows, I've exercised this morning!"

"All right," he said. "I got no fancy soap nor dainty towels."

"I've got all I need in the bag here."

"All right. Go as far as you like."

He went in first to tidy up as best he could and pull the tent-flap down. He brought out a hand-basin for the man. When Valerie had disappeared, he stared at Fleming narrowly and spoke at last:

"Your name aint Fleming, by any chance?"

"That's my name."

"Blair Fleming?"

"Blair Fleming."

"I seen your pitcher in the papers. They light into you purty hard."

"Yes. They do."

"That don't do you no harm. The way to make a man is to persecute him. If they don't leave you alone, they'll hound you up into the Governor's chair or worse yet."

Fleming shook his head at that. His host went on:

"I mean it, man. But, anyways, I got a friend whose boy you kep' from swingin'—Flip Spier—remember him?"

"Yes. I do."

"Bad boy—bad case—nobody but you would 'a' handled it, I guess. You got him off, and I guess he ought to 'a' swung if anybody ever ought to 'a'."

"If anybody ever ought to 'a'," Fleming echoed with a deeper meaning. The man stared at him:

"I get you. Well, there's lots o' folks I'd like to see with a rope around their necks, and I'd give 'em a h'ist with a right good will. But I knowed this boy's mother."

"So did I. She came to me."

"Yeah. So she said. I guess you aint been paid yet?"

Fleming shrugged his shoulders.

"O' course the moralists say that if you take mothers into account, you'd lose most of your chances of hangin' anybody."

"That would be a terrible loss," Fleming smiled.

"My name's Chalkley—Sim Chalkley. Live down in Sam Berdoo. Work in the railroad shops. Read the papers. Don't

believe much. Think a little. That's why I come up here. I'm mighty glad to 'a' met you. Don't leave them editors and cartoonists scare you off your track. They's only a few editors, but there's an awful lot o' quiet folks like me that does their own thinkin'. And we do the votin'."

Fleming was embarrassed doubly by the man's onslaught of praise and the fact that Valerie was evidently hearing it all, for there was hardly a sound from the tent.

Chalkley pattered about the fish and the stove and the coffee-pot and the potatoes, which he set Fleming to peeling.

Suddenly there was a crash of water from the shower-bath and both men blushed to realize that a strange woman was there behind that canvas and that cascade. They heard her yowl as the water smote her. Then they heard her gasping with delight as the glow of new life came to her. She would have sung, doubtless, as a mermaid in the breakers, if she had been at home.

The men tried not to listen, but they could think of nothing to say, till the water was suddenly stopped, and there was comparative silence again in the tent.

Chalkley, struggling for conversation, said: "Women are great things. A little too much for me to manage—or any man, for the matter o' that. But I know when I'm whipped. Not your wife, she says—relative, or somethin'?"

"No, she's a friend of my wife's. My wife's at the Lake. We started up the mountain, and the engine died."

"Oh, I see. Too bad." He began to grin: "You got my sympathy."

"Yes, it was a hard night. Thank heaven it's over."

"Over? Man, it aint begun yet. It begins when your wife begins. You'll sure need your breakfast this mornin'! Here, I'll put a little more coffee in the coffee. And I got better'n coffee in the—"

"No, thanks," said Fleming, unable to resent the man's impudence without refusing his hospitality, and unable to deny the truth of his cynical impertinence.

"I wisht I knew how to advise you," Chalkley muttered, "but I'm one of the few failures that don't know how to run everybody else's business."

FLEMING wanted to say that Mr. Chalkley was entirely wrong in suspecting his wife of suspecting him and Miss Dangerfield, but the lie was so fatuous that he could not utter it. He took refuge in the great shelter of the wise-silence.

When the trout, the potatoes and the bacon had sputtered and crinkled in the pan and the table was set, Valerie came forth in the most amazing alteration. Fleming had seen her at what he had thought her best at the musicale. But here she was in a morning splendor, athletic, aglow, alert, ready to run a race, hunt down a stag or fight a battle, yet so fashionable that she looked highly immortal.

Chalkley dropped the hot coffee-pot, but Fleming's stare of adoration did not escape him. He mumbled:

"I aint so sure of your wife's winnin' out as I was. I wisht I could see that fight."

Fleming pretended not to hear, and Valerie let it go with a laugh and a cry of delight in the feast before her.

She was too good a woodswoman to mind the roughness of the service. She fell to with a will and ate with a peasant appetite. When the last trout was stripped to a bony skeleton, she apologized for not aiding in the washing of the dishes.

"I've got to look my best when I meet my hostess," she explained.

Chalkley snickered: "She has my sympathy."


"Why?" said Valerie, daring him to speak. "You know darn well why," said Chalkley: "and may the best man win."

's why
to 'a
rs and
They's
ful lot
r own
by the
ct that
ll, for
st.
nd the
tatues,
from
ned to
re be-
They
e her.
delight
She
rmaid
ne.
they
water
com-
said:
e too
n, for
n I'm
lative,
My
moun-
grin:
heaven
begins
need
ll put
I got
le to
sing
the
you,"
e few
very-
halk-
his
nger-
the
the
the
pan
h in
had
best
in a
lert,
or she
but
scape
out
and
of
ind to
ite.
acy
in
reet
ak-
y;

He left it at that. And as soon as their
could do the most necessary chores and
the balky flivver started, they were on
their way.
The car bucked like a rodeo bronco.
Fleming and Valerie clung to the sides and
each other to keep from being jounced
entirely as the road dipped and climbed
wound and unwound. Somehow they
arrived till they came in view of the lake
large and unbelievably blue and beautiful
as pine-fringed banks.
They were not ready to meet Amy just
yet. Their brains were churned to butter,
and they were glad to find the camp asleep.
On the lake a few fishermen were out in
boats trawling and casting their lines. Along
the banks others stood on high rocks and
along their hooks out with lariat-throw-
ing gestures. But nobody was astir about
the cottages where Amy and her friends
were housed. No cook was banging things
together in the kitchen. The milk-bottles
had not yet been filled.
So Fleming and Valerie bade Mr. Chalk-
by good-by with warm handclaps. He
would have none of their money. And his
answer was:
"I'd give ten dollars to know how it all
comes out."
He drove away with the clatter of a bell-
s alarm clock.
Valerie whispered: "I'll wander down
by the lake and enjoy the scenery, while
you go in and relieve your wife's anxiety."
His eyes begged her not to desert him,
but she left her bag at his side and moved
away down the road to the water's edge.
He paused, took a step toward the house
where he was sure Amy would be, paused
again, turned back, turned forward.
It came upon him suddenly that he had
no longer the right to enter the room where
Amy Fleming slept.
The thought struck him with a staggering
force. He put the hand-baggage on the
porch of a cabin stealthily, then turned and
saw Valerie. When he overtook her,
he said, still whispering:
"I-I can't be sure just which one of the
little cabins she's in."
There was a cravenness in his eyes, and
they discerned that she did not believe his
voice. He had an intuition that she under-
stood the real reason for his flight.
Yet that could not be, for she laughed.
She laughed triumphantly.

Chapter Eight

THE lake was a monstrous jewel in the
drench of the forest, whose enormous
trees stepped down to the water's edge
everywhere. Behind and above the trees,
mountain crags clenched the infinite jewel of
the sky.
But Valerie and Fleming were bankrupt
of strength to feel awe or anything but the
divine beauty of sleep.
Many heavy persons of both sexes were
briskly risking their persons in rowboats and
boats with outboard engines. Men and women
and children were abroad hiking, or steering
their horses through the twisting bridle paths.
Others were gathering their crops of insects
in spite of the Sabbath and the teachings of
their brother St. Francis of Assisi. Insects
were gathering or being gathered. Spiders
at the same sweet business were spreading
their seines from branch to branch. All the
world was fishing for something.
Valerie and Fleming, woefully drowsy,
wandered in a stupor till they found a sun-
dried rustic bench under a canopy of boughs,
and there they sank to wait until court
should be opened by Her Honor Mrs. Fleming.
The light on the ripples dazzled their eyes
and added its hypnotism to the opiates of
languor. Their jaded brains could do nothing
more important than to wonder if the next



THE LIDO,
VENICE

Yardley's

Old English
Lavender Soap

YARDLEY'S OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP IS ESSEN-
tially for smart people who add elegance to lovely surround-
ings by fastidious care in matters of the toilet. Yardley's Old
English Lavender Soap is the luxury soap of the world and
has been used by leaders of fashion for more than a century.

Box of Three Large Tablets \$1.00, or 35c the Tablet. Obtainable at all good stores.

NEW YORK:
15-19 Madison Square N.

TORONTO:
146 Adelaide Street W.

YARDLEY LONDON

CALIFORNIA PROFITS

for those securing homesites in beautiful Cedarpines
Park, the mountain forest wonderland near Los An-
geles; mile above the west at the remarkably low price
of \$150; easy terms; rapid development; over 450 homes
completed; many buildings; California reality constantly
increases in value; buy now and profit by rapid normal
growth; bank references; details free. Cedarpines Park,
1007 So. Hill, Los Angeles, Calif.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED
YOU ARE WASTING TIME working for other peo-
ple. Let us show you how to control your own business
and make \$100 a week. Capital unnecessary. Immediate
profits. AMERICAN PRODUCTS COMPANY, 610
AMERICAN BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.
INVENTORS—Write for our new book "How to Get Your
Patent" and Evidence of Invention Blank. Send model or
sketch of invention for inspection and suggestions. Free.
Terms reasonable. Handolph & Co., Dept. 33, Wash. D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED on cash royalty
basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years.
Complete facilities. References. Write Adam Fisher
Mfr. Co., 69-Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, SONGS, POEMS, ETC.
EARN \$25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspa-
pers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
PIEWS SYNDICATE
1034, St. Louis, Mo.

Songwriters! Substantial Advance Royalty Payment
essential to publication contracts. Expert advice fur-
nished—beginners upon receiving poems, lyrics, musical
settings and copyright protection for compositions.
Send today. Walter Newcomer, 1074 Broadway, N. Y.

Authors. Our manuscript sales service will interest
you. No reading fees. Details on request.
THE PLOTWAVE Dept. G,
Hollywood, Calif.

Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick

Freely Lathering
Medicinal and Emollient



A Lifetime Watch!

Sent for
\$1.00 DOWN



STUDEBAKER

The Insured Watch Jewels

Only \$1.00 down! Balance in 12 monthly
payments. So good we insure it for your
lifetime. 23 variety and Gemstone Jewels. 5
adjustments including heat, cold, iso-
chronism and 5 positions. Amazingly
accurate. And direct from factory at
lowest price. You save at least 40%.
Over 100,000 sales. Investigate!

Write for FREE CATALOG
Send at once for our \$1.00 down offer and
beautiful six color catalog showing 23 new-
est Art Beauty colors. Latest designs in yel-
low gold, green gold and white gold effects.
Men's circus watches and Ladies' bracelet
watches also. Special sale now on. Write
fast.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., Dept. W-35 South Bend, Indiana
WATCHES • DIAMONDS • JEWELRY
Canadian Address—Windsor, Ontario



He Climbed from \$1,800 to \$10,000 a Year! Can You Match This Record?

Eight years ago E. J. Dryden of Laredo, Texas, was an assistant bookkeeper at \$150 a month. Today he is a department manager with an income of more than \$10,000 annually. Mr. Dryden's progress illustrates the tremendous importance of *planning one's future and persistently following it thru to success.*

Bookkeeping was his work; so he first trained in LaSalle Higher Accountancy; then in Commercial Spanish, because Laredo is just across the border from Mexico. Then came Business Management to give him an all-around training; law was next, because he knew this training is necessary for a successful executive.

Steadily he moved upward, even while he was studying. First, cashier, then credit manager and now department manager. Each step increased his income. Is it surprising that eleven other employees of his firm have trained with LaSalle?

Send for Free Outline of LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan

How much is it worth to you to gain, in a comparatively few months, substantial promotion—a new confidence and self-respect?

The way to all these things is outlined in a fascinating book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which has set thousands and thousands of men on the path to real achievement. The coupon will bring it to you FREE.

In addition we will send you a 64-page book describing the unusual opportunities in any of the business fields listed below. If you want to look back a year from today and see a record of real progress, then—TODAY is the day to start—and the moment NOW!

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 1066—R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your salary-doubling plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management

- ☐ Banking and Finance
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking

Name.....

Present Position.....

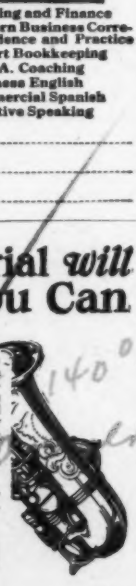
Address.....

**A Free Trial will
prove You Can
Play A Conn**

EXCLUSIVE, easy playing features enable you to master a Conn Saxophone quickly; play popular tunes in a few weeks; entertain yourself and your friends. Get the details of our FREE TRIAL; Easy Payment plan on any Conn instrument—choice of the world's greatest artists. Catalogs free; no obligation.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
1035 Conn Bldg.
Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS



ripple that flipped along the marge would reach as far as the one before.

They must have slept for hours. The cries of children playing about the paths or on the water were nothing to them, but suddenly Valerie woke with a start at the sound of a woman's voice.

"Isn't it exquisite!" it cooed.

Valerie straightened her rusty muscles and looked about. On the path a few yards away, Amy was standing with a lank, loose-jointed flanneled oaf whom Valerie guessed at once to be the Englishman who called his name Sinjun in spite of the spelling.

A shrub by the bench where Valerie sat and Fleming still dozed concealed them from Amy, but Valerie could see through the screen of leaves. She noted that Amy was even more bandy than ever. She was in a caricature of a sports-costume, such a sports-costume as a candy figure on a wedding-cake might wear if candy figures wore sports-costumes.

She was so sweet that she looked edible. She was trying to respond to the grandeur of a scene that would shatter the apocalyptic vocabulary of John Milton. And her best word was "exquisite."

Mr. St. John was wiser. He made no effort to attain the unattainable. He consented that the view was "a little bit of all right."

He found Amy herself more interesting. And perhaps he was wise to prefer a masterpiece of human taffy to any indigestible landscape.

He slyly caught Amy's hand, and casting a hasty look about, murmured:

"Do you know I haven't had my good-morning kiss this morning?"

Amy bridled at this and assumed the indignation of a wax doll.

"Who told you you were to get any good-morning kiss?"

"But look hyah! After last night—well, really!"

"You had no right last night. You overpowered me, you know you did."

"On the contrary, it was you who overpowered me."

"Listen to the man! Well, I never!"

She laughed an appalling little laugh of all sorts of meaning, and when he insisted, she dipped and spun out of his clutch and ran from him. But she ran into the thicket.

He was plainly bored by the game, but he played his part manfully, while she affectedly imitated a Watteau shepherdess playing at hide-and-seek in the Petit Trianon.

VALERIE watched them and felt a sudden loathing of the frivolous amourette. The ancient sport of flirtation was suddenly disclosed as a hideous disloyalty, a cowardly toying with the foul treason of infidelity. She hated herself for all her own past dalliances with married men. She remembered with horror how pleasant it had seemed to warm herself a little at the fire in Blair Fleming's soul.

This touched her with no mercy for Amy Fleming, but she abominated her with the added hatred one feels for another who has sinned one's own sin.

She drew away from Blair Fleming, who was still asleep at her elbow. She crowded against the knotted arm of the rustic bench till it hurt her side. She decided that she hated the man almost as much as she hated his wife. The one thing to do was to extricate herself from the coils of both of them.

She dared not make a sound, but sat contriving things to say when Amy should discover her. But Amy had grown afraid of rumpling her dainty costume. Both for the costume's sake and in fear of the eyes of others, she must call a truce. Besides, they were apt to be seen at any moment.

So she let St. John catch her and pleaded for mercy.

"Somebody will see us, and—oh, I'd die!"

"Give us a kiss, then, and we'll call it quits."

"No."

"Yes."

"Just one."

"Never."

"I'll take it anyway."

"We-ell, just one. Promise?"

He took it, also several others, till she was breathless and must lean upon him a moment while she protested:

"I'll never trust you again."

"All right. Then I'll collect in advance now."

"Oh, please. I beg you! You frighten me!"

"You darling! One real one and it's the last, so help me!"

She helped him. He would have led her farther along the lake, but she said she must go back before they began to talk. They returned along the path with so many pauses, that Valerie had an inspiration.

She nudged Fleming, and he woke ashamed, like an overgrown child, and full of apologies. She explained her plot hastily.

"Your wife was here a moment ago."

"Did she see us?"

"No. There she is, strolling so slowly that if we cut up over this hill we can reach your camp before she gets back. Then it will be up to her to do the explaining."

HE was ready for any subterfuge, and they struggled up the hill on a path that brought them speedily to the camp. Here Blair introduced Valerie to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Dorr, who accepted their explanation with no hint of suspicion, and keen solicitude for their immediate breakfast.

Valerie explained that they had fed royally on mountain trout after she had bathed in state.

Blair had not bathed at all, or shaved, and he begged to be shown to his room.

Mr. Dorr told him where Amy had slept upstairs, and Mrs. Dorr apologized:

"Amy's out for a constitut'. The maid hasn't had time to pick up after her. But you must be used to her things. I put your suitcase up in her room. Found it on the porch."

Fleming blushed and Valerie hurried away. Strange, how viciously significant the most familiar things had become.

Mrs. Dorr led Valerie to a small cabin where she found her bag. When she was alone at last, she sank into a chair by the window. She fell asleep again at once.

It was a long while afterward when she was awakened by a voice, Blair Fleming's voice. She saw him standing at a window with the curtain held about him by one bare forearm.

Half his face was covered with lather. He was calling down to Amy, who stared up at him from the side of her Sinjun. Fleming was speaking in a tone of impatience:

"Well, where on earth have you been all morning?"

"Good heavens, when did you get here? I supposed you had decided not to come."

"Evidently," said Fleming, and cleverly deciding to let well enough alone, turned from the window.

Valerie twisted so that she could study Amy's face. It was flushed with guilty chagrin and confusion. Glaring at her cavalier, she muttered: "Now see what you've done!" She left him in a slump and went to the door with the carriage of a child going home for punishment.

Valerie had to laugh. She had to smother her torrent of amusement in her elbow. The war was not over, but the first skirmish was theirs.

Be sure to read the next installment, in our forthcoming November issue—it develops a situation of exceptional interest.

A RUM PROPOSAL

(Continued from page 96)

Side by side the two emerged from the office building and piled into the rear seat of Gratacap's sedan. Sara Gratacap was at the wheel.

"Bringing a man to help us eat," Gratacap advised his daughter.

Sara Gratacap nodded in a friendly way to Twining. She even winked at him. "I'm glad you picked a good one," she responded.

"Your devoted slave for that, Miss Gratacap," said Richard Twining.

Gratacap, the owner of the car, the father of the girl, was general manager of the Green Falls Lumber Company. Young Twining was his private secretary—the only private secretary he had ever had. This young Twining had blown into the lumber-

yard two years before, a bit hard up and looking for a job. Times were good then, wages high, men scarce. Twining took a

deep job in the yard—at four *per diem*—loading, unloading and shifting lumber.

Eighteen months later, when men were laid off wholesale, Twining went perforce. He disappeared, but soon was back. He made a

deal set at Gratacap for a job at any price. Gratacap had often talked to this young Twining in the yard. He had realized that he was not a common laborer. Twining, it

seems, was a college graduate, something over twenty-five, brought up in comfortable circumstances, his family all dead. The war

had left him on his uppers. He was an ex-service man with an enviable record. He had pawned most of his possessions, save a

Swiss repeater with his mother's picture in the case.

Gratacap was not a clerk—he had never really been a clerk. He was a manager of men. A wholesale cut in the clerical staff

of the lumber company had crippled Gratacap. His work had piled up on him; his hair was turning gray. He needed a good clerk

at a low salary. His daughter and his doctor threatened him. So he had taken Twining on. Twining, it was clear, would never

set the North River on fire, but he was slow and sure and steady. True, Twining made a

constant kick about his salary; it was a come-down from his position in the yard; it was all that he could do to live, he said.

But Gratacap had listened all his life to kids. Periodically he promised raises but never gave them. Nevertheless he would

have been greatly disappointed if Richard Twining had given up his job.

At Gratacap's that evening, Twining put away the food almost like a starving man. He ate, and ate, and ate. But he

was polite about it, too. He knew how to eat; that was very, very clear. Gratacap's daughter Sara took quick note of that.

After dinner Gratacap handed Richard Twining a semi-superfine cigar and went off to a town meeting, leaving Twining and the

girl alone. The girl, as Twining had theretofore settled in his mind, could be called a

girl no longer. She was a woman grown, long since matured. She might, but for the

spirit of her, have been called an old maid. She was thirty, but she was alive. Merry

too, save once or twice when Twining caught her somehow off her guard—once or twice when he surprised an anxious, hopeless,

troubled glance of hers. He wondered what it meant.

The two sat out upon a screened-in veranda—a porch almost flush with the sidewalk. As the twilight deepened, hordes of

people passed them: mill girls and mill boys they were—many of them hand in hand. Twining was moved to speak of it; it affected him strangely.

"Every one of 'em's got his girl," said Twining.

"It's far more satisfactory than that," said Sara Gratacap, a curious longing in her voice.

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make"

Newell - Cummett Co

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 10-19.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

**For More Than
50 Years the Same**

Quality—Formula—Virtue
Never Has Been Changed

Be fair with yourself. KNOW the facts and face them fairly. Write for Free booklet, "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. G-66 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

GORHAM

SILVER POLISH

Shaker
Powder
Can

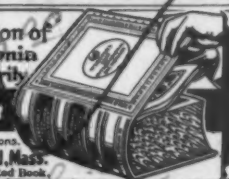
Made by the largest
silverware manufacturers
in the world

ALSO IN CAKE OR CREAM

Whatever Your Question;—be it the pronunciation of Fascists, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of Bethlehem, the meaning of soviet, reallor, vitamin, etc., this Supreme Authority

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

contains an accurate, final answer. 407,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Regular and India-Paper Editions. G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Springfield, Mass. Write for specimen pages, prices, etc. and FREE Pocket Maps per Red Book.





Your Art Ability ANALYZED FREE

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. This simple, scientific test shows your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. It may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Students Are Successful
Many Federal School students are making \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings.

Learn Commercial Art at Home
If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will quickly develop your ability to earn money. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send TODAY for Questionnaire!
Just fill out and mail the coupon. There is no cost or obligation to you.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

747 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name

Present

Age

Occupation

(Write your address plainly in margin.)

Bethe Jazz King Of Your Town!

Be popular. In demand everywhere. Have fun. Earn your welcome. Charm your friends with you.

BUESCHER
True Tone

SAXOPHONE

Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 5 days free. See what you can do. Many terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (4)

1736 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



"Every girl has got her fellow. That is the thing that counts."

There was something so reproachful, so regretful in her tone, that Twining was startled.

"I don't see," said Twining, "how that counts any more than the other way around."

"You're not a girl," said Sara.

"I suppose that settles it," said Twining.

Sara caught him swiftly by the arm—a movement that seemed involuntary and impersonal.

"Listen, Mr. Twining!" she exclaimed, eagerly nodding toward the couples that sauntered down the highway. "Listen! Money means nothing to those people. They think it does. They think they want a lot of money—and they do. They're socialists and anarchists because they want it. But it means nothing to them—nothing vital. Those boys and girls have got each other; they pick each other regardless of money. They pick each other, and they marry and they settle down. They order their lives in their own sweet way, to suit themselves—regardless of money. We can't do that, Mr. Twining. We're not allowed to do it. You can't pick a girl you want and marry her and live with her in one room. You've got to think; she's got to think. She—she's made to think. These girls there—that girl going past; she picks the man she wants, regardless of money. She gets him. She gets him, and he gets her. And they marry. That's privilege!"

Twining stared at her—he was amazed at her vehemence. "You seem to take it pretty much to heart," he said.

She was quite frank. "I do take it pretty much to heart," she said. And then she added: "You're the only person that I've ever said this to."

She said it bitterly, regretfully, reproachfully.

Twining became silent. He knew not what to say. The girl, too, was silent, quivering a bit, thinking her own thoughts.

She caught his arm once more. "Mr. Twining," she persisted, "listen: if you have a girl, or if you ever get a girl—one that you want, one that wants you,—never let anything or anybody come between you. I don't care who or what it is. It—it means your life, and hers!"

That outburst was her last. She dragged Twining into the house—she put him wholly at his ease. She was likable, this girl, and Twining liked her. She was friendly. She was piquant. She had snap.

"I wish," said Twining a bit wistfully when he left, "that you'd ask me here again. I haven't eaten food like yours—well, not for many months. I need all of it that I can get." He said that much with his lips. His gratitude for all the rest he put into his very friendly smile, the pressure of his hand. He had enjoyed himself. He knew it and was glad. She knew it and was glad. But that strange, regretful longing was still in her eyes when she said good-by to him. Twining thought about it on his way home. He had stirred memories within her—bitter memories, perhaps. She had liked him—she had told him things she hadn't told to anybody else.

IT was late that summer—a hot September day—that Twining got a jolt. Gratacap and his daughter Sara had been away upon Gratacap's vacation, a three-weeks stay. It was Richard Twining's turn; he was to start upon his holiday in a day or two. Business was still stagnant; there was nothing doing at the plant. Twining was fagged out; he looked it. He looked poor and shabby, too.

Twining saw Sara after her return. She was sparkling, brown as a berry, lithe and active—but with the longing still in her eyes. Twining wished vaguely that he could do



Lemuel De Bra, the author of "Evil Treasure" in Chinese costume.

"Evil Treasure"

A captivating novel of strange adventure

By

LEMUEL DE BRA

A long and exciting training in the Federal Narcotic squad at San Francisco gave Mr. De Bra the material for this extraordinary novel—a story of strange and swift adventure, told with clarity and power. Be sure to read it. And then turn to—

"The Trail of Death"

a real thriller by H. Bedford Jones, and the sixteen other consummately interesting stories by Stephen Hopkins Orcutt, Calvin Ball, Clarence Herbert New, Robert Ames Bennet, Bruce Gould and other able writers—

All in the current October issue of—

THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

Now on Sale

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation.
Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago

something for her, wished for some way to satisfy that longing. But he didn't know what it meant, and he didn't know just how to go about it.

Meantime he asked Gratacap once more for a raise. Gratacap had to turn him down. Twining fumed a bit.

"Will there ever be a chance here for me to get along?" he asked.

"If you wait long enough, there will," said Gratacap.

Twining was acquiring information. He wanted to know something he had never known.

"What does that mean—wait long enough?" he asked of Gratacap. "Suppose I do wait long enough. How long would I have to wait, for instance, to get a job like yours?"

Gratacap counted up upon his fingers. "You'll get my job," he said, "all things being equal—after seven men are dead."

"Will you be dead?" asked Twining.

"Oh, no," returned Gratacap. "The president and the treasurer—they'll be dead. And I'll be president. It took four deaths to put me where I am."

"Slow," grunted Twining.

Gratacap nodded in his self-satisfied way.

"When you look forward to it, it seems slow," he conceded. "When you look back upon it, it seems merely sure."

TWING squirmed. "An employer must be reasonable," he fumed. "Suppose a man in my position wanted to get married—what about it?"

His query startled Gratacap. Gratacap stared at him—stared at him curiously.

"Do you want to get married?" queried Gratacap.

"I can't, just now," laughed Twining.

"You've got a girl?" asked Gratacap. He asked it anxiously.

"Not yet," said Twining. "I imagine I can get one, though. I know a dozen likely girls."

"Richard," mused Gratacap, "I'm going to tell you something. For a man in your position, things are slow. They were slow for me. I worked for less than half your money at your age, much less than half. All my life I've worked like a horse. What have I to show for it? Nothing—the house I live in, twenty-five thousand safe in Liberty Bonds, and about as much more tied up in this lumber business. I can't get rich, to save my life."

Twining grinned. "You don't call sixty or seventy thousand dollars rich?" he queried.

"Not by a darned sight," returned Gratacap, "not for a man of my caliber, who's lived the life of a slave for forty years."

"I call it a fortune," returned Richard Twining.

"Listen, Mr. Gratacap," he went on: "I've been studying things out ever since—well, ever since the war, we'll say. And there's one thing that I can't understand. I used to think that honesty and industry were the whole thing. It seems to me they're not. I can't for the life of me see how a man that hasn't any money ever gets any money."

"Ha," cried Gratacap, "that's the Chinese puzzle of the age."

"I mean, for instance," went on Richard Twining, "an ordinary man, with a decent job like mine. Where does a man like me get off, I want to know?"

"Search me," said Gratacap. "I've had troubles of my own. I haven't got off anywhere, myself."

"Gosh," wailed Twining, "if I could make fifty thousand dollars, I'd die happy. But I can't do it without money. And I can't get money."

HERE it was that Gratacap saw his opening. For Gratacap had had something up his sleeve for months, just waiting for a chance like this.



Adds Gloss and Lustre Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

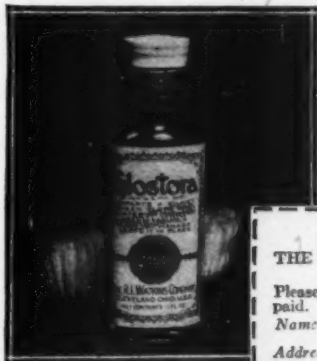
IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



A generous sample FREE upon request.

Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26-G-174
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West Toronto 2-Ont.

I OFFER YOU \$100 A WEEK

\$100 a week! Do you want it? Would you like to have a steady income of \$100 a week—over \$5000 a year? Then let us tell you how you can make this big money in the easiest work imaginable.

We are now ready to appoint 700 Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them and by simply doing what we suggest you can clear \$100 a week. Christopher Vaughn made \$125 in one week.



G. M. Collum cleaned up \$250 one month in his spare time. Fred Wilson cleared \$44 in three days' time.

Hudson Coach FREE

You can do as well as any of these Representatives whether you are experienced or not. We furnish everything you need FREE. We show you how to make every minute pay you amazing profits. You can work spare time or full time. Write to-day. Let us prove that you can make \$100 a week and get a new Hudson Super-Six Coach absolutely FREE.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 5562

Cincinnati, Ohio.

AUTO FREE — Write today for details

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

\$69.50
3/4-1/2 Ct.
Faultless
Cutting
Try to Match
at \$115.00

\$178. BLUE-WHITE
1-1/4 Carat
Try to Match
at \$300.00

Unusual
Offers of
a 3/4 Century house

Diamonds

60% of Market Prices

Costs nothing to see this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, blazing solitaire at just \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of, makes possible here, these and many other unusual offers in latest lists. **RADI-CALLY LOW PRICES** even for **FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS**. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees of a nationally known, 3/4 century old house. Fill in coupon below for free examination offers.

Why Pay Full Prices When Much Less Buys the Same

Thousands of representative people, bankers, lawyers, mechanics, others, continually reap this real advantage—gains backed by sound, legitimate reasons for the prices. Write for full details but here are the facts—This 3/4 year old, largest **DIAMOND BANKING INSTITUTION** in the world, **RAYMOND OF RAYMOND**, must sell the **DIAMONDS ON WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED** now **NOT REPAID**. Diamonds, too, from **BIG CASH EUROPEAN DEALS**.

MAIL COUPON at ONCE

Just takes a minute or so—or send your name—postal will do. Lists limited. Free—all details—exact descriptions—guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, without obligation, at our risk.

JOS. De ROY & SONS,
Gemsite Post Office
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 a Ct. Offers NOW READY

Name _____
Address _____

For Free List clip this coupon, fill in above and mail at once to
Jos. DeRoy & Sons 2849 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE

You can safely reshape your nose to beautiful proportions with **ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER**—painless, comfortably. Results speedy and guaranteed. Physicians praise it highly. No need to harm you. Winner of Gold Medal, 1923. **FREE BOOKLET** Write for it today.

BEFORE AFTER

THE ANITA CO., Dept. 1099 ANITA Building Newark, N. J.

Rinsing Ruins Your Hair—Stop It!



This Quick New Shampoo Ends the Rinsing Evil

Used privately for 20 years by fashionable hairdressers, this non-rinsing shampoo is now offered the American woman on a special trial offer.

In 10 minutes **Cleero** washes your hair. 15 minutes more dries it. Your hair is clean, sweet and fresh. It gleams with new life and sparkle.

Cleero makes shampooing safe. It actually benefits your hair and scalp. The big reason is that you don't rinse with **Cleero**.

You will never catch cold from shampooing with **Cleero**. For this reason many hospitals have adopted it as the standard shampoo for their patients.

Cleero brings your hair new life; leaves it soft and silky. But don't take our word. Send for trial bottle. Then note the difference.



Special Offer

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc.
180 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me trial bottle of **Cleero**.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"Richard," he said, "you are right to this extent: if a man has ready money in these times, he can make money with it. If I were a young man and had your pep, do you know what I would do?"

"What would you do?" asked Richard Twining hopefully.

"In these days," mused Gratacap, "lumber and labor make new building almost prohibitive. Green Falls Lumber is just staggering along. It will stagger for a year or two or more before it hits a steady stride. It's like every other lumber company—in a state of suspended animation. Yet people are flocking to the cities and they've got to live. They're getting married; they're rearing families. Rents are prohibitive. Nobody wants to build. If I were a young man, I would get together twenty-five thousand dollars—"

"How?" demanded Richard Twining. Gratacap went on. "I would get together twenty-five thousand dollars," he proceeded, "as a working capital. I would buy up two of three broken-down dwelling-houses, made of good timber, situated in the decent dwelling sections of any sizable city. I would hire a few artisans. I would fix these houses up and offer them for sale at attractive prices—at such prices that no new dwelling could compete. I should expect to make upon that capital an income, sure and steady, of at least ten thousand dollars a year for some years to come. That's what I would do if I were a young man like you."

"And how," still demanded Richard Twining, "would you get that twenty-five thousand dollars working capital together?" Gratacap stepped to the door of his office and glanced out into the other rooms. It was late afternoon. The place was deserted. Gratacap came back and sat down. Plainly he was much embarrassed.

"Richard," he said at length, "I'm going to be very, very frank with you. I've got a problem on my hands. I'll tell you all about it. My daughter's mother died some years ago. I've brought my daughter up. I didn't remarry. Maybe it would have been best for Sara if I had. There's never been a woman in my house to do things—socially, I mean—as women do them, until my daughter grew up. But before that—well, what does a man know about social life, anyway? You catch my drift?"

Twining hadn't caught it. "I hope to in a minute," he returned. "Go on."

GRATACAP wiped his brow hesitantly. "I'm going to be more than frank with you," he said. "It's my daughter that is on my mind. I've watched her grow up into a good-looking girl. I took it for granted that any minute some chap would come along and snap her up. You see—took it for granted. Here was my daughter, a pretty girl, we'll say, a good housekeeper, a fine companion—friendly, full of pep. What you might call a girl born to be a wife and mother, too. You know what I mean. Well, she grew out of her teens into her twenties—nothing doing. And now she's through her twenties. Nothing doing. She isn't married yet."

"Perhaps she doesn't want to marry," returned Twining.

Gratacap shook his head. "Don't you fool yourself," he said; "I know she does. I know the signs. There hasn't been a time when that girl wouldn't have married some decent chap any time he came along and asked her. I'm being frank. The trouble was, nobody has come along—"

"Nobody decent," interposed Twining. "Nobody at all," said Gratacap. "And now, ding it, when it's too late, I realize that I haven't done the right thing by that girl. I should have had a woman in the house—anybody, a governess, a companion, a poor relative. I should have sent Sara to a finishing school. I should have done what

I didn't think was necessary to be done in the case of a fine girl like that. I should have thrown her in the swim. I should have advertised her, so to speak. Done what her mother would have done—what mothers do. They're not near so delicate as fathers are. I didn't know how. I'm afraid now it's too late."

Twining nodded sympathetically. "Your daughter," he responded, "is a queen." "You think that?" demanded Gratacap eagerly.

"I know it," said Twining.

"Twining," went on Gratacap breathlessly, "this brings me to what I've been going to say to you for some time past—something that I haven't had the courage to, so far. Now, listen, Dick. I'm not a woman. I'm not a diplomat. I'm a man, and a lumberman, at that. I'm the most ornery bungler in the universe. And the only way for a man who is a bungler is to come right out in the open and lay his cards on the table—say what he thinks. Agree with me?"

"Go on," said Twining. This was getting interesting. He was a bit breathless himself. "Another thing," said Gratacap: "my daughter doesn't know what I've got in mind. If she guessed it, if she knew what I'm about to say to you, I don't know but what she'd kill me, Dick."

Twining was really panic-stricken. "Why say it, then?" he queried.

"Ding it, I've got to undo all I've done; I've got to do now what I've left undone before. Listen, Twining; here's a rather rum proposal, but I've got to make it. For cat's sake, keep it to yourself. You're a young man, Twining, and you want to get along. Twining, I've got twenty-five thousand dollars salted down in Liberty Bonds. Twining, I'll be glad to give it to you—no strings to it, save one."

"What one?" demanded Twining. His face was burning. So was Gratacap's. Gratacap plunged into the tide full tilt.

"You marry Sara, and you take my twenty-five," said Gratacap, quivering. "Gosh," he cried, "I'm glad to get that off my chest."

TWINING rose. His face was white, but not with emotion. He had been jolted; that was all. For the moment his finer sensibilities were shocked.

He recovered swiftly. "Mr. Gratacap," he said, "do you mind if I take a week or so to think this over?"

Gratacap nodded. "Take as long as you want. No hasty judgment," he returned. "Sara likes you, I imagine—at least, she says she does. And you know Sara pretty well."

"I'm not so sure I do," mused Dick. He fumed about for a moment, fidgety and nervous. "There's one thing, Mr. Gratacap," he said, "that I don't know about her, one thing that I'd like to know. It's important—vital, really. Am I the first man in the field?"

"Absolutely," returned Gratacap.

"For instance," went on Twining, "you've never made this proposition to anybody else?"

"Great guns," cried Gratacap, "you don't think I could go through an ordeal like this—not more than once? No, Richard. You are the only man."

"That's not all I want to ask," persisted Twining. "Was there ever anybody else? I mean—with her?"

Gratacap shook his head reassuringly. "Nobody else," said Gratacap. "Haven't I told you that's been the trouble all along?"

"No other sweetheart—not at any time?" demanded Twining. "Not that it makes a serious difference with me. I only want to know."

Gratacap shook his head again. "Not a word," he said.

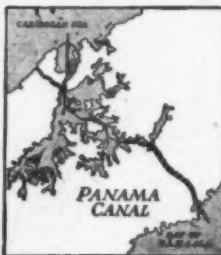
"As far back as you remember?" demanded Twining.

MASTERS OF ACHIEVEMENT

Theodore Roosevelt

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE"—this expression came into daily popular use inspired by the magnificent virility of Theodore Roosevelt and his power of accomplishment.

An example of his indomitable spirit is expressed by his words in a speech to the students of the University of California.



"I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it. If I had followed traditional, conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified state paper of probably 200 pages to the Congress and the debate would have been going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the Canal does also."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT in a speech to the U. of Cal., March 23, 1912.

James Crossley Eno

It was this same type of virility and power—this same tenacity of purpose—that made James Crossley Eno one of the Masters of Achievement.



His goal was the Health of the World—an ideal so all-embracing that it includes the fundamentals of human progress—ambition, energy, happiness, success and accomplishment—all of which are inspired and actuated by abounding health.

James Crossley Eno lived long enough to see that he had approached his goal. His doctrine of Health for Success, and his well-known preparation, ENO, have been powerful influences for over half a century in promoting health and ambition in every civilized country in the world.

His inspiring philosophy often was summed up in these words:

*"It's the man who feels fit
who does things worth while."*

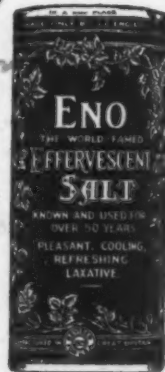
—Sayings of JAMES CROSSLEY ENO

"Feeling fit" is much better than feeling "not bad." Maybe you are not sick; perhaps you feel pretty well, but you might feel a lot better.

ENO is a gentle, harmless, sparkling, health drink which assists the natural processes of elimination, promotes internal cleanliness and the increase of energy and ambition.

ENO is not a tonic, but it seems like one because of its cleansing effect. For this reason many business men keep a bottle of ENO in their offices and take a "dash" in a little water whenever they feel themselves "slowing up."

Children like to take ENO; it tastes so good, and it keeps them in good condition.



ENO

TRADE-MARK

THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

At all Druggists

HANDY SIZE 75c

HOUSEHOLD SIZE \$1.25

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., INC.

New York

Toronto


Sydney

Wellington

Copyright 1926, by J. C. ENO, LTD.

What I Will Do!

Yes, only \$1 will bring you choice of these Big Bargains for your approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. Simply pin \$1 bill to this ad, indicate your selection and mail it TODAY. If you can duplicate your selection for less money elsewhere, send it back and your \$1 will be refunded. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. NO RED TAPE—PROMPT DELIVERY. DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL.



- B80—Ladies 18K White Gold Ring; beautifully designed. AA-1 Blue-white Diamond. \$50. \$4.90 a Month.
- B81—Ladies hand-encrusted 18K White Gold Birthstone Ring set with 2 Blue-white Diamonds. AA1 Birthstones furnished. \$35. \$2.40 a Month.
- B82—Ladies hand-carved 18K White Gold ring, with 3 Blue-white Diamonds. \$45. \$4.40 a Month.
- B83—Gents 14K Solid Gold hand-encrusted Ring with AA1 Blue-white Diamond set in White Gold square top. \$42.50. \$4.18 a Month.
- B84—14K White Gold Wrist Watch; 4 Blue-white Diamonds; 4 Blue Sapphire. Guaranteed 16-jewel movement. \$42.50. \$4.15 a Month.
- B85—Famous Bulova Gents Strap Watch, 14K Gold-filled case guaranteed 16 jewel movement. \$38.50. \$3.78 a Month.
- B86—12 size Jewel Illinois Veto Watch; 14K Gold-filled case. Price \$45. \$4.46 a Month.
- Its a Bulova B85—\$28.50

5,000 Big Bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry shown in this catalog. Send for it today—it's FREE!

L.V. SWEET Inc.
DEPT. 56-R 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK

CHAPPING - SORES

One treatment soothes the irritation and starts the healing if you use

Resinol

Learn Cartooning - Easy Home Method



Great demand for good cartoonists. Big salaries—wonderful opportunities. Amazingly easy home-study method quickly teaches you to do reliable work even while learning. No talent needed. Great salaries have earned \$75 to \$250 a week. Send for free and exciting details of this home-study method.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 3210-D 1113-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

ARZEN

FOR Hay Fever Relief

Arzen benefits for Hay Fever are two-fold. First, there is immediate relief during the attack. Clears nasal passages, soothes, soothes. Comfortable.

Secondly Arzen serves a still better purpose. The daily use of Arzen throughout the attack renders the nasal membrane highly resistant to pollen irritation. Sets up freedom from discomfort.

Arzen is not a hay fever cure. It provides, however, so great a measure of relief that it is regarded as a boon. It is possible to use ARZEN daily before the anticipated attack. This preparatory use adds to the benefits.

Arzen is placed in the nostrils with a provided medicine applicator. Unexcelled also for insect bites, sunburn, summer colds.

If your druggists cannot supply you, a package will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents. Please mention your dealer's name.

ARZEN LABORATORIES, Inc.
22 Arzen Building
Clinton, Iowa



"Oh," said Gratacap, "she flirted once with a fellow named Jed Barker. But that was years ago. Sara was in her teens."

"A sweetheart?" queried Twining.

"Schoolboy and schoolgirl; that was all," said Gratacap. "Jed was poor pickings, and she soon found it out. He's never made his way."

"He's living, then?" asked Twining.

"Oh, yes, he's living," nodded Gratacap.

"That's about all you can say for Jed."

"Is he living in Green Falls?" persisted Twining.

"What do you want to know for?"

"If I wasn't interested in your proposition," nodded Twining, "I wouldn't ask you. I want to be in on the know."

"Maybe you're right," said Gratacap.

"But this Jed Barker matter—that's blown over long ago. Jed was a shambling sort of critter, born and brought up here. Nothing against him—nothing for him. Went to school with Sara. Took a job here in our lumber-yard. I gave him the job."

"Not with the idea that he'd marry Sara?" queried Twining.

"Gosh, no," cried Gratacap. "He wasn't worth his salt. He wasn't making any headway here. I told him that he'd better go. He went. I got him another job over in the shoe-last factory in Tory Corner. We sell 'em timber for their lasts. Last I heard about Jed Barker, he was the same old shiftless Jed—shop foreman over there or something of that kind."

"Married?" asked Twining.

"Married—nothing," returned Gratacap. "I tell you, the man aint worth his salt. He's as near nothing as any man can be."

Twining winced. Singularly enough, so it seemed to him, Gratacap's description of this Jed Barker was a description that fitted Twining. Was he any better man than Barker? Was he worth his salt? There was mighty little evidence, so far, that he was.

"And so," mused Twining, "Jed Barker dropped the girl?"

"Bless you, no," said Gratacap; "she just dropped him. Couldn't be otherwise. She dropped him mighty quick. That's that."

"That's that," echoed Twining, "and I thank you. I'm going on my vacation. I'll give you my answer when I get back."

"Where you going?" queried Gratacap.

"I'm going," returned Twining, "to little old New York."

BUT he didn't go to little old New York. He took a train, instead, to Tory Corner. Arrived at Tory Corner, he hoofed it out to the Orson Last Concern. There he sought Jed Barker and he found him. He was startled when he saw him.

For it so happened that Jed Barker wasn't a poor miserable chap at all—that is, he was no poorer and no more miserable than Twining was himself. Jed Barker was no longer young, perhaps, and his face was lined a bit. But he was a fine figure of a man, straight as an arrow. And he had a clear gray eye. And as Twining watched him in the shop, he could see that he had a way with men. Twining introduced himself.

"Green Falls Lumber," said Twining carelessly. "In Tory Corner for a day or so. Wanted your report on the last shipment that we sent you. Special stock at special price."

Jed Barker had taken note of the last shipment. Jed Barker liked it well—so well that he had told Orson to order up some more. He was a chatty sort of man, this Barker, and he chatted. Twining chatted. It was Saturday. Barker invited Twining home to lunch, and Twining went.

"My sister's house," said Barker.

It was his sister's house, so far as home-rule went. Barker had a termagant for a sister. She was a widow with a family. Her family consisted of two-able-bodied youths who were leisurely making their way through

Tory Corner High, with the general idea of graduating from that seat of learning into such seats of the mighty as might happen to be vacant at the time. Twining conceded to himself that Barker's sister was a good cook. But he gathered as he went on, that Jed Barker's wage paid the rent and fed and clothed the family. And he saw that Jed Barker was satisfied that it was so.

"Those boys," said Jed Barker to Twining, "will make things hum when they get started. They've got ideas."

They had. They came around, even while Jed talked about them, and borrowed three dollars apiece from their easy-going uncle. Twining wondered vaguely whether they would have more ideas, or less, if they were fired out neck and crop, and told to hustle for their own.

TWINING and Jed Barker strolled along a shaded street.

"I'm clerk to Gratacap," said Twining.

Jed Barker's face twitched. His eye hardened. "Mr. Gratacap," said Jed, "—well, he's a fine man. What you call a solid man. I owe my present job to Mr. Gratacap."

"I know his daughter Sara very well," said Twining carelessly.

Jed Barker stared, and stared at him. Something like hostility shone from Barker's eyes. Then he nodded. His glance softened.

"I knew Sara Gratacap," said Jed Barker wistfully; "I went to school with her."

Twining shrugged his shoulders. He did so with the air of one who would advance the proposition that a cat might look at a queen.

"I'm only clerk to Gratacap," went on Twining, "but I'm human. I don't see any chance of getting married, not till I'm in the sere and yellow leaf."

Jed Barker shook his head. "You'll never see a chance of getting married," he returned, "not if you feel that way about it. I've sized it up. The only way to get married is to take a chance; that's all. You tell the girl she's got to take a chance."

"You're not taking any chances," smiled Twining.

"Me," said Barker swiftly, "I've got my sister and the boys."

"On what Gratacap is paying me," said Twining, "I'm afraid to take a chance. What's the matter with me, Mr. Barker? I get nowhere at all."

"Nor I," returned Jed Barker. "I need a little backing, and I can't get it. If I had a little backing, I could forge ahead. I wouldn't ask any man to take a chance, at that. I know what I can do. But I can't do it, without a little extra dough."

"Gratacap says—" began Twining.

"Gratacap," nodded Jed Barker, "would never take a chance."

"On the contrary," smiled Twining, "he says he'll take a chance on me. Says he'll stake twenty-five thousand on a project."

"Yours or his?" queried Barker.

"His," returned Twining.

"What's the project?" queried Barker.

Twining told him half of it—no more.

"Looks good to me," added Twining.

Barker nodded, a bit listlessly. "Good, but not new," he returned. "Old houses. Yep. It can be done. It is done. But at that, you don't know when you might get caught. On twenty-five thousand I'd be afraid of it myself. But he's got the right idea—repairs. That's the keynote, all right. New things cost too much. Old things can be made over new. We're all doing it. I'm doing it myself."

"Orson Last Concern?" queried Twining.

Barker shook his head. "Me, I, myself," he said, "I got a factory in my back yard. You saw that padlocked shed? Two men there every day. You know what shoe-lasts are? Of course you do."

"I've got two pairs of them," said Twining.

What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods



Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is expected. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a new way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet all exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence . . . unhandicapped, at your best.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only pad made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and the Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors

① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton; and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

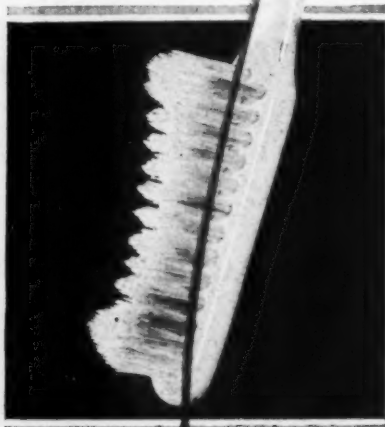


Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Brush
all your
teeth
and you
will have
all your
teeth
to brush



SOLD in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

Barker shook his head. "Shoe-trees, they are," he said. "I mean shoe-lasts. Shoe factories make shoes on shoe-lasts. But you know that. Millions of 'em in use right in this State—a different shape for every shoe—a different size. And millions of 'em broken every year. Broken, but easy to repair. New shoe-lasts cost big money nowadays. I can buy a carload of broken ones for a song; I've got two men repairing 'em. That means a net profit to me of fifteen a week. But that's as far as I can go—I'm done. If I had five hundred dollars in my jeans, I know just what I could do. If somebody would stake me to twenty-five thousand, I could treble it within three years. I know. But knowing doesn't do me any good. The lad with money doesn't know, and he won't let me have it. I want money and I can't get it. I can't save it, even. I've got a family on my hands. I'm stymied, as they say."

TWO days later Twining took the train for New York. But he didn't go to New York. He dropped off at Green Falls—reached there early in the afternoon. He didn't go to the lumber-yard. He didn't want to see Gratacap. He went to Gratacap's house. He wanted to see Sara, and he found her.

"I thought you were many miles away," said Sara.

"I have been," conceded Twining.

"New York?" she asked.

Twining shook his head. "I've been to Tory Corner," he returned.

The girl started, changed color. "What's Tory Corner to you, or you to Tory Corner?" she inquired.

"We sell the Orson Last people," replied Twining, as though that explained everything. "Curiously enough," he went on carelessly, "I met up with a chap that used to live here in Green Falls. Worked down in our yard, in fact. Jed Barker was his name."

The girl drew a sharp breath. Her lips twitched. She trembled just a bit.

"Jed Barker," she echoed, wistfully.

That was enough for Twining. He had come there to find things out. And he had found them out.

"Miss Gratacap," said Twining, "there's a man with an idea, that he's put into active practice. There's a man that will be rich in about three years."

"Rich!" she cried. "Jed Barker rich!"

"Never you mind," nodded Twining. "You wait three years and see."

"Oh," wailed the girl, "I don't want Jed Barker to get—rich."

"What have you to do with it?" demanded Twining.

The girl's face was flaming red. "Just this," she stammered, desperately. "I don't want anybody to get rich. It changes people so."

"Maybe," laughed Twining sympathetically, "but it also gives 'em a chance to do just what they want to do. I figure this man Jed Barker has wanted to do a lot of things for years that he's never had the chance to do."

She didn't ask what those things were.

"I figure," went on Twining, "that he'll do those things when he makes his little pile."

The girl flashed him a vivid glance of gratitude. Coarse work indeed, for Twining. But he had made his point. He rose.

"I'm on my way," he said. "I've got other work to do."

HE proceeded to do it. The very next day he dragged Jed Barker from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and landed him on the corner of Seventy-second Street. They set their faces east. Half a block away, Twining ran lightly up the steps of a dignified house and rang. The door opened. A butler, a new one, quite unknown to

Twining, stood in the doorway. He surveyed the two men doubtfully.

Twining handed him a visiting card—a bit the worse for wear, but still a visiting card. The butler glanced at it.

"Mr. Richard Stanley Twining. Yes sir. This way," he said.

It was quite evident that the new butler had had some strict instructions about the advent, expected or unexpected as the case might be, of Mr. Richard Stanley Twining. He was following those instructions to the letter. He led Mr. Richard Stanley Twining to the rear of the old house. He opened a door. Mr. Richard Stanley Twining, with his Tory Corner friend in tow, entered.

A gentleman was sitting at a desk. This gentleman looked up, emitted a roar of gentlemanly astonishment, rose, rushed across the room, gathered his nephew into his arms. Then he held him off and looked him over.

"You old hayseed," he exclaimed, "where have you been for the last two years?"

"I'm not a hayseed," grinned Twining, "and you know where I've been. I sent you picture postcards." He turned to his companion. "This, Uncle Bart," he said, "is Mr. Jared Barker of Tory Corner, out my way. Mr. Barker," he went on, "wants to borrow money. He wants to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars. He can't get it anywhere without running up against a freeze-out game. So I induced him to come along to you."

IT soon became very clear to Uncle Bart that before he could have his nephew to himself, this business of Mr. Jared Barker would have to be disposed of. Stan, it seemed, had the Jared Barker business on his mind. Stan's uncle therefore made the best of a bad bargain.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Barker," said Stan's uncle; "always glad to listen to any friend of Stan's."

He listened while Jed Barker told the story of his infant enterprise, told what he'd done, told what he could do, told how he knew that he could do it. Stan's uncle listened patiently, asked a few stock questions, and then rose.

"Mr. Barker," he said, "I haven't seen my nephew Stan face to face for more than two years. Before I take up your matter, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk to him alone. Stay where you are. We'll go in here."

He led the way into another room and shut the door behind him.

"Stan," he said, "you certainly don't expect me to make a loan to this man Barker? He's a comparative stranger, even to you. According to his story, he can't furnish me a shred of security. What's the general idea?"

"The general idea is," said Stan, "that with twenty-five thousand dollars, now, this man Jed Barker can make a killing in the next three years—now, while conditions are just right. The general idea is this."

SWIFTLY, glibly, he told his uncle about Jed Barker, about the man himself, about his job, about the family that he was supporting, about the shed out back where the two men worked, about his net profit of fifteen a week.

"I get all that," nodded his uncle easily. "But where's the security? That's what I want to know."

"Great guns!" cried Stan. "Listen here!"

He told his uncle about Sara Gratacap, about the schoolgirl and schoolboy that walked home from school, about the interference of old Gratacap—told him what Jed Barker thought of Sara, what Sara thought of Jed.

It made no impression on his uncle. "No go, Stan," said Bartholomew; "it's not business. I can't make this man a loan."

Stan clutched his uncle by the sleeve. "But look here," persisted Stan, "he's got to have

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

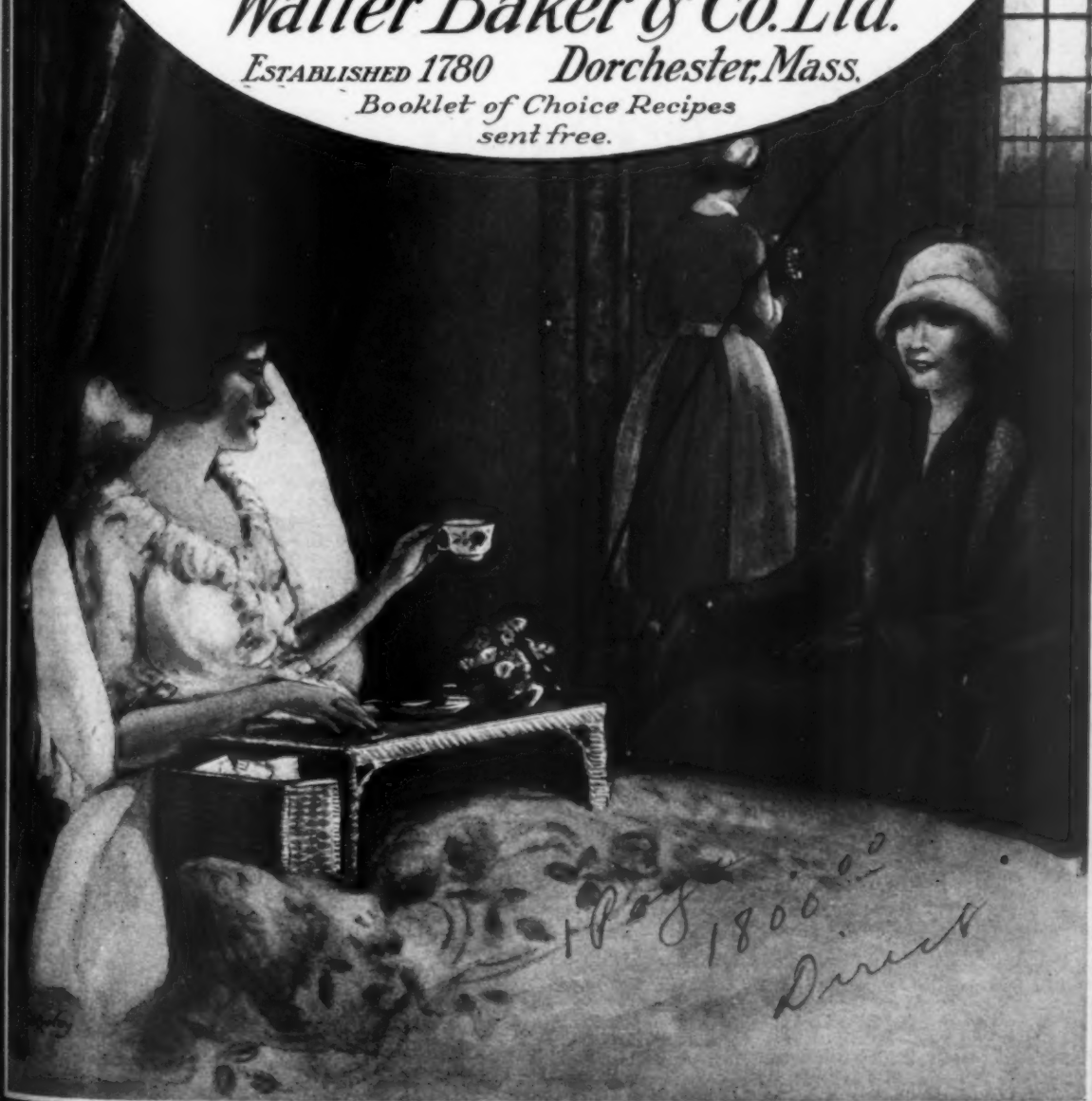
*is tempting to the delicate and
fickle appetite of the convalescent,
because it is so delicious and
attractive, so appetising and
sustaining.*

It is just as good for those who are well

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780 *Dorchester, Mass.*

*Booklet of Choice Recipes
sent free.*



1008 180000
Direct

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

Happy womanhood means happiness for mankind. Mother instinct demands radiant, health-protecting, cleanly warmth for the family well-being! Enjoy an Outfit at once—pay in 10 months.

Let us solve your heating problems—inquiries welcome!

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Sales Offices in Principal Cities U. S., Canada & Europe

the money. You've got to let him have it. If you won't let him have it, he can't get it anywhere."

"If he can't get it anywhere," returned his uncle placidly, "that's reason enough why I should turn him down."

"Look here," cried Stan desperately, his hold tightening, "I tell you that this man wants this girl. I tell you that this girl wants this man. I know 'em both. It's a matter of two lives, forever. He's got to have her, and she's got to have him. And he's got to have the money. The man's too proud. He won't go near this girl. He's got to have this money to make good. They want each other, but they can't get each other in any other way."

His uncle released himself from Stan's grip. "Jumping Jerusalem," he cried, "you'd think that the happiness of these two people was the most important thing in the world to you!"

Stan thought about that for a moment. "Well," said he, finally, "come to think of it, it is."

His uncle glanced out of the window. He still shook his head.

"It's no go, Stan," he repeated. "I won't lend a nickel to this man."

"Lend it to me, then," cried Stan desperately.

His uncle grinned. "And what security can you put up?" he queried.

Silence—broken finally by Stan. "And is that all you've got to say?" he cried.

"Business is business," nodded his uncle.

Stan dejectedly started for the next room. His uncle called him back. "Wait a bit, Stan!" he exclaimed. "I can't make this loan to Barker nor to you. But I can do something else. I'll give this twenty-five thousand dollars to you, Stan, if you want it as a gift."

"I sure want it as a gift, then," nodded Stan, wonderingly.

"A gift it is," went on his uncle, "but you know what that entails?"

"What does it entail?" asked Stan.

"Hundred-to-one shot," his uncle reminded him. "You recall your compact. If you came back to pull my leg, for every dollar that you got from me, one hundred dollars goes to hospitals under the provisions of my will. One hundred times twenty-five thousand is two millions and a half. What do you say, Stan? Do you still want me to draw the check?"

Stan pulled himself together. He deliberated swiftly. Then he nodded. "This chap has got to have this girl," said Stan. "You'd better draw your check."

His uncle drew his check. "All right," he said. "You endorse it over to this Barker, Stan. Get rid of him, and then come back to me."

STAN got rid of an elated Barker and returned. "Jed Barker was an incident," he said. "I've got two weeks' vacation. What I came down here for was to make a full report."

"Make it," said his uncle.

"Well," grinned Stan, "you told me to go ahead and find out the value of a dollar. I don't mind telling you that I've got a considerable opinion of the value of a cent. I've begun to think in pennies, Uncle Bart."

"You'll get over that," nodded his uncle, "in due course. Go on."

"You told me to go ahead and find out the value of myself," said Stan.

"Well," queried his uncle, "what do you figure you're worth?"

"I think in pennies," returned Stan. "I should say just thirty cents."

His uncle shrugged his shoulders. "That's all a mere detail," he said.

"What's all a mere detail?" cried Stan.

"Your opinion of the dollar and your opinion of yourself."

"How," demanded Stan, "a mere detail?"

"A mere detail," repeated his uncle. "It's a thing that's overshadowed, swallowed up by an infinitely bigger thing. When you left me, I told you that you had a defect in character that might be fatal, and might not—a defect that cast all others in the shade."

"I want to know," said Stan.

"It was my fault too," went on his uncle, "but when you left me, Stan, you were warped, you were very badly warped."

"How warped?" demanded Stan.

"In your whole life, Stan," returned his uncle, "up to the very moment that you left me two years and more ago—up to that moment, you had never thought of anybody but yourself; you had never considered anybody's happiness but your own. And now, by George, you're cured."

"Cured?" cried Stan. "How cured?"

"Jumping Jerusalem!" exclaimed his uncle. "Haven't I just given away two million, five hundred thousand dollars of the money that would have been yours some day—and just because this Barker had to have that girl?"

"Oh, well," smiled Stan, "I would have given that much to your hospital when I got it, anyway. Besides, there's plenty left."

AT the close of Twining's vacation, he made his advent once more in Green Falls. Gratacap welcomed him, a bit sheepishly. Gratacap was apologetic, deeply so. He caught Twining by the hand.

"Look here, Twining," he faltered, "I'll do anything for you—I'll give you a good raise—if you'll forget that rum proposal that I made to you before you went. I—I put my foot into it for fair. It's too late now. The deal is off. Sara is spoken for."

"No!" cried Stan. "Who is the lucky man?"

"It's that Jed Barker that I told you of," said Gratacap. "That Jed Barker that I turned out of my house ten years ago. Gad, the shabby way I treated him has done him good; it's made a man of him. What do you think? This Jed Barker blew into our house ten days ago, fresh from New York, and looking like a million dollars. All dolled up. He's going into business for himself. For himself, you understand. He'd been down to New York to get the wherewithal from his New York backer. He had his backer's check in his pocket. Twenty-five thousand dollars, and no string to it, he says. Twenty-five thousand dollars, and without a dollar of security. I saw that check. Whose check do you think that check was?"

"Whose?" queried Twining.

"It was the check of Bartholomew Crisp—Crisp of New York. Signed by Crisp, made out to Toomey or somebody, his private secretary, I imagine, and endorsed by Toomey, or whatever his name was, to Jared Barker. And to think it was me that put the backbone into Jed Barker when I told him to beat it away from my girl ten years ago! Look here, now," he pleaded. "Twining, you'll forgive me. You'll forget all about our talk?"

Twining hesitated. "Why don't you let me have that twenty-five thousand that you spoke of," he suggested. "Let me go into that scheme of yours of making over old houses, that scheme that was so good for a live young man like me? What do you say?"

Gratacap shook his head. "I can't do it, Dick," he said. "That money's spoken for, just like my daughter. I'll want to put that money into Jed's business, and get in on the ground floor. Jed's going to make good. I've got to have a slice of what he makes. That money's spoken for."

Twining grinned and started for the door. "Oh, well, in that case," he returned, "I suppose I'd better follow the procession and take a job with this Jed Barker at his Tory Corner plant. In due time I may be able to get next to this Bartholomew Crisp myself."

DANDRUFF?



Here's good news for you—

IT'S a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

Try Listerine for, say, one week, every night and learn for yourself how remarkably it works.

The use of Listerine for dandruff

is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

And it is not greasy or smelly. Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Well—it worked!
For quite a while we
challenged people to try
Listerine Tooth Paste.
Sales now show that
when they try it they
stick to it!
LARGE TUBE—NINE CENTS

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



Johnston's Cavalier Package

Here's Candy Glorified—

The Cavalier Package is now on sale. You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

Kingly sweets made more enticing in The Cavalier Package . . . Johnston's newest innovation . . . Fashioned in metal . . . finished in red and gold . . . colored exquisitely . . . inviting! And what enticement lies within! Goodness of a generation's standing. Rare and delightful sweetbits—satiny chocolate, deftly molded with delicacies from world ports — incomparably delicious. Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

MILWAUKEE

MINNEAPOLIS

OAKLAND

A black and white photograph of a large, ornate perfume bottle. The bottle has a wide, rounded body and a decorative stopper. A label on the front reads "le François de Neuf Chalon". The bottle is set against a dark, textured background.



1 page 652500 Lord & Thomas Hogan

Because it's toasted, the
hidden flavors of the world's
finest tobaccos are developed

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

